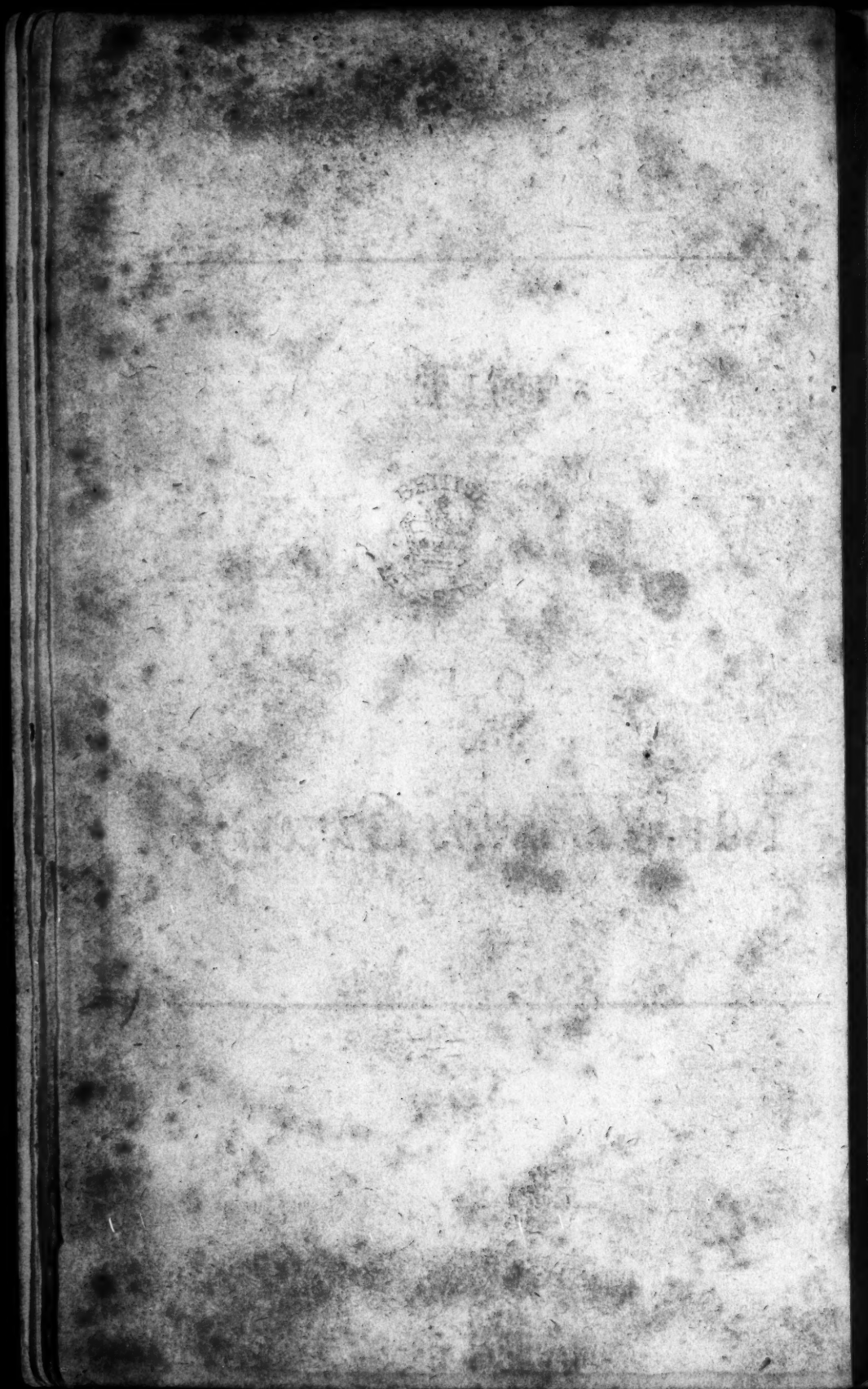

THE
WORKS

OF

Mr. Thomas Otway.







M. Thomas Otrway.

Lord de Guernsey's Seal.

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THE
WORKS
OF
Mr. *Thomas Otway*,
In Two VOLUMES.
Consisting of His
PLAYS, POEMS
AND
LOVE-LETTERS.

LONDON: 22

Printed for *J. Tonson* in the *Strand*, and Sold
by *W. Taylor* at the *Ship* in *Pastor-Noster-*
Row. MDCCXII.



THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *Thomas Otway*;

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

ALCIBIADES.

Don CARLOS, Prince
of SPAIN.

TITUS and BERENICE.

FRIENDSHIP in
FASHION.

The SOLDIERS FOR-
TUNE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *J. Tonson*, in the *Strand*, and Sold
by *W. Taylor* at the *Ship* in *Pater-Noster-*
Row. M DCC XII. —

MUSEUM
BRITAN-
NICVM



Hom: ^{ble} Rich: d Nassau, Esq: r



SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Life and Writings
OF
Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.



R. Sprat, now Lord Bishop
of Rochester, observes with
great Truth and Judgment,
that 'it is the Custom of
' the World to prefer the
' pompous Histories of great Men, before
' the greatest Virtues of others, whose Lives
A 4 have

Some Account of the Life, &c.

‘ have been led in a Course less Illustrious.
‘ This indeed, says he, is the general Hu-
‘ mour. But I believe it to be an Error
‘ in Mens Judgments: For certainly that
‘ is a more profitable Instruction which
‘ may be taken from the eminent Goodness
‘ of Men of lower Rank, than that which
‘ we learn from the splendid Representati-
‘ ons of the Battels and Victories, Buildings
‘ and Sayings of Great Commanders and
‘ Princes. Such specious Matters, as they
‘ are seldom deliver’d with Fidelity, so
‘ they serve but for the Imitation of a very
‘ few, and rather make for the Ostentati-
‘ on than the true Information of human
‘ Life. Whereas it is from the Practice
‘ of Men equal to our selves, that we are
‘ more naturally taught how to command
‘ our Passions, to direct our Knowledge,
‘ and to govern our Actions.

This Remark finishes an Account of the
Life and Writings of Mr. Cowley: The
Work must convince all who read it, how
unjust that common way of judging is from
the

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

the many excellent Rules of Life which are laid down by that good-natur'd and elegant Writer, upon the occasion of representing to the World in how amiable a manner his deceased Friend possessed and applied his great Talents.

The Gentleman whose Works I now publish has no such kind Hand to close his Eyes, and we are very much at a loss to know any thing of the Man or his Manners, but so far as we may draw from his Representation of laudable Characters in others, his Sense of those Virtues in himself. There Shines through all his Writings a very lively Spirit, accompany'd with much Gaiety, but indeed such a Gaiety as would be contemned by those of Mr. Cowley's Conversation. You may see he associated himself with Men of Wit, but not such as liv'd under the Direction of the severest Rules, or understood the highest Taste of good Writing. By this means the Praise of Mr. Otway's Writings is, that they are the Effect of Nature in a very good Genius.

Some Account of the Life, &c.

But before we enter into any discourse of his Works, we must not omit what little we do know of himself, and his Fortunes.

Thomas Orway was the Son of a worthy Clergyman, *Mr. Humphrey Orway*, Rector of *Wolbeding* in *Sussex*. He was born at *Trotting* in that County on the third of *March* 1651, and Educated at *Winchester*. In the eighteenth Year of his Age he was enter'd Commoner of *Christ Church* in *Oxford*, but left the University before he was of Standing to take any Degree. His first Appearance in the World was upon the Stage: His Parts and Qualifications set in so publick, however disadvantageous a View, could not escape the notice of People of Quality about the Court and Town. The greatest Friendship he met with was from one of the King's Sons, the Earl of *Plimouth*; but that Favour went no higher than to recommend him in the twenty sixth Year of his Age to the Commission of a Cornet of Horse, in the new Levies design'd for *Flanders*. But he did not, it seems, find
Encou-

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

Encouragement, or was not himself turn'd
for the Profession of Arms, for the ensuing
Winter he came back to *London* in a very
indigent Condition. His Poverty, and the
Relief from it, which he purchas'd by the
Success of his Play of *Don Carlos*, is repre-
sented in a Session of the Poets, written a-
bout that time with great Insolence and
Bitterness, without the least Wit, in the
following Lines :

*Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
And swears for Heroicks, he writes best of any ;
Don Carlos his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd,
But Apollo had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Playhouse, for the prop of an Age.*

Tho' he fares thus ill in the Account
given of him, by those who might possibly
envy his Parts, Gentlemen who have con-
vers'd with him, say, He was a Man of much
good Humour, easie Manners, and winning
Conversation. He was, it seems, very much
addicted to Pleasure, and his jovial Temper
led

B

Some Account of the Life, &c.

led him into great Wants and Necessities : Men of Wit, at that time, not having the least Encouragement any further than to partake in Riots and Debauches, from whence they were to return to their own narrow Circumstances with the loss of their Modesty and Virtue : Thus they languish'd in Poverty, without the support of Innocence. We know indeed no guilty Part in Mr. *Otway's* Life, any other than those fashionable Faults which usually recommend to the Conversation of Men in Courts ; but which serve for Excuses for their Patrons, when they have not a Mind to do for them. However Mr. *Otway* was treated by those who had the Pleasure of his Company, when they condescended to have more Wit at their Tables than they could bring thither from their own Stock, we find that he liv'd the most uncomfortable of all Lives, sometimes in Excess, and sometimes in Want, to the thirty third Year of his Age. On the fourteenth of *April* 1685, he dy'd at a Publick-House on *Tower-Hill*. This short
melan-

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

melancholy Account of our Author may be of use to such ingenious Men, who may expect to raise their Fortunes by courting great Men, without applying themselves to such Arts as may render them useful in Society in general, besides the Recommendation of Wit and fine Parts. Since therefore we have but little light into what regarded this Gentleman himself, and his Circumstances, let us consider him in his Writings.

He was Master of the most affecting Manner in expressing the Passions, and touched them with great Skill and Delicacy. I don't know of such another Instance of this force as in the Play of the *Orphan*. This Tragedy is composed of Persons, whose Fortunes do not exceed the Quality of such as we ordinarily call People of Condition, and without the Advantage of having the Scene heightened by the importance of the Characters, his inimitable Skill in representing the Motions of the Heart, and

Some Account of the Life, &c.

and its Affections is such, that the Circumstances are great from the Art of the Poet, rather than from the Fortunes of the Persons represented. The whole *Drama* is admirably wrought, and the Mixture of Passions (rais'd from Affinity, Gratitude, Love and Misunderstanding between Brethren, ill Usage from Persons oblig'd slowly return'd by the Benefactors, the whole grounded upon very probable Mistakes) keeps the Mind in a continual Anxiety and Contrition. The Sentiments of the unhappy Innocent *Monimia* are delicate and natural, she is miserable without Guilt, but incapable of living with a Consciousness of having committed an ill Act, tho' her Inclination had no Part in it. It was only, as I just before remarked, in *Otway's* Power, to give these Distresses in Domestick Life, Weight enough to move the general Sense of an Audienc. But he needed not, that an injur'd or mistaken Lover should be able to threaten the Rain of Nations, and wage War, because his Mistress was out of humour.

The

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

The Faculty of mingling good and bad Characters, and involving their Fortunes, seems to be the distinguishing Excellence of this Writer. He very well knew, that nothing but distressed Virtue can strongly touch us with Pity. Therefore in *Venice Preserv'd*, to make us have any manner of regard to the Conspirators, he makes *Pierre* talk of redressing Wrongs, and mention all the Common-place of Malecontents.

*To see the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures,
And own my self a Man: To see our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of;
They say, by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest Bonds;
Bring whom they please to Infamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from Destruction;
All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of these Domestick Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us it's our Charter.*

pag. 281

Jasseir's

Some Account of the Life, &c.

Jaffeir's Wants and Distresses make him prone enough to any desperate Resolution, yet says he,

*But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The Bitterness her tender Spirit tastes of,
I own my self a Coward: Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom.* pag. 285.

Jaffeir's Expostulation afterwards is the Picture of all who are partial to their own Merit, and generally think a Relish of the Advantages of Life is Pretence enough to enjoy them.

*Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aspiring Thoughts and elegant Desires
That fill the happiest Man? Ah! rather why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?* p. 286.

How dreadful is Jaffeir's Soliloquy, after he is engaged in the Conspiracy.

of Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

I'm here; and thus, the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, surely 'tis so with me; —
For every step I tread, methinks some Fiend
Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how desperate Wretches, like my self,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his walk:
Sure I'm so Curst, that, tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
No Minister of Darknes cares to Tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why sleepest thou?

pag. 290.

In this Play, he catches our Hearts, by
introducing, if I may so call it, the Episod
of *Belvidera*. Private and publick Calamities
alternately claim our Concern, and some-
times we are against the whole State for
the sake of one distressed Woman, again
we come to our selves, and recover our
Senses in behalf of a whole People in dan-
ger. There is not a Virtuous Character
in the Play but that of *Belvidera*, and yet
so wonderful is the Force of the Au-
thor's Eloquence and Skill in mingling
Vices and Virtues, and private with pub-
lick Concerns, that the Russian on the
Wheel is as much the Object of Pity, as
if he had been brought to that unhappy
Fate

Some Account of the Life, &c.

Fate for some brave Action. I know not but these loose Hints may improve the Taste of Ordinary Readers of this Author, which is the sincere Wish of the Publisher; for he is sensible nothing can prevent the Sale of Mr. Ormay's Works, but Ignorance of his Excellencies.



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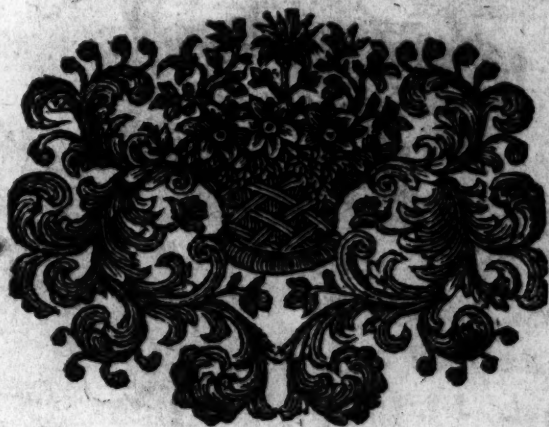
ALCIBIADES.

A

TRAGEDY.

— *Laudetur ab his Culpetur ab illis.*

Horat. Serm. Lib. 1. Sat. 2.



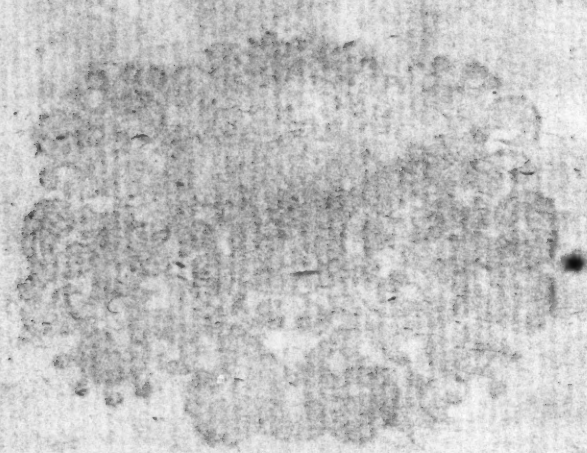
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Printed in the YEAR 1712.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF THE



Printed in the Year 1775

To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

EARL of Middlesex.

My LORD,



Am sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but that generous Candour, wherewith You oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope You might at least pardon this first Offence in me. And though, perhaps, the best Presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my Wishes, if the Sincerity of my Zeal, may atone for the Meanness of the Offering: That is the farthest Prospect I take, which whilst I have in view,

The DEDICATION.

I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the Censures of the World; for since I've heard that Your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the Favours You bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the Malice or Petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it Modish to be Critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as Gentile to be Civil. No, my Lord, 'tis under your Umbrage only I would court Protection, to whom Heav'n has given a Soul, whose Endowments are as much above Flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit Shrines, will make some Presents where they kneel: So I have here brought mine, by your own Goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose Defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best Endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testifie how much I am, my Lord,

The most earnest of Your

Servants, and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Harris.

NEver did Rymer greater Hazard run,
'Mongst us by your Severity undone:
Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye Pleasures at your own sad cost:
Yet all our best Endeavours have been lost.
So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honesty's for Treason understood:
Whilst some false flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's Sense and Wit,
Our Author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infect the Pit,
That will be witty, spight of Nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those Would-be-Wits repair,
In quest of you; where if you not appear,
Crys one——Pugh! Damn me what do we do here?
Streight up he starts, his Garniture then puts
In order, so he Cocks, and out he struts,
To th' Coffee-House, where he about him looks:
His Friend, cries Jack——I've been to Night at th' Dukes:
The silly Rogues are all undone, my Dear,
Gad! not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
'Tis has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongst its Pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both Houses too too long a Fast have known,
That courtest Non-sense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this Trifler never wrote before,
Yet Faith he ventur'd on the common Score:
Since Non-sense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may pass amongst the Crowd.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Agis.

Mr. Medbourn.

Alcibiades, General of *Athens*, but fled thence in discontent, and made General of *Sparta*, betrothed to *Timandra*.

Mr. Batterton.

Tissaphernes, the old General of *Sparta*.

Mr. Sanford.

Patroclus, his Son, and Friend to *Alcibiades*.

Mr. Crosby.

Theramnes, the now *Athenian* General, in Love with *Timandra*.

Mr. Harris.

Polyndus, a young Noble of *Athens*, his Friend.

Mr. Gillow.

W O M E N.

Deidamia, Queen of *Sparta*, in Love with *Alcibiades*.

Mrs. Mary Lee.

Timandra, a noble *Athenian* Lady, betrothed to *Alcibiades*.

Mrs. Batterton.

Draxilla, Sister to *Alcibiades*, and her Friend.

Mrs. Barry.

Ardella, Lady of Honour to the Queen of *Sparta*.

Mrs. Gilow.

Priests and Priestesses of *Hymen*, Spirits, Guards, Messengers, Villains, Ladies, &c.

A L C I



ALCIBIADES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Palace.

Enter *Timandra* and *Draxilla*.

Shouts without, *Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!*

Enter a *Servant*.

TIMANDRA.



WHAT mean these Shouts?

Serv.— Oh all your Hopes are cross,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is lost.

Tim. Hah! —

Serv.— When last Night the Youth
of *Athens* late

Rose up the *Orgia* to celebrate,
The *Bacchanals*, all hot and drunk with

He led to the Almighty Thund'rer's Shrine, [Wine,

And there his Image seated on a Throne

They violently took, and tumbled down:

This opportunity *Theramnes* got

To supplant him, and his own ends promote;

For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,

And that his Rival shou'd in all succeed;

But he, the threatening Danger to evade,

As to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:

VOL. I.

B

And

And now, by Order from the Senate, all
With Shouts proclaim *Theramenes* General.

Tim. But is he fled? Has he so meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?

Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth!

Oh too unkind, false, and unconstant Youth! [Exit *Serv.*

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brother's just,
You wrong his Honour by this mean Distrust;
Think you that Distance can his Love rebate?

Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the Weight
Of Lovers Fears; if just, he'll easily

Excuse that Love, that breeds this Jealousie. [have.

Drax. But, Madam, for these Doubts no grounds you

Tim. Alas! go ask of Mad-men why they rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.

I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Glory and Love growing to Delight;
Like Chymists waiting for their Labours Prize,
My Hopes are dash'd and ruin'd in their height.

Drax. Alas, we but with weak Intelligence
Read Heav'n's Decrees; th'are writ in Mystick Sense.
For were they open laid to mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.
Perhaps the wiser Pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing Happiness allay,
Lest should it in its high Perfection come,
Your Soul for the Reception might want Room.

Tim. Thy Reasons, kind *Draxilla*, weakly move:
What Woman e'er complain'd of too much Love?

No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gaudy Plumes, bereft,
Yet all these I with Gladness could resign
So *Alcibiades* had still been mine;

But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the Casket when the Jewel's gone?

Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler Lustre, and return again:
Think you his great Soul could with Patience see
His rifled Honours heap'd on's Enemy;

ALCIBIADES.

13

And not his Rage have grown to that excess,
As must have ruin'd all your Happiness?
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did foregoe
Those little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

Tim. That Zeal must needs be very weak and faint,
That let's the Votary forsake his Saint;
No, he is happy in some other Flame,
And from his Breast has blotted out my Name:
So that there nothing more remains for me
But a kind Death, or a long Misery.
But Death alone's th' unhappy Lover's Ease,
That seals up to us an Eternal Peace;
By that our Souls to endless Pleasures move,
And we enjoy an everlasting Love.
Yet e'er I dye, as dye I feel I must,
To *Alcibiades* I would be just;
Fain would I let him know how I resign
All in him, that his past Vows had made mine:
Then to its Seat in Peace my Soul should flye,
And calmly at my Lover's Feet I'd dye.

Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldst thou do?
Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to see you dye.

Tim. Some safe Disguises for us then provide,
From watchful Eyes our sudden Flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Born on the Wings of Jealousie and Love;
For I'm resolv'd to know the worst of Fate;
I wou'd be blest; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

Theramnes at the Door.

Ther.—Stay, kind *Polindus*, here,
Whilst I go pay my just Devotion there: [*Stepping to Tim.*
See, fairest Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfullest and humblest Worshipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice,
To those Eternal Glories of your Eyes:

It is a Heart as spotless and sincere,
As the chaste Vows of holy Vestals are;
Accept, Divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

Tim. Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come?

Ther. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my Duty; and present my Flame.

Tim. What Flame or Duty can you owe to me?

Ther. Next what the Holy to the Deity,
When they for Blessings at the Altars move;
'Tis Adoration, Madam, joyn'd with Love.

Tim. Love! I thought that had been e'er this o'er-blown;
I'm sure it had small Hopes to live upon.

Ther. That Love, which only tedious Hopes sustain,
Is a dull, easie, and ignoble Pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and transporting Fire,
Whose Flames increase, and still are piercing higher.

Tim. Yes, as from Piles some wilder Flames essay
To mount, but baffled part in Fumes away;
So all that Love, you now so strongly boast,
Sever'd from Hope in a weak Vapour's lost;
But you too urgent in your Suit appear!

Ther. Oh what's too urgent for a Joy so dear!

Tim. Since then you Constancy so firmly vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do so too. [Gives her Hand.

Ther. Thus, when the Storms of Love are over-past,
We gain the wisht-for Port of Bliss at last.
I ne'er could doubt — [Kisses her Hand.

Tim. — Then know I ne'er can cease
From my vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.

Ther. I'm lost, and all those Joys I saw so near,
Vanish, and leave me wand'ring in Despair:
Thus, Madam, barb'rous Cruelty y'ave shown,
Raising me up only to throw me down.

Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and You.
Since you such ample Kindness did express,
In favour of my *Alcibiades*:
How poorly did you envy the Esteem
I for his matchless Virtues had, and Him!

When

ALCIBIADES.

When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You, to advance your Int'rest, did create
New Feuds; —

As if my Love were ballanc'd by his Fate:
No, he had nobler Charms my Breast to move,
Unblemish'd Honour, and a spotless Love;
Which though perhaps now know another Flame,
Yet I have Love and Passion for their Name.

Ther. Am I then of all hopes of Bliss debarr'd?
Oh too soft Charms sway'd by a Heart too hard!

Tim. Y'are something discompos'd, Sir, I perceive;
And 'tis but Modesty to take my leave.

Ther. Oh stay, and pity a poor Lover's Fate!

Tim. If Pity, Sir, is all you ask, take that.

Ther. Heav'ns, can she at those Chains she gave me scoff?

Tim. You at your Pleasure, Sir, may shake 'em off.

[*Exeunt Tim. and Drax.*]

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my noblest Friend?

Ther. — As those who are

Tott'ring upon the Brinks of dire Despair;
Help and retrieve me with thy' assisting Hand,
Love thrusts me forward, and I cannot stand.

Pol. Then, Sir, turn back, and face your driving Foe.

Ther. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?

The more I strive, the faster I am bound,
As ign'rant Swimmers are with struggling drown'd.

Pol. *Timandra* surely can't in Honour less,

Than crown your Love with prosperous Success,
When she believes (as certainly she must)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjust.

Ther. Alas, she loves him with much greater Flame,

And pays Devotion to his very Name:

Distance adds to their Loves a Violence;
And their Souls hold from far Intelligence.

Thus my mistaking Policy out-run
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

Pol. Why do you let your Soul be so oppress'd?

'Tis Patience best befits a gallant Breast.

Ther. Patience! What's that? the Mistress of tame Fools,
That can in nothing else employ their Souls:
No; since, *Timandra*, thou canst disapprove
My just Flame for an absent Rival's Love,
I'll find that Rival out, and snatch his Breath,
Though ev'ry Step I tread encounter Death.

Pol. Now, Sir, y'are brave —
Already you've disarm'd *Timandra's* Charms,
Methinks I see you rev'ling in her Arms!
Let's then o'th' Wings of Love and Honour flye
To th' Field, and meet th' insulting Enemy:
Where through the Paths of Death and Blood we'll go
To meet your Rival, and his Country's Foe:
There the remembrance of *Timandra's* Charms
Shall add fresh Courage to your conqu'ring Arms.
But if Fate the Success so order shall,
That by your Rival's Sword you chance to fall:
I then (as Honour justly will command,)

Inspir'd by Friendship and *Timandra's* Name,
Will bravely stem him, and with this bold Hand
Revenge, or fall a Victim to your Flame.

Ther. Oh noble generous Youth! whose tender Years
Such gallant Courage and such Honour wear!
How can my Aims but in my Wishes end, } *Embraces*
That have so worthy and so brave a Friend? } *him.*
Come my *Polyndus* —

Pol. — On my Friend I'll wait,
Through all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate. [Exeunt.

S C E N E H. *The Tent of a Pavillion Royal; the King
and Queen of Sparta, Alcibiades, Tisaphernes, Patro-
clus, Guards, Ladies, &c.*

King. Now must proud *Athens* lay her Triumphs down,
And pay her Glory's Tribute to my Crown;
No more shall stupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make disadvantageous Peace for fear;
But she her self must in Subjection come,
And humbly at my Feet expect her Doom.

Tis. Yes, Sir; all Glories must, when yours break forth,
Go out, and lose their Beauty, and their Worth;

And

ALCIBIADES.

And like false Angels vanish and be gone,
Dreading those Shapes they durst before put on.

Pat. Athens, the World's great Mistress, will not be
Court'd with low and vulgar Gallantry.
Her Glory aims at higher Characters,
Than heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furrs:
Who wins her Deeds 'bove common Fate must do;
And so she's only Mistress fit for you.

King. Yes! and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou hast alone [*To Alcibiades*]
Things worthy the *Athenian* Honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle soar'st above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A Flight too high for their dull Souls to use,
Which prompted 'em that Honour to abuse;
Thinking their Baseness they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black Mystery pursue,
By Worth and Honour Empires greatest grow;
Which when abus'd, their Glory does suppress,
As revers'd Prospects make the Object less.

Alc. Yours, Sir, like Heav'n's great Soul, is general;
Dispensing its kind Influence on all.
This makes Success and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphere;
As fragrant Dews leave the corrupter Earth,
Exhal'd by th' Sun, from whom they had their Birth.

King. The truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
Conquest your Arms, Triumph still waits your Brow;
By your Success th' *Athenian* Greatness rose,
Your Courage scatter'd their insulting Foes;
And from that Height to which by you th'are grown,
'Tis your Success alone must throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force;
And all those Honours you were robb'd of there,
We'll make our Study to redouble here.

Tis. And I, (if that my Malice tell me true,)
As diligently shall his Plagues pursue.

[*Aside.*]

Alc. Of all my Courage or my Sword shall do,
I the Success must to your Virtue owe.

The Honour and the Justice of your Cause
So glorious are, Fate must from them take Laws;
So you o'er *Athens* this Advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom she's but a Slave.

King. Enjoy, my *Tissaphernes*, now thy Ease,
And plant fresh Lawrels in the Shades of Peace,
The Glories thou hast won so num'rous are,
They seem as many as thy Age can bear.
But if thy spacious Soul thou canst confine
Within this narrow Mansion of mine,
Be this the utmost of thy Wishes Bound,
Possess his grateful Heart, whose Head th'ast Crown'd.

Tis. Heav'n knows my Age does feel no sharper Sting,
Than to want Pow'r to serve so good a King.
But since Time tells me that my Glass is run,
Setting me backward where I first begun;
Since no way else they can their Duty show,
I'll only employ my Hands to Heav'n for you:
And what my Sword can't, may Devotion do.

King. How truly he a glorious Monarch is,
That's crown'd with Blessings so sublime as these!
How can I but in all Things happy be,
Propt by such Courage and such Piety?
To me, with Gods, Similitude is giv'n;
'Tis Pow'r and Virtue that supports their Heav'n.
Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
T'alarm it to Obedience, or to War.
To Morrow must decide th' *Athenian* Fate, } *Exeunt Om.*
This Day to Joy and Ease we'll consecrate. } *prat. Tis.*

Tis. Ungrateful King! thy shallow Aims pursue;
But, my brisk Upstart Fav'rite, have at you.
Was it for this my Active Youth I spent
In War? and knew no Dwelling but a Tent!
Have I for this through Invious Mountains past?
Demolish'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms waste?
Still in his Cause unweary'd Courage shown?
And almost hid his Head in Crowns I won!
Upon my Breast receiv'd so many Scars,
They seem a War describ'd in Characters!

And

And must the Harvest of my Toil and Blood,
 Upon a fawning Rebel be bestow'd?
 Who having false to his own Country been,
 Comes here to play his Treasons o'er again?
 Must he at last tumble my Trophies down,
 And revel in the Glories I have won?
 Whilst from my Honours they me disengage,
 With a dull Compliment to feeble Age.
 What ails this hardy Hand, that yet it shou'd
 Tremble at Death, or start at reeking Blood?
 Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*
 And with a Strength as resolute and bold,
 As he who kindly would its Point impart,
 A Present to an envy'd Fav'rite's Heart;
 And I, fond Youth, will try to work thy Fall;
 Though with my own I crown thy Funeral.
 Envy and Malice from your Mansions flie,
 Relinquish your Horrour and your Snakes to me;
 For I'll act Mischiefs yet to you unknown;
 Nay, you shall all be Saints when I come down. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE A Grove adjoining to the Spartan Camp.

Enter *Timandra* and *Draxilla*.

Tim. WHAT uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers pass!
 How strange, prepost'rous Steps their Sorrows
 Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art just, [*traces.*
 Forgive th'Excess of Love that bred Distrust:
 Driven by that, disguis'd I hither came,
 Yet here and ev'ry where my Grief's the same.
 But kind *Draxilla*'s Friendship can dispel
 The thickest Clouds that on sad Bosoms dwell:
 That does alleviate my Grievs, and give
 My weary'd Soul a soft and kind Reprieve;
 Which ever to forget, would be as hard,
 And as impossible, as to reward.

Drax. The serving you, my Happiness secures,
I'm only something by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my Hopes were crost,
When in your Lover I a Brother lost;
Then like an Orphan, destitute and bare
Of all, but Misery and sad Despair,
Your Kindness gave my yielding Spirits rest,
And rais'd me to a Dwelling in your Breast:
Then ought I not, in all, my Soul resign
To ease her Griefs that kindly pity'd mine?

Tim. In that I did what Honour urg'd me to.

Drax. And Honour tells me Gratitude is due.

Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me?

Drax. Alas! that is the least that I could do;
To our worst Enemies our Tears we owe,
Friendship to such a noble height should rise,
As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they shew a Zeal remiss and small,
Except themselves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great Courage could I for you die,
And my triumphant Soul to Heav'n should fly;
There I again my Friendship would renew,
And lay up chiefest Joys in store for you. [take!

Tim. What vast and boundless Flights does Friendship
Beyond what Search can see, or Fancy track!
'Tis the Improvement of the Part divine,
When Souls in their Seraphick Transports join;
In Souls united, so we Friendship see,
As many Glories make a Deity.

Enter Alcibiades from the back part of the Scenes.

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who must retrieve
Your drooping Hopes, and your faint Joys revive.

Tim. My *Alcibiades*! how I begin
To think my misplac'd Jealousie did sin!
Go meet him, seem all troubled and in Tears,
And with the Tale I taught thee, wound his Ears:
Mean while I will withdraw my self this way,
Nor would my swelling Passions let me stay.

[Goes to the Door.

Alc.

Alc. What airy Visions o'er my Eyes there move,
Like the good Genius of an absent Love!
Where-e'er I turn me, I methinks espy
Timandra's Image softly gliding by.

Such fond Ambition Love his Slaves does teach,
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh, Divine One! —

How sickly Joys Honour and Greatness grant,
When thee the Glory of my Soul I want!

Drax. My Lord! —

Alc. — Guard me, ye Pow'rs! *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! Oh my Prophetick Fear!
What is't your coming here would seem to tell?
Relate, oh quickly, is my Princess well?

Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your Flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forsake your Country and your Love;
Timandra, and my self, as we were fate
In her Apartment, grieving for your Fate:
No sooner, with sad Jealousies oppress'd,
Her wearied Soul in Sleep sought after Rest,
But Grief new Scenes of Misery brought in,
And plaid in Dreams its Horrors o'er again:
Sometimes her tender Arms she'd forward stretch,
Then fiercely at the empty Air would catch:
Weary'd with Grief, she then would milder be,
And in a hollow Sigh send out, Ah Me!

At last she rose, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes she started, then stood still and talkt:
Anon, repeat some short and pithy Pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her precious Hair;
'Till having so wrought Sorrow to that height,
That her Soul grew too tender for the Weight:
E'er I my Courage could collect, to go
And give a Hindrance to the fatal Blow,
She with her Dagger stabb'd her self, and said,
Thus dy'd *Timandra*, that unhappy Maid.

Alc. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Justice you dispence,
To lay th' Reward of Guilt on Innocence?

What

What though these Sacrilegious Hands have thrown
Your Images, those Pageant Glories, down!
Must you Revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, so y'ad pity'd her.
But thus I'll send my Soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too rashly, but not lov'd too well:

[Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hindered by Draxilla.
Oh Sister! do not hinder me my Death;
Sighs are the only Use I've left of Breath;
One Blow will put an end to Grief and me.

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That, Sir, you must not do, nor must I see.

[Alcibiades starts.

Why fly you back? Nay, if you shun me now,
I shall grow apt to think my Fears too true.

Alc. Oh Heav'n's! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greatest Bliss Heav'n had to give.
How rashly did my impious Rage prophane
Your Goodness! oh but wash away that Stain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God:
'Till by those holy Fires this black Offence
Be purg'd, and purify'd to Innocence.
But Dearest, how could you so cruel be,
To let such Bliss be dress'd in Misery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th'Horror of that Breath
Must damp my Soul, and chill me into Death?

Tim. Alas! my Fears could find out no Relief;
But thus t'assault you in the garb of Grief;
This Tryal of your Faith my Joy secures,
As Thunders usher in refreshing Show'rs.

Alc. Let us no longer then to Doubts give way,
But haste to th'Consummation of our Joy;
So, with our bright united Flames, dispel
Those anxious Mists that on our Bosoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealousie possesst,
But which shall kindest prove; and love the best.

Tim. And when our faithful, happy Hearts shall be
Firmer united by that sacred Tie,

How in an endless Road of Bliss we'll move,
Steering our Motions by our perfect Love!
There we with Pleasure will recount each Woe,
Which we have pass'd, and others undergo.
There we'll reflect o' th' various Hopes and Fears,
The mournful Sighs and the impatient Tears
Of distrest Lovers, whilst we'll kindly thence,
Through a strange mystical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redresses by our Influence:
Till so, by ours —

Their full grown Joys receive a happy Birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bless the Earth.

Alc. Then, my *Timandra*, to our Bliss let's fly,
There's but one Minute more to Extasie. [Exeunt.]

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither shall I turn?
I'm all o'er Flame, in ev'ry part I burn.

Ard. Your Majesty —

Queen. — Fool, Majesty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd Pageant mockery of Fate;
When her ungrateful sportive Pow'r she'd show,
Raising us high —

To bar us of the Benefits below.
But I'll her servile Policy despise,
And make her stoop to Love's great Victories.
Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taste the Sweets of am'rous Excellence:
Why then should Princes, that are Gods below,
Think that a Sin which Heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But Madam, is it not a cruel thing
To abuse a loving Husband, and kind King?

Queen. Dull Girl, thou know'st not what a Husband is.
Alas, they never reach the height of Bliss,
But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,
Till they raise Spirits they want Pow'r to lay.
In that brave *Alcibiades* there swarm
So many Graces, he's all over Charms,
Such killing Airs in each part of him move,
His Brows dart Majesty, and his Eyes Love;

Oh

Oh my *Ardella*, I am lost in Thought!
I fain would have thee — yet 'tis false, I'd not.

Ard. Madam, your Royal Pleasure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

Queen. Art thou then skilful in Love's subtle Arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuscades for Hearts?
Canst thou express a melting kind Desire,
And give a feeling Draught of Love's soft Fire?

Ard. Madam, so subt'ly I'll his Heart betray,
As one, who by some great Magician's Pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an Hour,
And for return again can find no way.

Queen. My better Angel! Fly then swift as Time,
Or Thought; thou gain'st a Queen in gaining him.
But use such Secrecie as stolen Loves should have,
Be dark as the hush'd Silence of the Grave.

Ard. Madam, distrust not but that I shall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.

Queen. Honour! a very Word; an empty Name:
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the Air, and boundless as the Wind:
Nature was then in her first Excellence,
When undisturb'd with puny Conscience,
Man's Sacrifice was Pleasure, his God, Sense.

Enter Tiffaphernes.

Tif. Madam, by th' King's Command I'm to you sent,
Who attends your Royal Presence in his Tent.

Queen. I go —

[*Exeunt Queen and Ard.*]

Tif. — Now all is ripe, methinks I see
Treason walk Hand in Hand with Destiny,
And both in a kind Aspect smile on me.
Now the whole Court proceeds to solemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*,
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wish combine,
To give a happy End to my Design.
It is the Custom at a Marriage Feast,
The Bridegroom —
With a full Bowl presents his chiefest Guest,

The Cups, by my great Secrefie and Care,
 With strongest Potion all infected are:
 Which when our *Alcibiades* shall bring,
 And offer as his Duty to the King,
 The Poison and his sudden Death will seem
 Fully a traiterous Design in him.
 Then must the Crown descend on me, and so
 I feast my Rage, and my Ambition too.
 Let Cowards Spirits start at Cruelty,
 Remorse has still a Stranger been to me.
 I can look on their Pains with the same Eyes,
 As Priests behold the falling Sacrifice.
 Whilst they yell out the horror of their Moans,
 My Heart shall dance to th' Musick of their Groans. [*Exit.*]

Enter Captain of the Guards.

Capt. Look that your Care and Diligence be great,
 See the Guards doubled, and each Cent'nel set. — [*Exit.*]

*The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavillion; in it
 an Altar, behind which are seated the King and Queen,
 attended by Tiffaphernes, Patroclus, and the rest of
 the Camp; about the Altar stand several Priests of Hymen.*

King. Each Day brings some surprize of Pleasure, here
 Love vies his Triumphs with the God of War.

Six Priests of Hymen Dance.

*The Dance ended, Enter chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen,
 Priest leading Timandra, and the Priestess Alcibiades.*

Priest Sings.

Distracting Jealousies and Fears,
 Heart-breaking Sobs and restless Tears

Fly to the Breasts that are

Wrack't with Despair:

In this,

Priestess. Or this,

Cho. No Tears but those of Joy, no Pantings but of Bliss.

Priestess. Yes, yes, by Love alone we see

On Earth the Glories of a Deity:

For 'tis the greatest Work above,

To be Innocent, and Love.

Those

Those then that flame so nobly here,
What ravishing Delights must they have there!

Cho. Who on Earth to their Honour are just, and their Love,
Must reap the chief Blessings above.

Priest. Let's then proceed, and *Hymen's* Aid implore,
To join those Hands whose Hearts were link'd before.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Priestess. Agreed.

Priest. Agreed.

Cho. *Hymen*, oh *Hymen*, come away,
Crown the Wishes of this Day.

See, see these pure refin'd Desires

Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch, to improve their Fires.

Whilst this Chorus is singing, Hymen enters with his Torch, and joins their Hands with a Wreath of Roses, which the Priestess strikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer both Parts upon the Altar.

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Priests and Priestesses of Hymen, all carrying in their Hands short Spears nuss'd with Flowers and Boughs of Fruit; after which a Bowl is brought in, and presented to Alcibiades, who immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who descends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then speaks.

King. To shew how strict a Reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that loyal is, and brave,

[Drawing near to Tissaphernes.]
This signal Honour only due to me,

Thus *Tissaphernes* I confer on thee. *[Presents him the Bowl.]*

Tis. Confusion! What means this?

King. Nay, do not start,

It is the Offering of a grateful Heart:

Come drink to such a Depth as may express

Thy Wishes for their Joy, and *Sparta's* Happiness.

Tis. I must obey your Majesty—

[Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and seems to swoon back.]

Pat. Alas my Father!

King,

King. — How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief Physicians send.
So much this aged Hero I esteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.

Tis. My Health, Sir, needs no other help than this, [*faintly.*
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of so strong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my Sense.

Alarm without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force alarms :
Without the City Gates th' appear in Arms,
And with a numerous and warlike Train,
Begin their March upon the neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Ensigns all display'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air:
Loosly they fly, and with a wanton Play,
Seem to salute the Sun-beams in their way:
Whilst their shrill Trumpets rattle in the Sky,
As if with Musick they'd charm Victory.
And this Triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conquest fit for you.

King. 'Tis well; ev'ry Battalia reinforce
With my late fresh Supplies of *Persian* Horse.
Their Fate no longer will delay endure;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very Hour.
I'd have this Day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory, [*Shouts from afar.*

Enter another Officer.

Off. The Enemy, Sir, does on the Plain appear,
And with re-ecchoing Shoutings pierce the Air.

King. So Beasts decreed for Slaughter, e'er they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Camp.**Enter Tisaphernes.*

Tis. CURSE on my niggard Stars; they were so poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their Pow'r:
My Fury had begot so vast a Birth,
Fate wanted Strength enough to bring it forth.

[Trumpets afar-off sound a Charge.]

That sprightly Sound darts fiercely through my Soul.
Oh that I might one Minute Fate controul;
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To send it self into the Gen'ral's Heart.

*Enter King and Queen attended.**[claim:]*

King. Thus must proud States submit, when Monarchs
They govern in a rude disorder'd Frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But vanish at the Sun's more potent Light.

Athens now feels the Fury of my Heat:

A Pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:

It may tumultuous and num'rous show,

But ne'er contract to give a steady Blow.

Queen. In States, those monstrous many-headed Pow'rs,
Their private Int'rest publick Good devours.

'Tis true, when in their Hands a Rule they gain,

They know to use that Power, not maintain.

Like Pirates in a Fleet, a while they may

Seem dreadful; but when by some juster force

Oppos'd —

Each his own Safety seeks, and shrinks away.

Tis. You, Sir, have vanquish'd Emp'rors, fetter'd Kings:
States are such mean and despicable Things,
Compar'd with other Glories y'ave subdu'd,
Their Conquest seems but a soft Interlude.

*[Trumpets from far sound a Retreat.]**Enter*

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. This Minute, Sir, your Glories are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat:
Victory, blushing they no more could do,
With a full Wing directs her Flight to you.

King. Thus *Deidamia* are our Wishes crown'd,
Love and Renown in the same Sphear go round:
Our lasting Loves draw lasting Victories,
Whilst Courage takes his Flame from Beauty's Eyes.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mef.* Thus hourly, Sir, fresh Glories you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the sad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their tatter'd Troops are scatter'd o'er the Plain,
And in disorder'd Parties make away.

King. Relate, how went the Bus'ness of the Day?

Mef. Brave *Alcibiades* has Wonders done.
Ne'er greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his Shock,
Like Thunder from a Cloud his Fury broke
On all his Enemies; and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each Blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still,
'Till at the last the brave *Polydus* fell.

His Loss did so amaze the Enemy,
That in disorder they began to fly.

Yet brave *Theramenes* rally'd in their Head;
Though so their Fate was but a while delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made.

At which again they did their Flight renew,
With Numbers too so tatter'd and so few,
It had been Barbarism to pursue.

Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious Looker on this Tragick Scene,
With all the haste Joy could, or Love afford,
Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring Lord;
Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
To Crown your Glories, as you Crown'd their Love.

Trumpets.

Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra, and Theramnes Prisoner: Alcibiades kneels to the King.

King. Sir, of your Brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the Power of Reward;
It were but just that I should Homage do,
And offer up Acknowledgments to you.
Rise, Sir, and give this Ceremony o'er,
The Posture ill becomes a Conqueror. [*Alcib. rises.*]

Alc. Conqu'rors that are triumphant in the Field,
Must at their Monarch's Feet their Trophies yield;
For all those Glories which their Conquests claim,
They only have Subordinate from them.
Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'ercome,
It is from you he must expect his Doom.

Ther. Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too,
He cannot talk, Sir, half so fast as you.
Curse, though I am your Prisoner, I hate
To hear your Pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alc. Why, Sir, was't not my Favour that you live?

Ther. No; for I hate that Life your Hand did give.
Know, had your Fate been mine——
I should have urg'd kind Destiny more home,
And there have revell'd, Rival, in your room.

Alc. Sir, for your Love, you shew but weak Pretence,
When all your Arguments are Insolence.
Whence does it spring?

Ther. —— From whence your Bliss you draw,
Love, that ne'er clog'd his Profelytes with Law.
I lov'd this Fair One first, and you must know
I'll love her still; and what's all that to you?

Alc. This Rudeness, Sir, my Fury can't engage:
You are ill-manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

Ther. But know, I'll follow still my Hate to thee;
Nor shall my Chains obstruct thy Destiny:
Thou didst supplant me in *Timandra's* Love,
For which I gave thy Glories a Remove;
And on thy Ruins made my self more great:
But since my Wishes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune shan't decrease,
I'll still pursue thy Life and Happiness:

By all Despairs, dark Arts, thy Fall design,
Till in thy Blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alc. Rave on; know of your Threats no Sense I feel,
I'd laugh at 'em, wer't not to lose a Smile.

King. But I'll take care that he shall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his Life does owe.

How dare you offer here these Injuries?
Know you how much this gallant Man I prize?

Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bonds narrow, and Restraint severe.

Since in your Breast such a hot Frenzy reigns,
We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

Ther. So King, as thou shalt envy what th'ast done;
I have a Soul can smile when thou dost frown.

Whilst I *Timandra's* fair Idea wear,
I can't want Freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit guarded.*]

King. Thus, Madam, to your Eyes must Conquest bow;
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.

Tim. If any Charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:

No greater Aims nor more Ambition know,
Than how, Sir, to oblige him that serves you.

Alc. Your gen'rous Pity to our faithful Flames,
That Power which it gave 'em justly claims.

Thus happy by your great Indulgence made,
In Joys so perfect, nothing can remove:

Your spreading Glories ne'er shall shrink or fade,
Till you forget to' aspire, and we to love.

But how dare I usurp the least Pretence,
Who only borrow all my Laurels hence! [*Pointing to Pat.*]

This is that noble Youth, who, when I stood
Beset on ev'ry side with Death and Blood,

To my Relief such gen'rous Succour brought,
And things so much above ev'n Wonder wrought.

Pat. You, Sir, that taught me Friendship, taught me too,
How much is to that sacred Title due.

No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lye,
Though thousand Deaths should dare me, on I'll flie,

And Conquer all, or bravely with you die.

Alc.

Alc. In Gallantry you are so absolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the Pursuit.
Yet that return accept in Silence here,
Which is so great 'twill no Expression bear. [*Embraces him.*]

Tis. Hell! Sure my Blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son embrace the Man I hate? [*Aside.*]

King. How, *Tissaphernes*, is thy good Age blest
In such a Son, of such a Friend posselt!
Thus from thy rev'rend Trunk fresh Glories spread,
And with their pious Laurels shade thy Head.

Tis. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll sit,
Till Fate shall come and claim her latest Debt.
Sometimes my Youth's past Triumphs I'll review,
And please my self they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing else left now to do. [*Ironically.*]
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus shown,
Possess the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*]

King. Monarchs, thus propt, the shocks of Fate defie,
No bonds so firm as those which Friendship tie.
[*Exit King attended.*]

Manent Alcibiades, Timandra and Draxilla.

Alc. Now, noblest Sister, how shall be repay'd
Those large Endearments, which your Love has made?
Our Happiness will but imperfect prove,
If 'midst the growing Pleasures of our Love,
We nothing else in Gratitude can do,
Than only wish a Happiness to you.

Drax. What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that sinister thing we call Reward.
Good Deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

Alc. But Sister, if I might one Question move?

Drax. Your pleasure, Sir? —

Alc. — Could you not Madam — Love
The Friend, in whom I'm happy since I came,
In Honours as renown'd as in his Name?
He, when I to him often would relate
The sad Adventures of my Love and Fate;
So much your gallant Friendship did admire,
That with your Character he grew on Fire;

And bears a Flame so noble and sublime,
As not to love again would be a Crime.

Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now discourse;
Love rarely conquers with a sudden Force.
Nor must I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Compliment to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it Gallantry, not Love.

Alc. I shall no more your Modesty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to serve my Friend.
But if ought add a Blessing, 'twill to see
You made as happy as you have made me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tisaphernes and Patroclus.

Tis. D'you understand, *Patroclus*, what y'ave done?
Have you consider'd that you are my Son?

Pat. Sir, 'tis a Title I am proud of. —

Tis. How can you then descend to things so base,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilst thus your blinded Folly so adores
The only Traytor, that my Soul abhors?

Pat. How, Sir! I doat upon the Man you hate!
No, I had never Thoughts so impious yet.
By all my Hopes, if any Wretch there be
S'unhappy to be held your Enemy,
Rather than in my Breast his Image bear,
I'd raze it from my Heart, or stab it there.

Tis. Stay, lest you should pronounce too rash a Doom.
Believe it is a Blow will wound you home.
But I will try —

What gen'rous Resolution you express:
Know then you must hate *Alcibiades*.

Pat. Protect me Heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that Knot you did so lately tie!
Was't not your Love that did our Friendship join?
Did not your kind Embraces second mine?

Tis. Embraces! Love! and Kindness! what are these?
The outward Varnish that our Hearts disguise.
Hast thou so long with Courts conversant been,
The various turns of Power and Greatness seen,

And

And hast thou not this Mystery yet found,
Always to smile in's Face we mean to wound?
Come you must hate him, nay and kill him too.

Pat. Oh let me rather beg my Death from you.
Can you command me, Sir, to wound a Heart,
Whereof I do possess so great a Part?
In that I should prove a Self-murderer:
Piercing his Breast, I stab my' own Image there.

Tis. Come, lay these idle Boyish Scruples down,
Do as becomes your Virtue, and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my Place,
And turning all my Honours to Disgrace:
And can you of so little Value prize
The Honour of your Blood, not to shed his?

Pat. Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blast your Glories, and your Wreaths defame.
Do but look on that Life you would destroy,

See if it ben't as spotless and serene
As that which in their Heav'n blest Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a Thought of Sin.

By all th' Endearments of a filial Love, [Kneels.]
And if that Charm cannot your Pity move,
By my dear Mother's Ghost, whose dying Pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief Treasure to your Care,
This unjust cruel Enmity lay down,
And do not in his Friend destroy your Son.
On the past Brav'ry of your Youth look back,
There the bright Paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be those Glories to exchange,
For a base, brutal, infamous Revenge.

Oh, Sir, recall, recall the dire Decree,
'Tis such a Deed as Fate will shrink to see.

Tis. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me. }
Give this unmanly Childish Pity o'er,
Or ne'er presume to call me Father more.

Pat. Then see how I resign that Int'rest here: [Rises.]
Thus all the Bonds of Duty cancell'd are.
Whilst such black Horrors in your Soul I see,
Y'are not my Father, but my Enemy.

Now against me let all your Vengeance come;
Thus, thus my Breast for your Revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades* —

No, since such barb'rous Mischiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but scorn to live for you.
Why don't you strike, Sir? Is your Rage grown faint?

Tis. I fear I've too much triff'd with this Boy;
Curse on his Honour, 'twill my Hopes destroy.
But I'll smooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a Heart, that's truly noble, cou'd
Ever deserve a Title to my Blood.
No, may ye both in your brave Friendship be
As truly Happy as I am in thee.
That's curst —

[*Aside.*

Pat. Is then my Father kind? can he approve
Our Friendship? Does he once more crown our Love?
Oh, Sir, let thus my Acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for Blessings offer Thanks to Heav'n. [*Kneels.*

Tis. Rise, rise thou Comfort of my Age; I now
Have understood all I could wish to know.
Alas, in this Disguise I did but try
The Strength and Virtue of thy Constancy.
'Tis a Refreshment to this hoary Head,
To prove that Virtue which my self have bred.
Thus blest in Peace I'll to my Grave descend,
As the declining Sun goes down at Night,
Pleas'd with the rising of an off-spring Light.

Pat. Such mystick Ways Fate does our Loves confirm,
As rooted Trees stand faster by a Storm.
After this shock our Friendship's more secure,
As Gold try'd in the Fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*

Tis. There's some Foundation yet for my Design;
The Captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
Unweary'd I will let my Fury range,
And leave no Heart unsearch'd to find Revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A dark Tent.**Theramnes in Chains.*

Ther. How sweet a Quietude's in Fetters found!
 That it seems almost Freedom to be bound.
 Though thus confin'd, my agil Thoughts may fly
 Through all the Regions of variety.
 Here in a trice I can the World run o'er,
 And finish whole Years Labours in an Hour.
 But oh my Mistress! my *Timandra* lost!
 That is the only Bitterness I taste.
 This outward Fetter but my Body chains,
 But that the Freedom of my Soul detains.
 Why by my Rival's Sword did I not fall?
 So bravely have embrac'd one Death for all?
 Yet why should I court such an abject Fate?
 Courage is the Supporter of the Great.
 Methinks I've something yet to do, might prove
 Becoming both my Glory and my Love.
 I'll——hah this does my busie Thoughts prevent.

Enter Tissaphernes.

Is that old Fiend for a Tormenter sent?

Good Sir, upon what Message are you come?

Am I then destin'd to some harder Doom?

Tis. No, I am come to give your Sorrows ease:
 I know you hate, Sir, *Alcibiades*:

Nay, and I know you love *Timandra* too.

Ther. Well, Sir, all this I know as well as you.

Tis. Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this Theam:
 Dare you, Sir, ravish her, and murder him?

Ther. For what dark Ends do you this Question bring?
 Dare! 's Death, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

Tis. That word then all my former Doubts secures;
 Be only res'lute, and *Timandra*'s yours.

My Stratagems so subtly I will lay,
 That to your Arms your Mistress I'll betray.
 Thus then, as the first Step to our Design,
 Your Guards I'll with adulterated Wine
 Secure; so they charm'd in a Lethargy,
 I'll from your Bonds and Prison set you free.

Then, when some happy Moment shall present;
Timandra left unguarded in her Tent,
 Both of us thither in Disguise will move,
 To end your Rival, and compleat your Love.
 For when your fill of Bliss you have enjoy'd,
 And your full Pleasures with themselves are cloy'd;
 I thither will alarm our Enemy,
 Where by both Swords he shall be sure to die.
 And the next Night (the Watch-word given by me)
 You may Tcape through the Guards to Liberty.

Ther. Revenge! my Love enjoy'd, and Freedom too!
 Then in the Name of *Pluto* be it so.

What stupid Ignorance the World posselt,
 That only Fury plac'd i' th' youthful Breast!
 No, 'tis in Age alone great Spirits are young:
 The Soul's but infant when the Body's strong.
 These hoary Heads like grisly Comets are,
 Which always threaten Ruin, Death, and War.

Tis. Alas, such tame Souls know but half a growth:
 I'll make my Age a step to a new Youth:
 Such Murders and such Cruelties maintain,
 I'll from the Blood I shed grow young again.

Ther. Let's in the Name of Horror then go on;
 Methinks I long to have the bus'ness done:
 Something like Conscience else may all defeat,
 You know, Sir, I'm but a raw Villain yet.

Tis. Conscience! a trick of State, found out by those,
 That wanted Power to support their Laws;
 A bug-bear Name, to startle Fools: But we,
 That know the Weakness of the Fallacy,
 Know better how to use what Nature gave.
 That Soul's no Soul, which to it self's a Slave.
 Who any thing for Conscience sake deny,
 Do nothing else but give themselves the Lie. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter Patroclus and Draxilla.

Pat. Why, Madam, do you fly a Lover's Pray'r?
 Cruelty the Privilege o'th' Fair?

C 2

Drax.

Ther.

Drax. You cannot, Sir, i' th' Camp be Beauty's Slave,
Where Honour's the only Mistress of the Brave.

Pat. But 'tis a rugged Honour got in Arms,
When not made soft by Beauty's sweeter Charms.
That melts our Rage into a kind Desire,
Whilst Love refines it in his purer Fire.

Drax. Lovers, whose flights so sublime Pitches chuse,
Oft soar too high, and so their Quarry lose.
But you, Sir, know to moderate your height,
Missing your Game, can eas'y slack the flight.

Pat. Such faint Essays may fit a common Flame,
But my Desires have a far nobler Aim,
Religious Honour, and a Zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I sue.

Drax. Those who to Deities their Off'rings pay,
Make their Addresses in an humbler way.
Not in a Confidence of what they give,
But modest Hopes of what they shall receive.

Pat. I in my Off'rings no Assurance have,
Though an Ambition to become your Slave.

Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place
You'll still be looking for some acts of Grace.

Pat. Some little Favours Pity can't deny,
You are too noble to use Cruelty.

Drax. See, Sir, the Queen! I beg you, Sir, forbear.

Pat. Madam, this way —

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Did he then suffer no Surprize? no shew
Of Alteration? let's the Progress know.

Ard. In order, Madam, t' your Command, I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where, after th' usual Ceremonies past,
E'er I would feast, I gave him first a Taste;
Told him how much his Courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean Path of Glory mov'd,
Who in his Arms had so successful been,
T'engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whisper'd something more,
Began to intimate Love's mighty Pow'r.

He briskly took the hint, and readily
 Began to urge some pretty Things to me.
 By which encourag'd, I to th'bus'ness drew,
 Told him in fine it only was his due
 To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

Queen. And did not then his alter'd Looks betray
 Some Extasie? some marks of lively Joy?

Arđ. No, Madam, he knew better Policy,
 Talk'd of your Honour, and his Loyalty;
 Fine smoothing Terms to cloak a Passion in.
 But if your Majesty —

Queen. What?

Arđ. — Had but seen
 How much his Carriage did his Words deceive,
 When with a gentle Sigh he took his Leave,
 As if he languish'd till the Minute came.

Queen. Dost thou then think he entertains my Flame?
 Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
 Such swarms of Love within my Breast there are,
 The Heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
 What would I give but for a taste of Bliss!
 Oh, the choice sweets of a stol'n Happiness. }

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Alcibiades solus.

Alc. UNDER what fatal Planet was I born!
 Sure at my Birth the Heav'ns themselves did
 Disjointed Nature did her Course forbear, [mourn;
 And held within her Womb a civil War.
 I who but now did Fame and Conquest bring,
 And added to the Glories of a King,
 Must see my Trophies all thrown down again,
 By the base Passions of a lustful Queen!
 Why was I not born to a common Fate?
 Free from the glorious Troubles of the Great:

So in some humble Cell my Years have spent,
 Blest with a private peaceable Content.
 The vulgar Mortal feels not Fortune's harms;
 The highest Structures still are shook with Storms.
 See too, she's here; what shall I do or speak?
 Fate has beset me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. My Lord, you something discompos'd appear;
 Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

Alc. Majesty, Madam, is a thing divine.

Queen. If that disturb you, Sir, I'll lay by mine.
 Methinks I apprehend a greater Pride,
 To view the Man whose Glories spread so wide.

Alc. Madam, you on 'em set too high a Price.

Queen. Perhaps I see not, Sir, with common Eyes.
 They best of Honour judge that Honour have.
 I find a Secret in me says y'are brave;
 You need not, Sir, unfold it, you can guess.

Alc. How craftily she would her Lust express,
 And set her Ills off with a winning Dress!
 What's to be done, which way shall I conclude?
 I must abuse my King, or must be rude.
 I cannot speak——

Queen. —— My Lord, let's sit a while:
 Won't you vouchsafe your Visitant a Smile?

Alc. Smiles, Madam, were too insolent a Joy.

Queen. Fie! put these formal Compliments away.
Ardella, sing that Song I heard to Day.

S O N G.

I.

*The brightest Goddess of the Sky,
 How did she panting, sighing lye,
 And languishing desire to die!
 For the triumphant God of War
 Amidst his Trophies did appear,
 As charming Rough as she was Fair.*

II. Their

II.

*Their Loves were blest, they had a Son;
The little Cupid; who has shown
More Conquest than his Sire e'er won.
He grew the mightiest God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To Heav'n, that dares be so to Love,*

III.

*How soft the Delights, and how charming the Joy,
Where Love and Enjoyment each other support!
Let the Cynical Fool call Pleasure a Toy,
Who ne'er Fame i'th' Camp had, nor Love in the Court:
O so kindly the Combats each other succeed,
Where 'tis Triumph to Dye, and a pleasure to Bleed.*

Alc. The Air is charming. —

Queen. — Retire.

[*Exit Ardella.*]

No lively Symptoms of a growing Fire!

I'll urge him further —

My Lord, your Hand; how beats your Pulse? I fear

Y'are ill; cold Drops upon your Brows appear;

I'll wipe 'em off; come, Sir, your Fears remove,

You need not blush to tell me that you love.

I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,

Blush for my self too when I blush for you.

Sure this will take; what does your Wonder mean?

Is Love so strange? —

Alc. — Oh name not that again!

Could you such wrong to Royal *Agis* do?

Think what's to Heav'n and to your Virtue due.

Queen. Must I be hated then? and Sir, by you? [*Angrily.*]

Pish, why d'you talk of Heav'n and Virtue now? [*Mildly.*]

Alc. Not new-made Mothers to their Infants bear

A firmer Passion, or a tend'rer Care.

Shew me yours, or your Honour's Enemy,

See with what Vigour t'your Revenge I'll fly.

For you with Life I willingly could part,

But whilst that lasts, *Timandra* has my Heart.

Queen. The heavy Pleasures of the Marriage-Bed
Dull Repetition soon will render dead.

Taste fresher Joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old Pleasures may seem gay and new.

Alc. Could I expect to have such Language heard,
Where Beauty and such Innocence appear'd?

Queen. Can you my little Beauty then approve,
And is't so difficult a thing to love?

Alc. Love, Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I shall not need be woo'd;
I'll love you as the Sister of my Blood.

Queen. A Sister's Love's a lean insipid Bliss,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.

Where is the Transport, Extasie, Delight?

'Tis like thin Meat to a sharp Appetite.

Alc. I know y^e are beauteous as the blushing Morn:

Your Beams the Lustre of a King adorn,

That King whose Piety me happy made;

And can I in return prophane his Bed?

Though, Madam, I've liv'd free, and never set

Limits to any thing we call Delight,

Yet raise not new Rebellions in my Blood:

Beauty hath Darts too keen to be withstood.

Queen. Yet all its Power has no Force o'er you,

Your cruel Heart's immoveable; but know

'Twill to your Honour be but ill apply'd,

That for your Love a Queen neglected dy'd.

Alc. What is't your Majesty would have me do?

Queen. Are you so ignorant that you don't know?

Alc. Death! not to have some Sense, were to unman
My self; but I'll be Conqu'ror if I can.

Should I be made a Captive to her Charms,

E'er I am warm in my *Timandra's* Arms?

One Stratagem I'll for my Freedom try.

Madam, no longer I'll your Pow'r deny: [To the *Queen*.

For if these Eyes had ne'er *Timandra* known,

You only might have call'd my Heart your own.

But whilst with her I enjoy Love, and Life,

And you remain the mighty *Agis* Wife;

Knew

Know this is all I can in Justice do,
I'm ready on your least Commands, to shew
I live for her; but yet could dye for you.

Queen. Must I then only border upon Bliss?
Rest on the Confines of my Happiness?

As Souls that are excluded Heav'n for Sin,
See all its Glories, but can't enter in.

Alc. No, Madam; free from the dull clogs of Sense,
We'll reap Delights of nobler Excellence.

Our entwin'd Souls each other shall enjoy,
Tread Virtue's Paths, and never lose their Way.
But if one in his Motion chance to err,
Strait regulate it by the other's Sphear:

—Till at the last,

When the short Zodiack of this Life w've past,
With new-impt Zeal beyond the Stars we'll fly,
There meet, and mingle to a Diety.

Queen. Then to all hopes of Happiness adieu,
Since my chief Bliss I've lost in losing you.

Oh the tyrannick Cruelty of Fate,
That lets us know our Happiness too late.

Yet why shou'd I to Fears and Sorrows bend,
If only on their Fate my hopes depend?

A Rival, and a King, I may remove:

There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit Queen.*]

Alc. She's gone. —

Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
The wise Man's Fetter, and the range of Fools!

Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy Ills?

He who the greatest heap of Honour piles,

Does nothing else but build a dang'rous Shelf,

Or erect Mountains to o'erwhelm himself.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.

Enter Tissaphernes and Theramnes disguis'd.

Tis. Now, Sir, y'are free, and prosperously move,
To reap the long-wisht Harvest of your Love.

One Minute and y'are in *Timandra's* Arms,

New fetter'd in the power of her Charms:

Methinks the thought ev'n my old Blood alarms.

Ther. His Rage sure works him to an Extasie:
How the old Monster hugs his Villany!
Good, Sir, dispatch, I cannot brook delay;
I waste in expectation of my Joy.

But heark, did you not hear a murm'ring Talk?

Tis. Perhaps 'tis she come in this Grove to walk:
Stay, here they are; by Heav'n the same, 'tis She.

Retreat a while; blest Opportunity! [*They go to the Door.*

Enter Timandra with a Book in her Hand, and Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks, *Draxilla*, when *Atlanta* ran,
And Slaughter was the only Prize she wan;
Her Power a too cruel Rigour bore,
To kill those she had wounded so before.

[*Theramnes throws off his Disguise.*

Ther. Then, Madam, be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor Wretch y'ave wounded do not kill.
Ah in your Heart, if such a Sense there be
Of the Injustice of her Cruelty;
How much more Pity from your Breast is due
To him, who ev'ry Minute dies for you!

Tim. My Lord *Theramnes*! by what lucky Hap
Have you from Guards and Prison made escape?

Ther. Who wears your sacred Image in his Breast,
Is of such pure Divinity possest,
And from ignoble Bondage so secure,
That feeble Chains fall off, and lose their Pow'r.

Tim. Then, Sir, in your intended Flight make haste,
Lest by some fatal Chance y'are once more lost.

Ther. No, I enjoy a nobler Safety here;
No Danger dares approach when you are near:
These Groves to Lovers Bliss are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil Outrages of Fate.

Come, let's to something like Delight draw nigh,
And lose our selves a while in Extasie. [*Seizes roughly on her*

Tim. Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!

Tis. Good, gentle Madam, if you please, one Word.

[*Draxilla runs out, crying Help, and Tisaphernes after her.*

Ther. I cannot see my Rival blest alone;
Must he reap all the Sweets, and I have none?

Tim. This Outrage on my Knees I beg, forbear:
See, Sir, it is *Timandra* sheds a Tear; [*Tis. returns.*
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble Flame:
Oh don't by savage Lust prophane that Name!
If 'tis the Envy of your Rival's Joy,
Remove, remove th' Offence some other way:
Save but my Honour, and my Life destroy.

Ther. Such Tenderneſs might cool another's Blood;
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let Virtue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had Soul enough to know Deſpair.
I'll baniſh the Encroacher from my Breſt,
And ſhake him off e'er he take hold too faſt.
Come, let's retire within this Covert by;
I am impatient, and my Blood boyls high.

Tim. I will not go, I'll die a Martyr here.

Ther. Then I muſt drag you.

Tim. — Barb'rous Ravisher!

Oh! oh! —

Enter Alcibiades.

Alc. — Did I not hear a tender Cry?

Oh Heav'ns! turn, baſe Hell-hound, turn, and die. [*Draws.*

Ther. That, Sir, will thus be better underſtood. [*Draws.*

Tis. Y'ave undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good.

[*Draws.* [*They both make at him.*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. How's this; aſſaulted! and by ſuch baſe Odds!
Courage, my Friend! —

[*After a fierce Fight between Alcibiades and Theramnes, Patroclus and Tiffaphernes, Patroclus drives his Father off the Stage, and Alcibiades runs Theramnes through.*

Alc. — To the acurſt Abodes

Of tortur'd Souls that in dark Horror dwell,

Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,

It was my Sword that ſent thy Soul to Hell.

Ther. Hold, Sir, enough; I muſt your Victim fall,

Tho' an Atonement for my Sin too ſmall.

My haſty Soul can make no longer ſtay,

Death tolls his Leaden Bell, and calls away.

And

And now like some sad Trav'ler, taking view
Of the long Journey that I have to go,
Whilst I my Thoughts to Heav'n's sweet Mansions bend,
Without your Mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one Word of Pardon e'er I die;
Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
Absolv'd by you, it must have welcome there;
As Incense that is offer'd up with Pray'r.

Tim. My Pardon and my Prayers too receive;
More than your Guilt could ask me I could give:
Be happy as your Penitence is true;
And may kind Heav'n forgive you, as I do. [Weeps.]

Ther. Ah! can your Piety vouchsafe a Tear
Of Pity, on an impious Ravisher!
My Soul will leave me in an Extasie:
And I shall want the Sense to know I die.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your Feet I bow;
Here 'tis my Soul would make her latest stay:
Nor can she —

Beginning hence her Journey, miss the Way.
But I'd forgot; beware of — [Dies.]

Alc. — Who can fear,
That is secur'd by Charms so pow'rful here?
Within these Spheres my Guardian Angels move;
These are my Seats of Safety, as of Love.

Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themselves; I fear more Mischief may depend
On this Disaster. —

Enter Patroclus.

Alc. So when a Storm's blown o'er,
And a calm Breeze has smoooth'd the rugged Deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
But thus embrace, and lull their Cares asleep. [Embraces him.]
Welcome my Life's Protector and only Friend.
Hah! what does that sad Look, and Sigh intend?
Are you, Sir, wounded? —

Pat. Yes, too deep, I fear.

Alc. Forbid it Heav'n! where is't?

Pat. — Oh here, Sir, here;

My Soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:

Your

Your Friend! ah let that Title be no more;
Behold me as a Wretch forlorn, and poor.
Imagine ev'ry Form of Misery;
And when y've sum'd up all, then look on me.

Alc. Now some blest Angel to my Soul reveal
This Doubt; can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah, kind *Patroclus*, this sad Silence break.

Pat. Oh, Sir, you must not hear, nor must I speak.
Paint out black Horror in its deepest dread,
And Troops of Murders hov'ring o'er your Head,
And when that hideous Masque of Hell you see,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.

Alc. Confusion! how my Thoughts begin to start!
A new unwonted heat has seiz'd my Heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get Place;
But I'll subdu't,—Be free, kind Friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our Friendship and your Worth.

Pat. That Charm's resistless, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it must not; Duty does forbid:
Yet what's my Duty if my Honour bleed;
Know then,—now that this stubborn Heart would break!
My cruel Father——oh I dare not speak.

Alc. Hah!

Pat. Led by some blind mistaken Jealousie,
Heaps Treasons upon you, and Shame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made escape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious Rape.
But oh no more! Shame does my Words suppress:
Yet think what he will do that durst do this.
I'll go and try if I his Rage can stay:
I may divert the Stream another way. [Exit *Patro*]

Alc. Kind Youth, I cannot fear thy Father's Hate:
He sells his Honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a Wrong?
No, I've a guard of Innocence too strong;
Whilst I unspotted that and Friendship bear,
No Danger is so great that I need fear.

Thm. Yet be not, Sir, regardless of my Fears;
Some Pity have of these sad Sighs, and Tears.

Whither,

Whither, oh whither would your Rashness lead;
To urge a Ruin level'd at your Head!

Let us —

To some Recess that's safe and humble go:

Timandra can bear any thing with you.

Let Int'rest the unfix'd and wav'ring sway;

With us —

Love shall supply what Fortune takes away.

Alc. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra's* Voice I hear:

She ne'er had cause to think that I could fear.

Have I so many Dangers over-past,

Poorly to shrink from Villany at last?

No, with my Innocence I'll brave his Hate,

And meet it in a free undaunted State:

See all with Smiles, as fearless and as gay,

As Infants unconcern'd at Dangers play.

Tim. Then I'll perform what to my Love is due;

Unsteady Doubts be gone, blind Fears adieu:

I were unworthy of the Heart you gave,

Were I than you less faithful, or less brave.

And of my Courage too this Proof I'll give,

When you dare meet a Death, I'll scorn to live,

Nor longer be a Vassal to my Fear;

We'll in each others Chance a Portion bear.

So Fate has thus at least some Kindness shown,

Neither can Wretches be, nor blest alone.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter Tisaphernes and four Villains.

Tis. Is't done? —

1 Vil. Sir, to a Point your Will's fulfill'd;

Theramnes's Guards, as they lay drunk, we kill'd:

Draxilla too, by th' Ambush you had lay'd

For your Retreat, was on her Flight betray'd.

Tis. Next, as from me, be there a Message sent;

To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;

In's Passage thither you may seize him, so

Convey him to the Cave —

1 Vil. — My Lord, we go.

Tis. Ye are the best of Rogues; but disappear: [Ex. 3. *Vil.*
You know your Bus'ness: So; the King is here.

Enter King and Queen attended.

King. Lead to the Grove—

Tis. Oh, Sir, there's Treason in the Camp; retreat!
But now the Guards I in Confusion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General, kill'd.
That little Breath he had left h'employ'd to shew
His Honour, and his Gallantry to you:
Treasons so strange and horrid did relate,
As would seem almost Treason to repeat.
But, Sir, you have no longer Safety here:
Secure your self, and leave all to my Care.

King. No more! you know not what you urge me to:
Secure my self! am I a King, or no?
That Monarch, who when Danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne.
The best Securities in Courage are;
We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,
To stem the Torrent I my self will go:
In State I'll meet the fond Capricious Wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would snatch.

Tis. Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare;
The Name would wound your sacred Breast to hear.
I in revealing, Honour should offend:
He once was Noble, Sir, and call'd me Friend.

King. How, Sir, your Friend! and Traytor to my Crown?
Reveal him, or his Treasons are your own.

Tis. Alas, but must I! —'tis so foul a Deed,
I cannot speak.

King. Hell, Sir; d'ye play? Proceed.

Tis. Then to be short, he you so lately strove
To engage in all the firmest ties of Love,
He whom you almost had from nothing rais'd,
And on the highest Seats of Honour plac'd;
Has thence this use of all your Favours shown,
To make 'em steps to mount into your Throne.

King

King. Defend me! what do I hear! —
 Sir, you have rais'd a Tumult in my Breast,
 Which will not be so suddenly appeas'd:
 By Heav'n's, see all that you inform be true,
 Or may all Torments which to the damn'd are due
 Light on me, if Inflicted not on you.
 The brave *Athenian* false! it cannot be:
 His Soul ne'er dreamt of such Impiety.

Tis. Sir, y'are unkind if you suspect me false,
 I never yet abus'd your Ears with Tales;
 Had I such Mysttick Policy pursu'd,
 Perhaps I'd now been kindlier understood.

King. Alas, dear Friend, misconstrue not my Zeal;
 Weigh not my Passions in nice Reason's Scale.
 Who would believe a King should blindly place
 His Love so firmly, for Returns so base?
 Wrack me no more, but the dark Scruple clear:
 My Soul's in a Convulsion till I hear.

Tis. Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were laid;
 Th' account I from the dying Captive had;
 Whom he with Liberty had brib'd, to joyn
 With him in this his treacherous Design:
 This Night wi'th' Enemy your Camp t'envade,
 On promise it should be by him betray'd.
 Which when the gallant Captive did disdain,
 He was to Combat dar'd, and by him slain.
 If you insist on farther Evidence,
Theramnes's murder'd Guards enough convince:
 Hence you may farther Confirmation have.

King. Be bold; speak what thou knowest —

4. *Vil.* — When to relieve
 The Captive's Guards, I by Command was sent,
 I found 'em murder'd at the Door o'th' Tent.
 In one of 'em some Life did yet remain,
 Who told me they were by our General slain,
 'Cause they *Theramnes* Freedom had deny'd.
 More he had said, but at these Words he dy'd.

King. It was enough. Treason, how dark art thou?
 In Shapes more various than e'er *Proteus* knew.
 By Heav'n I'll make him base, despis'd and poor,
 More wretched than e'er Monster was before.

Naked,

Naked, and stript of all his Dignities,
 I'll lay his odious Crimes before his Eyes.
 Then when his Mind is lab'ring with Regret,
 To make his Infamy the more compleat,
 Some common Slave shall on him Justice do,
 And send his Soul among the damn'd below.
 Guards wait on him — [To Tissaphernes]

Go e'er my Love return, and I repent,
 And sieze upon the Traitor in his Tent.
 A speedy Vengeance best befits this Wrong,
 'Twere too much Mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades and Timandra.

Alc. This way's the King?

Tis. He's here leapt into the Net.

Thus, Sir, the King salutes you.

[*Guards seize Alc.*]

Alc. Slaves, retreat.

Tim. Alas, my Lord!

Tis. — Sir, 'tis the Command,
 The least of 'em I never durst withstand.

Alc. But, Sir, what Meaning can this Usage bear?

Tis. The King, Sir, quickly all your Doubts will clear.

King. Away with him, thou Poison to my Eyes.

Alc. The basest Wretch not unconvicted dies.

Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,

Unworthy of my Honour or your Crown.

If in your Cause who'd spend his dearest Blood,

And is, to be your meanest Vassal, proud,

No greater Welfare than in yours does know,

If he be an Offender, I am so.

King. How cunningly he would seem innocent,

And gild with Flattery his foul Intent!

Thus Traitors in their Fall are like the Sun,

Who still looks fairest at his going down.

'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child, or Fool,

Whom ev'ry fawning Word or Toy can rule?

By Heav'n I'll let you see, Sir, your Mistake;

Hence with the Traitor quickly to the Rack.

Alc. Sir, hear me speak —

King. What is't that you can say,

Who would my Crown and your own Trust betray?

When

When you from Prison set the Captive free,
 Basely to win him to your Treachery:
 Whom, when on him your Plots could nothing do,
 You kill'd, 'cause he more Honour had than you.

Alc. By all above, Sir, I am innocent;
 I ne'er knew what the Thought of Treason meant.
 But know from whence this Jealousie you drew,
 From him that hates me, and abuses you:
Theramnes had his Liberty from hence; [*To Tisaphernes*]
 And for Designs so base —

Tis. — Oh Impudence!
 To what prodigious Height will Treason climb!
 Dare you, Sir, charge me with your heavy Crime?
 Old as I am, my Sword should do me right.
 But —

Alc. — Monster hence, and them that fear thee fright;
 Think'st thou to play with the black Deeds th'ast done?
 Were I but free, though naked and alone,
 Thou too defended by a desp'rate Crew,
 And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
 This single Arm should prove my Cause is good,
 And chronicle my Honour in their Blood.

King. Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your Innocence?
 Think you t'outbrave us with your Impudence?
 Once more the Traitor to his Tortures bear.

Queen. But, Sir, your Justice now is too severe.
 'Twere an ill Triumph after Victories,
 To make the Conqueror the Sacrifice;
 That Gallantry some Privilege may plead.

King. His Treasons are too plain, and open laid;
 And all his Merits weigh'd against them light.

Queen. Should we him guilty of worse Crimes admit,
 And that in's Death you'd worthiest Justice shew,
 Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

King. When *Deidamia* pleads I can't deny:
 His Doom's this time recall'd, he shall not die;
 But (robb'd of all his Joys) let him be sent
 To a perpetual Imprisonment;
 His Treasures rifl'd, and his Wife a Slave.

Alc. Here on my Knees let me one Favour crave.

What

What-ever Fate you have design'd for me,
It is embrac'd; but, Sir, let her be free;
Let all the Weight of the alledg'd Offence
Light upon me; wrong not her Innocence.

Tim. How mean and abject is your Courage now!
Think you that I dare suffer less than you?
No, Sir; in this he has no Right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equally Justice on us both be shown;
And as we are, so let our Fates be one.

Alc. Thou Wonder of thy Sex!—

King. I'll hear no more:

How dare you tempt an angry Monarch's Pow'r?
But since his Fate so gratefully you esteem:
Let her be Pris'n'r too, but far from him.
He must not be so happy to have her,
For Fetters would be Blessings were she there.
Go see ye execute our Orders straight.

Tim. Thus we with Smiles will entertain our Fate.
My dearest Lord, farewell; let not a Sigh
Or Tear proclaim we grieve, our Parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our Happiness a Pain,
Joy were not then a Blessing, but a Chain.
No, let us part as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this Life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at least in Heav'n shall meet again.

Alc. So from their Oracles the Deities
Instruct the ignorant World in Mysteries.
But, part! that Word would make a Saint despair.
Obedience cannot be a Virtue here.
If so, ye Gods, ye have such Precepts giv'n,
That an Example would confound your Heav'n:
You Duties beyond your own Omnipotence enjoin;
Can you forsake your Heav'n, or I leave mine?
Till when thus King I'm fix'd beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endless Love.
Kill me, thou yet shalt of thy Ends despair,
My Soul shall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till she came there.

King

King. Shall I thus see my self out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traitor that but seems to stay.

[*Alcibiades snatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*]

Alc. Now I am arm'd, Death to that Wretch that stirs.

King. Sir, do you think to look us into Fears?

Disarm him Guards, or kill him. [*They fight and disarm him.*]

Tis. Push home, ye Dogs —

Alc. — Sordid Slaves.

Thus ev'ry Afs the helpless Lion braves.

Adieu, divinest of thy Sex, adieu!

I never thought that I could part 'till now.

Now I deserve the worst Fate has in Store,

That in so brave a Cause should do no more.

[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*]

Yet stay, one Look. Thus does the Needle steer

To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near:

When in the eager Prospect of his Joy,

He is by some rude Artist snatch'd away.

Farewel —

Tim. Farewel, and if your Memory

E'er trouble you with such a thing as I,

Let not a Sigh come from you, but believe

I'd rather be forgot, than you should grieve.

Alc. Such Worth shall in each Temple have a Shrine;

What, to regain her, would I not resign?

But she's too Heav'nly to be longer mine.

[*Exeunt several ways Guarded, and looking back at each other.*]

King. She's gone, but oh what mighty Charms there lye

Couch'd in the narrow Circle of an Eye!

Had she but stay'd another Minute here,

I had worn Chains, and been her Prisoner:

And still I fear my Heart is not my own;

For if so bright when to a Dungeon gone,

How would she shine triumphant on a Throne? [*Exit.*]

Queen. So, now or never must my Love succeed;

Vainly, weak King, hast thou his Doom decreed.

In this beginning of his Fall th'ast shown

But the imperfect Figure of thy own.

Few Hours remain 'twixt thee and Destiny,

'Till when grow dull in thy Security.

Timandra's and thy Death is one Design;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tissaphernes solus.

Tif. NOW like a Lion on my Prey I'll feast;
Revenge! thou solace to a troubled Breast.
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Ghost rejoice at what I do!
[*Theramnes's Ghost rises.*

Ghost. Oh no —

Tif. Death, what is that I hear and see?
Begone, dull Ghost; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

Ghost. From deepest Horror of eternal Night,
Where Souls in everlasting Torments groan,
Where howling Fiends lye chain'd, and where's no Light,
But thickest Darkness covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee, Mortal, of thy Sin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain:
'Twere fit that thy Repentance soon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endless Pain.
Farewel — [Descends.]

Tif. — 'Twas an odd Speech; but be it so:
Pish; Hell it self trembles at what I do;
And its Submission better to express,
Sends this Ambassador to make its Peace.
Let idle Fears the Superstitious awe;
With me my Resolution is a Law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls such Torments are,
Methinks there's yet some Brav'ry in Despair.
The easie King looks little in his State.
His Crown is for his Head too great a Weight:
But I will ease him; and adorn this Brow.
Thus to my Arms no Limits I'll allow.
Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, shall be
My Bus'ness; so I'll baffle Destiny.

Hell;

Hell! No,——

I'll act such Things whilst here I have Abode,
Till my own Trophies raise me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Now such an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traitor, and is brave.

I'll bait him with Ambition that may move;
Then if complacent to my Ends he prove,
In seeming to comply with his Design,
I'll make him but an Instrument to mine;
For when Success me to my Wishes calls,
I'll shake him off, and then unpropt he falls.

My Lord!——

Tis. Madam.

Queen. My Father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your Achievements tell;
When in his Camp such gallant Deeds you wrought,
And always Victory and Triumph brought.

Tis. Madam, your Father was all good and just.

Queen. He could, why may not I, your Honour trust?

Tis. You wrong it else, your Father lives in you;
As I was his, I am your Champion too.

Though old, against your Foes this Sword shall plead
Your Right; name but your Traitor, and he's dead.

Queen. Nay, Sir, the Traitor's not alone my Foe,
His Injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet basely him that gave him Growth destroys;
Whilst for his Ills he would his Kindness plead,
To heap your Honours on your Rival's Head.

Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own Honour save.

Tis. Your Majesty would mean the King. D'ye try
My Resolution, or my Loyalty?

Queen. Your Courage, Sir is known; your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Through me these Honours you in Sparta bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, whose perjur'd Soul
Has done me Injuries so base and foul,

That all that's good will blush at; his Vows past
To me, all in another's Love are lost.

Nay, with my Honour too my Life must bleed;
He, with the Gen'ral's has my Fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his Bed.

Let's go surprize him now he's full of Wine;
Revenge me on his Life, his Crown is thine.

Tis. Madam, indeed the Injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely see my Ill.

But you must swear to me you will be true.

Queen. By all that's holy I'll be so to you.

Tis. I'll do't; but, Madam, know, I undertake
To hazard Life and Honour for your sake;
Should you betray me: —

Queen. Nay now you are unkindier than before.
To my first Oath I'll add a Million more.

Tis. And you will still be mindful of the Crown?

Queen. Had he ten thousand, they were all your own.

Tis. This then's his Fate; pity a Crime were here:
He shan't have time enough to make a Prayer.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

Queen. Be bold; and prosper in thy brave Design;
And when his Death's perform'd, the next is thine

[*Aside. Exit.*

Tis. This Trap was dang'rously and subtly lay'd,
But I am not so easily betray'd.

Her love to *Alcibiades* I know;

Her Woman for me did that Kindness do.

And since she is so good at the Design,

I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.

My zealous urging of her Oath was done,

Not to prevent her Plots, but hide my own.

I'll cherish her in all that she pretends,

So make her Aims but Covers to my Ends.

For when I'm seated on the *Spartan* Throne,

Both her and all her Treasons I'll disown:

Prove both her Judge and her Accuser too,

And on her my first Act of Justice do.

So all my Doubts and Fears will be o'er-past,

And by her Fall I fix my self more fast.

[*Exit.*
Enter

An Apartment, with a Chair of State and by it a Table, with the Crown and Scepter.

Enter King and Lords.

King. My Lords, no more, we've drank too deep! I'd
A while be private. [now]

Lords. — Royal Sir, we go [Ex. Lords]

King. Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleasing Air
Appease my Sorrows, and delude my Care. [Sits down]

S O N G.

*Princes that rule, and Empires sway,
How transitory is their State!
Sorrows the Glories do allay,
And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.*

II.

*The mighty Monarch Treason fears,
Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
His Life all Discontent and Cares,
And he at best is but a Slave.*

III.

*Vainly we think with fond delight
To ease the burden of our Cares;
Each Grief a second does invite,
And Sorrows are each others Heirs.*

IV.

*For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
Be Gallant, Generous, and Brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At least I find it in the Grave.* [The King falls asleep]

Enter Queen and Tisaphernes with a Dagger.

Queen. He sleeps; now let the fatal Deed be done.
Hah! what are these, the Scepter and the Crown!
So did the drowsie Dragon sleep, when he
Lost the rich Fruits of the Hesperian Tree.
First we'll secure his Crown, and then he dies.

[Takes up the Crown.]
Thus I'm discharg'd of all my Promises. Take

Take this, and if I claim your Promise too,
[Puts it on his Head.]

Y'are King, and Justice is your Duty now.

Come, by his Fall——

This your first step to Glory solemnize,

I'll make you King, make him my Sacrifice.

Tis. I'll do't, but stay—— *[Advances towards the King.]*

Queen.—— Nay, quickly to him go;

Sir, he expects no Ceremony now.

Tis. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!

I stand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.

There is in Majesty a secret Charm,

That puts a Fetter on a Traitor's Arm:

I cannot do't——

Queen. Then look on her that dares.

How despicable is the Man that fears!

Give me the fatal Instrument of Death;

[Takes his Dagger from him.]

My self will in his Heart this Dagger sheath;

Then blush to think, if e'er the World should know,

That a frail Woman durst do more than you.

Courage——he smiles,—— *[Advances towards the King.]*

Some pleasing Dreams his Fancy entertain;

Oh it were Pity he should wake again.

Thus, King, thy Life and Empire I command:

Accept this from thy *Deidamia's* Hand.

[Stabs him.]

King. Hah, Murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!

What is't that faithless Woman will not do!

Henceforth all Loyalty and Love farewell.

When After-Ages shall this Story tell,

'Twill be a Truth too sad to be receiv'd;

Nor shall the World be by it self believ'd.

Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,

To lay all my Ambition at your Feet;

When at the Altar strictest Vows I paid?

Nor were they with less Zeal perform'd than made.

I lov'd you far above that Life y'ave spilt,

Till ev'n my Passion was become my Guilt.

I for your sake depriv'd Heav'n of its due,

Took Adoration thence to pay it you.

And must this be th' Reward for all I've done?

Yet I shall have this Comfort when I'm gone;

That I no longer shall with thee remain,
But dye in hopes we ne'er shall meet again.

[Dye]

Queen. He's gone, and now my Lord——

Tis.——Oh, what is't you have done?

A while lay your unruly Passions down.

View but the sweet Composure of that Face,

Where Grandeur sat attended by each Grace:

Now there grim Death his ghastly Revels keeps,

And pallid Horrour o'er each Feature creeps.

Weep, Madam, weep, to think your Rage has given

That Blow, which robs the World to enrich Heav'n.

Oh my dear Lord, that e'er I liv'd to know

This Day! Madam, I can't conceal it.

Queen.——Say you so?

But, Sir, I scorn to be betray'd by you.

[At the noise of People entering, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her Knees, and lays hold of Tisaphernes; then speaks.]

Treason, Treason, Treason, &c.——

Is't not enough y'ave shed my Husband's Blood?

Tis. The Devil!——

Queen. And robb'd the World of all that's great and good,

But you must seek my Life? Oh Pity take,

If not for mine, at least for Virtue's sake!

Tis. Hell and Plagues!——

Queen. But why do I name that? for all that e'er

The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.

Tis. Very fine.

[mine:]

Queen. Yet though you've robb'd him of his Life, save

I'll live to ask Heav'n Pardon for your Sin.

Tis. So, now I'll stop your Mouth.

[Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.]

Queen. Help! Murder! Treason! help!

Enter Lords.

Lord. How, Tisaphernes arm'd against the Queen!
What means this Posture, Sir?——

Queen.——Oh noble Lord,

If e'er your Pity could a Tear afford,

Weep

Weep down an Ocean there; behold the Spring
Of Sparta's Hopes lyes murder'd in her King.
And had not I the Traytor's Rage withstood,
He with my Husband's too had mixt my Blood.
See where he guilty stands.

Lord. — Great Agis slain!
By Tissaphernes too!

Queen. Yes, he to gain
The Spartan Crown, this bloody Deed has done.
See he already has usurpt the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear Delays,
But on the Royal Spoils thus proudly preys;
Insults in's Treason.

Tis. — I am now run down
So far, that all hopes of Recovery's gone.
But Madam, can you dare to lay this Guilt
On me? was't not by you his Blood was spilt?

Queen. By me! base Wretch, would thy Impiety
Lay this inhuman Regicide on me?
I wound this Breast? ah, dearest Saint, too well.
I knew thy Worth!

Tis. Death! she'll be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in Love with her for this.

Lord. My Lord, Treason's above all Pardon.

Tis. — 'Tis.

Lord. Then, Sir, to justice.

Tis. No, thus I deny. [Presents his Dagger.

I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.

Was it for this my Stratagems I laid

To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?

Curse on my narrow Fate; but yet to shew

That I love Murder too as well as you,

Thus, perjur'd Queen —

[Offers to stab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.

Queen. See, how he'd still pursue

Is Treason! hence to Justice with him go;

Hourly let on the Rack his Pains encrease,

Will he the horror of his Guilt confess.

Tis. That shall not need. I'll own the Deed as mine,

But glory in't, it was a brave Design.

The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
 Thy Lust, all by one Stratagem, was great!
 So great, that for its sake
 I can with Satisfaction yield my Breath,
 Else I should take no Pleasure in my Death.
 But e'er I go, be pleas'd to entertain
 The last kind Precepts of a dying Man.
 Be bloody, false, revengeful, lustful, all
 That can be found recorded on Hell's Roll
 Embrace; where-e'er you rising Virtue see,
 Down with it, and set up Impiety.
 Make that your Theam, leave nothing ill undone,
 So copy Tiffaphernes when he's gone;
 Who leaves this Counsel as a Legacy:
 'Tis my Religion, and I'll in it dye. [*Exit Tiffaphernes*]
Queen. Hence with the Wretch—
 Mean while to my dead Lord I'll Sorrows pay,
 And after his sigh my own Life away.
 So, now they are gone—Hah, who comes there?
Enter Ardella.

Ard. 'Tis I.

Queen. *Ardella*, on that thing cast back an Eye;
 'Twas once a King, but thank these Hands now none:
 Nay start not, *Tiffaphernes* too is gone; [*Ardella starts.*]
 His Treasures all are thine as a Reward.

Ard. You are too kind—

Queen. See straight a Draught prepar'd,
 And Murderers; *Timandra* next must fall;
 You know our Will, let it be done.

Ard.—It shall.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE A darken'd Tent.

Timandra asleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and sings.

Mer. Come my Salla, come away,

Thy Merli calls.

Sal. within.] Whither?

Mer. Hither; we've no Business to day,
 And where Innocence sleeps we securely may play.

Sal. I come.

[*Enter*
Mer.

Mer. So, welcome my Dear,
But first let's disperse the black Clouds that are here.

Both. Round about this Place we range,
And its gloomy Darkness change,
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene for happy Love.

The SCENE changes to Elizium.

Mer. Next, to divert this Fair One, all
Our wing'd Companions we'll call,
And the Air for Musick charm,
Whilst they their Measures here perform.

Both. Come all you bright Forms that inhabit the Air,
And ease with your Pleasures the Cares of the Fair;
Here frolick and skip, Oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his Wings, and away.

Several Spirits of the Air descend, and Dance.

Salla. Now let us discover the Mansions of Rest,
Where Lovers with Eternal Joys are blest.

[A glorious Temple appears in the Air, where the Spirits of the Happy are seated.

See Fair One, see, not long e'er you
To those Glorious Seats shall go.

Another Spi. The lustful Queen thirsts for your Blood,
And you are for the World too good.

Mer. Nor shall you come alone, your Lover too
Must meet a Fate the same with you.

Salla. But here your Troubles all shall cease,
'Tis the Seat of endless Bliss.

Cho. Here in endless Pleasures they
Keep Eternal Holyday.

Here they Revel, Sport, and are
Crown'd with Joys still new and rare;
Their Pleasures too can never dye,
But like themselves have Immortality.

Mer. See the kind Spirits smile, and now
They'll bless her with a nearer View.

[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.

Cho. *Descend, oh ye Glories, descend!*
Who with Blessings eternal are Crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind Influence lend,——
Whilst all the Spheres with Harmony resound.

Mer. *She wakes; let the Apparition go;*
By th' damp upon my Wings I know
Something ill is drawing near;
Come Salla, come away; Oh come away, my Dear.

They all Vanish, and the Scene changes again to the Tent.

Tim. *I've had a Dream might have a Lover Blest;*
Oh th' sweet delights of everlasting Rest!

[Queen appears at the Entrance.

How's this! the Queen? what can her coming mean?

Queen. *Ardella with the Russians here remain;*
I'll in, and with soft words her Temper try;
If without him she'll live, she shall not Dye.

Madam!——

[To Timandra.

Tim.——Your pleasure!

Queen. *Oft I've heard y'are brave;*
But the best Proof of Gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And such a Bliss with so rare Patience left.

Tim. *Madam, our Flames a nobler Passion rules*
Than Fondness, th' idle Guilt of wav'ring Fools;
Our Loves knew a far higher Excellence,
Then the half Pleasures of a Minute's sense.

Queen. *Then you may love, since you can with him part,*
He has made a Conquest o'er my tender Heart.
Love governs here; and since my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choicest Wishes have decreed,
He should both in his Love and Throne succeed.

Tim. *Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make*
Him his Timandra and his Faith forsake?
Or think you I an Atome will resign
Of that Heart, which by holy Vows is mine?
No, I will keep him, maugre Cruelty.

Queen. *But Madam do you know what 'tis to Dye?*

Tim. *Yes, 'tis to lay these Clogs our Bodies by,*
And be remov'd to blest Eternity.

ALCIBIADES.

35

By Death Relief from all our Grievs we gain;
And by one put an end to Years of Pain;
By that we in one Minute find out more,
Than all the busie Gown-men study for;
Who after in-dull search th'ave Ages spent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a Blessing, and a thing so far
Above that worst of all our Frailties, Fear,
It claims our Joy; since by it we put on
The top of Happiness, Perfection.
Quit him! no never whilst I here have breath;
He's mine in spite of Cruelty or Death.

Queen. Then enter ye grim Ministers of Fate:

Enter Murderers with Poison.

Does not your stubborn Courage now abate?

Tim. No, my Resolves more fixt and firm are grown!
Bring dreadfullst Racks and Tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each Sense, and then do thou
Tempt me my Love and Int'rest to forgo,
'Midst of my Pains I'll smile, and tell thee No.

Queen. But Minion, soon your Insolence shall cease.
Come, since such Resolution you expresse,
Take this; demur not; do't — [*Gives her a Bowl of Poison.*]

Tim. And is this all?

I thought t'have had a more Heroick Fall;
Expected to have noblest Tortures met,
Not by dull Poison to have found my Fate;
But any way I can thy Pow'r defie;
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I die.

[*Offers to drink.*]

Queen. Yet yield, and live —

Tim. — Live! what have I to do.
With Life, when giv'n by one so base as you?
Thus I despise it —

[*Drinks.*]

Queen. What dismal Tortures strait will on her seize!
So! 'twas a Health to *Alcibiades*.

[*After Timandra has drank the Poison.*]

Tim. Now blush at what thy impious Rage has done;
My *Alcibiades* is still my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gone,

Each Night thy Bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
Those Joys, of which thou hast bereft me here.
Anxious shall be each Day, disturb'd each Night,
A restless Shade I'll still be in thy Sight;
And thee i' th' height of all thy Pleasures fright.
Heav'n, what do I feel! —

Queen. Oh, does the Draught succeed!

Ar. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And just is entring —

Queen. — Straight, with strictest Care
Convey her in, and wait my Pleasure there.

[*The Murderers lead in Timandra.*]

Sweet Murder! oh no Physick is so good
For th' hopeless Lover as a bath of Blood.
But here he comes —

Enter Alcibiades.

— Now to my Griefs again.

[*Veil.*]

Alc. It makes me wonder how I Freedom gain;
All things confus'd, and in disorder are.
How's this, is mourning Weeds? unveil, my Fair.
Hah, not *Timandra*! —

[*Queen unveils.*]

Queen. — No, Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did she yet live; but she is dead.

Alc. How, dead! —

Queen. Yes; *Tissaphernes* that black Deed did do,
Promoted by his ignoble Hate to you.
But you will wonder more, when I shall tell,
That by his Hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is slain, both I and *Sparta* now
Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.

Alc. In me! alas! I am a Wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curst ever be the Hour
Wherein so fair an Innocence was lost.
Heav'n justly now may of its Glories boast;
For the most bright, and precious Saint that e'er
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

Queen. Why do you let your Griefs distract your Soul?
Call up your Reason, and let Passion cool.

See here a Queen, that courts you with the Charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms:
No longer for *Timandra* Sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did:

Alc. — Oh, Madam, no;
To love like her's a Task too hard for you:
Love me as she did? why, each Thought she had
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns, though Emp'r of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar to recover her.
Oh, Madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again.

Queen. Never! —

Alc. No, never —

Queen. — Can you then so soon
Forget your Promise? or will you disown
That e'er, if you *Timandra* should survive,
You vow'd you only for my sake would live?
You see how Heav'n has decreed —

Alc. — Alas!

I then the Blessing knew, but not the Loss;
Besides, I now must die —

Queen. How, Sir, is't thus my profer'd Love you prize?

Alc. I do not hate you; may not that suffice?

Queen. Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy Pride.
Draw back: —

[*The Scene drawn discovers Timandra on a Couch, in
the midst of her Pains.*]

— Go Dotard in, enjoy thy Bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes, cruel Man, by me —

Tim. — No, Queen, she lives,
And still to all thy Rage Defiance gives:
Do I behold my dearest Lord so nigh! [*Spies Alcibiades.*]
Shall I again see him before I die!

Alc. Best Hopes and Comfort of my Life, I'm here.
How fares my Love? —

Tim. Oh, come not, come not near;

My Blood's all Fire, Infection's in each Vein;
And Tyrant Death in ev'ry Part does reign;
But I for you could suffer much more Pain.

Alc. Kind Heav'n! let all her Pangs upon me fall;
And add ten thousand more, I'll bear 'em all,
Do but restore her back. Oh cursed Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to so damn'd a Sin?
Cou'dst thou be guilty of so foul a Deed?

Queen. Yes, I did do't; by me the King too bled,
Unworthy Wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.

Alc. Oh do't, I'll blot out all th'ast done before,
And never call thee base, nor cruel more.
Here is my Breast, soon the kind Work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, send it boldly in.

Queen. No, thou shalt live for harder Destiny,
But first shalt see thy dear *Timandra* die.

Alc. Oh Misery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Must I not happy be in Life nor Death?

Tim. Alas! cease your unnecessary Moan;
I find my Torments quickly will be gone.

Though I could wish they might to Years renew,
So I might still be blest with seeing you.

Now the black Storms of Fate are all blown o'er,
And we shall meet, and ne'er be parted more.

But oh farewell — [Dies.]

Alc. — My dear *Timandra* stay!

Ah precious Soul, fly not so soon away!

But one Look more; will Death have no Remorse?

See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.

But oh she's gone! seize there that Murderers.

Queen. — No:

Seize me! 'tis more than all your Camp can do:

Who e'er comes, here's my Guard; alas mean Fool,

[Presents her Dagger.]

My Fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;

There lyes your Constancy. [Pointing to Timandra.]

[Alcibiades flies to the Queen, and snatches the Dagger from her.]

Alc. Infernal Hag!

Whose ev'ry Breath infects, each Look's a Plague!
Could not thy Fury on my Bosom rest,
But thou must wreak thy Vengeance on this Breast?
To murder her! — curse on me that I stand
Thus idle; now thy Heart:

[Presents the Dagger to her Breast.]

— But oh 'twould brand
My Trophies with eternal Infamy,
If by my Hand so base a thing should die:
Her Ills so many, and so odious are,
They would disgrace an Executioner.
Yet I'd do something; oh I have't, I'll tear *[Ravingly]*
Her piece-meal: — but *Timandra's* gone too far:

[Mildly.]

Yonder she mounts! triumphant Spirit stay;
See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
Now all the Gods will grow in love with her:
And I shall meet fresh Troops of Rivals there.
But thus I'll haste and follow — *[Stabs himself.]*

— Devil, there — *[Throws the Dagger to the Queen.]*
Die, if thou hast Courage enough to dare,
But oh! —

A heavy Faintness does each Sense surprize:
Yet e'er I close up these unhappy Eyes,
Here their last duteous Sorrows they shall pay,
And at this Object melt in Tears away.
Blest Center of my Hopes! in whom I plac'd
Too choice, too pure a Happiness to last:
I any Loss less than thy Death had griev'd;
How well could I have dy'd, so thou hadst liv'd!
Damn'd Fiend! — *[To the Queen.]*

But oh why do I rave at her,
That have so little time to tarry here?
One parting Kiss, and then in Peace I'll die:
[Kisses Timandra.]

Now, farewell World; welcome Eternity.

Enter Patroclus, Lords and Guards.

Pat. Horror of horrors! this was a dismal Chance;
Alas, my Friend!

Alc.

Alc. — Thy useless Grief refrain;
Farewell; we shall hereafter meet again.

[Dies.]

Pat. Guards, seize the Queen —

Queen. — Seize me, rude Slaves! forbear.

Pat. You shall in short your Accusation hear.
To kill the King, my Father first you made
Your Property; then basely him betray'd.
Your Woman all confess, and by the Guard
Is now secur'd to a more just Reward.
And (though too late) this black Design I knew:
Yet all your Stratagems are useless now.
Hence with the Murd'ers to Justice.

Queen. — Hah!

Think you that I will die by formal Law?
No; when I'm dead be thus my Fame supply'd;
She liv'd a Murd'ress, and a Murd'ers dy'd.

[Stabs her self.]

Justice would but my Happiness retard:
Thus I descend below to a Reward.
I shall be Queen of Fate: The Furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
I long to be in State; my Lords farewell;
Now noble *Charon*! hoist up Sail for Hell.

[Dies.]

Lord. Her Soul is fled —

Pat. — With her for ever die
Her Treasons, and her odious Memory.
But whither is the fair *Dracilla* gone?

Lord. Distracted at the Mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

Pat. Quickly let after her be made Pursuit;
I'll ransack all the World to find her out.
Propitious Heav'n to her will sure be kind.

Enter Lord:

2 Lord. My Lord, we in our Votes have all combin'd
To make you King; the Camp, with shouts and cries
Of Joy, send their loud Wishes to the Skies.

[Shouts within, Long live Patroclus King of Sparta.]

Pat. Go bid 'em their unwelcome Noise forbear:
Turn all their Shouts to Sighs of Sorrow here.

[Turns to the Bodies.]

Th'are

Th' are gone; and with 'em all I wish'd to keep.
 Now I could almost turn a Boy, and weep.
 My Friend! my Mistress! and my Father lost!
 Never were growing Hopes more sadly crost.
 Now Fortune has her utmost Malice shown,
 She'd court me with the Flattery of a Crown:
 A thing so far beneath those Joys I miss,
 'Tis but the Shadow of a Happiness.
 For how uneasily on Thrones they fit,
 That must, like me, be wretched to be great.

[Exeunt omnes]

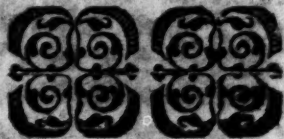


EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee.

NOW who says Poets don't in Blood delight?
'Tis true, the Varlets care not much to fight;
But 'faith, they claw it off whene'er they write;
Are Bully-Rocks not of the common Size;
Kill ye Men faster than Domitian Flies.
Ours made such Havock, that the silly Rogue
Was forc'd to make me rise for th' Epilogue.
The Fop damn'd me, but e'er to Hell I go,
I'd very fain be satisfy'd if you.
Think it not just that he were serv'd so too.
As he hath yours, do you his Hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then Damn him down to Hell, and never spare;
Perhaps he'll find more Favour there than here:
Nay of the two may chuse the much less Evil;
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'en so's the Devil.



DON CARLOS,

Prince of Spain.

A

TRAGEDY.

Principibus placuisse Viris non ultima laus est.

Hor.



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

DON CARLOS

Prince of Spain

TRAFFIC
MUSEUM



Printed in the Year 1712.

To His Royal Highness the
D U K E.

SIR,



IS an approved Opinion, There's
not so unhappy a Creature in the
World, as the Man that wants
Ambition: For certainly he lives
to very little Use that only toils
in the same Round, and because
he knows where he is, though in a
dirty Road, dares not venture on a smoother Path,
for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch
I condemn, Your Royal Highness may be sufficient-
ly convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this
Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it
were not ordinary: For, besides my own Propensity
to take any Opportunity of publishing the extreme
Devotion I owe Your Royal Highness, the mighty
Encouragement I received from your Approbation
of it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough
to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid.
Yet whilst I do this, I am sensible the Curious World
will expect some Panegyrick on those Heroick Vir-
tues, which are throughout it so much Admir'd.
But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertak-
ing, so only to endeavour at the Truth of 'em, must, in
the distance between my Obscurity and their Height,
savour of a Flattery, which in Your Royal High-
ness's Esteem I would not be thought guilty of:
Tho' in that part of 'em which relates to my self
(viz. Your Favours shower'd on a Thing so mean as

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am) I know not how to be silent. For You were not only so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but even (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my First Essay of this nature, and add yet the Encouragement of Your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highness's Hand, in token of your Permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I, who have terminated my best Hopes in it, should do Wrong to Your Goodness, should I not let the World know my Mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know You by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Respect towards You; since in the Firmness of your Resolution the brave and good Man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears You. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highness's

most Humble, most Faithful,

and most Obedient Servant,

Tho. Otway.

THE P R E F A C E.

READER,

TIS not that I have any great Affection to Scribbling, that I pester thee with a *Preface*; for amongst Friends, 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attornies*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheese*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpose;

*I pity those who in these latter Days
Do Write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate;
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Translation; had I understood *Italian* I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess, I had often a Tittillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, 'till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then, like a bashful young Lover, when I had her Private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc'd any thing; 'till at last, I know not how, e'er I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: But I might, without Offence to any Person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the Passion of a young and a beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same Opportunities, which I have given him. This

I

The P R E F A C E.

I publish to antedate the Objections some People may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they, (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: In the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well satisfy'd I had the greatest Party of Men of Wit and Sense on my Side; amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl of R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his Business, to establish it in the good Opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highness*; from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all Gratitude confess, I owe the greatest Part of my good Success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extremely build my Hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good Judgment too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heav'n, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so noble a Pleasure; for 'twas not my Business, to take such as only come to a Play-House to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock'd, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend *Sir Fernal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN first our Author took this Play in Hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a stand.

He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred Things.

Not as they're represented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!

Us'd only just for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worse, made Villains all, or Fools.

Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write:

He found the Fame of France and Spain at Stake,
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take;

'Till this his Judgment safest understood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.

But now the greatest Stop was yet unpass'd,
He found himself, alas! confin'd too fast.

He is a Man of Pleasure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to Business bow,

'Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
To make his Pleasure Whetstone to his Wit,

So sometimes for Variety he writ.

But as those Block-heads, who discourse by Rote,
Sometimes speak Sense although they rarely know't:

So he scarce knew to what his Work would grow,

But 'twas a Play, because it would be so:

Yet well he knows this is a weak Pretence,

For Idleness is the worst want of Sense.

Let him not now of Carelessness be tax'd,

He'll write in earnest, when he writes the next;

Mean while——

Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare;

Yet do it kindly, be not too severe;

He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

P hilip II. King of Spain.	Mr. Betterton.
Don Carlos, his Son.	Mr. Smith.
Don John of Austria.	Mr. Harris.
Marquis of Posa, the Prince's Con- fident.	Mr. Crosby.
Rui-Gomez.	Mr. Medburn.
Officer of the Guards.	Mr. Norris.

W O M E N.

Queen of Spain.	Mrs. Mary Lee.
Dutchess of Eboli, Wife to R. Gomez.	Mrs. Shadwell.
Henrietta.	Mrs. Gibbs.
Garcia.	Mrs. Gillow.

D O N



DON CARLOS,

PRINCE OF SPAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE a Palace Royal.

The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen attended, Don Carlos, the Marquis of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c. Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.

KING.

HAPPY the Monarch, on whose Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love, the gentlest Calms of
Rest,
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my
Breast.

To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I Reign, I must pay Homage, here.

[To the Queen.]

Approach, bright Mistress of my purest Vows;
Now shew me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows.

D. Car. So Merchants, cast upon some savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curse! What's Obedience? A false Notion made } *[Aside]*
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, }
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh!—

King. — Why does my Carlos shrowd
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall such a noble Race of Heroes spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs
I only can admire, as they are yours.

King. Heav'n! how he stands unmov'd! not the least shew
Of Transport.

D. Car. — Not admire your Happiness? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me express the mighty Joy I feel.
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. *[Kneels to the Queen.]*

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine!
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine. *[Aside.]*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now. *[To Carlos.]*

D. Car. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. For Heav'n, my Lord! you know not what you do.

King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow;
And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no common Causes can proceed. *[Aside.]*
I'll probe him deep—

— When, when, my dearest Joy, *[To the Queen.]*
Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?
Hence to Love's secret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous Fire,
Then Phoenix-like each in the Flame expire.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 73

Still he is fix'd —

[Looking on Don Carlos.]

— Gomez, observe the Prince.

[To Rui-Gomez.]

Yet smile on me, my Charming Excellence.

Virgins should only Fears and Blushes shew;

But you must lay aside that Title now.

The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n, is good:

Oh, the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?

Now Fate her utmost Malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos, farewell; for since I must submit —

King. Now wing'd with Rapture let us fly, my Sweet!

My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,

And let thy Father's Happiness be thine.

[Ex. King and Queen attended.]

D. Car. What King, what God would not his Pow'r
T' enjoy so much Divinity below? [forego,

Didst thou behold her, *Posa*?

Posa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? Such a Bride!

O *Posa*, once she was decreed for mine:

Once I had hopes of Bliss. Hadst thou but seen

How blest, how proud I was, if I could get

But leave to lye a Prostrate at her Feet,

Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;

Nay she in Pity too would sometimes smile;

Till at the last my Vows successful prov'd,

And one Day, sighing, she confess'd she lov'd.

Oh! then I found no Limits to our Joy,

With Eyes thus languishing we look'd all Day;

So vigorous and strong we darted Beams,

Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;

Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight:

For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light,

As we had gaz'd all Day, we dreamt all Night.

But after all these Labours undergone,

A cruel Father thus destroys his Son;

In their full Height my choicest Hopes beguiles,

And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.

My dearest *Posa*, thou wert ever kind;

Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here — My Lord.

D. Car. — Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow,
Ah! though y'have lost a Beauty well might make
Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake,
Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind,
But be Obedient, tho' he's prov'd Unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach;
I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach:
Still you'll usurp a Power o'er my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy.
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and War's noblest Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
Whilst, though but young, —
You would with Pleasure read of Sieges got,
And smile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
And still, though not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Disguise;
Too well I know the Falshood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damp'd my Father's Smiles still as they sprung,
Persuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were frustrate made,
And, robb'd of Sun-shine, wither'd in the Shade.
Whilst, my good Patriot! you dispos'd the Crown
Out of my Reach, to have it in your own,
But I'll prevent your Policy —

R. Go. — — — My Lord,
This Accusation is unjust and hard.
The King, your Father, would not so upbraid
My Age: Is all my Service thus repaid?

But I will hence, and let my Master hear
How generously you reward my Care;
Who on my just Complaint, I doubt not, will
At least redress the Injuries I feel. [Exit Gomez.]

Poſa. Alas, my Lord, you too ſeverely urge
Your Fate; his Int'reſt with the King is large.
Beſides, you know he has already ſeen
The Tranſports of your Paſſion for the Queen.
The uſe he may of that Advantage make
You ought at leaſt t'avoid, but for her ſake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'aſt touch'd my tender ſt
I never yet learn'd the diſſembling Art. (Part;
Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.
The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy neareſt Care.
O! fly, o'ertake him e'er he goes too far. [Exit Poſa;
How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate?
By ſo much more unhappy as we are great.

A Prince, and Heir to Spain's great Monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom I moſt ſcorn;
Who, like a Bramble 'mongſt a Cedar's Boughs,
Vexes his Peace under whoſe Shades he grows.
Now he returns: Aſſiſt me, Falſhood, — down,
Thou Rebel Paſſion —

Re-enter R. Gomez and Poſa.

Sir, I fear I've done [To R. Gomez.
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing, and live? [Alſide.

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vaſſal thus a Prince deſcends;
Though it was ſomething rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend.

D. Car. Alas, no more; all Jealouſies ſhall ceaſe!
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt me when I ſue,
As I to Gomez always will be true.

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the Return Sincerity can make.
Bleſt in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
May not one Fear diſturb your happy Hours:

Crown'd with Success may all your Wishes be,
And you ne'er find worse Enemies than me.

[*Exeunt D. Car. and Posa.*]

Nor, spight of all his Greatness, shall he need:
Of too long Date his Ruin is decreed.

Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears;

'Twas I the Charge had of his tender Years,

And read in all the Progress of his Growth,

An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;

A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild;

At all my Precepts still with Scorn he smil'd.

Or when, by th' Power I from his Father had,

Any Restraint was on his Pleasures laid,

Usher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would rise,

And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.

But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;

For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.

Here comes the Star by whom my Course I steer.

Enter Eboli.

Welcome, my Love. —

Eboli. My Lord, why stay you here,

Losing the Pleasure of this happy Night?

When all the Court are melting in Delight,

You toil with the dull Bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Only, my Fair One, how to make thee Great:

Thou tak'st up all the Bus'ness of my Heart,

And only to it Pleasures canst impart.

Say, say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?

It is an Age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear

Your Love, but offer something to your Ear.

If you have well observ'd, you must have seen

To Day some strange Disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes, such as youthful Brides do still express,

Impatient Longings for the Happiness.

Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,

As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

[*well*]

Eboli. Come, come, my Lord, seem not so blind; too

I've seen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel;

PRINCE of SPAIN. 77

And know your Judgment is too good, to lose
Advantage, where you may so safely chuse.

Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done:

My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then, and with your strictest Cunning try

What of the Queen and Prince you can descry;

Watch ev'ry Look, each quick and subtle Glance;

Then we'll from all produce such Circumstance

As shall the King's new Jealousie advance.

Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you shew:

If you will make me Great, begin it now.

How, Sir? D'you stand confid'ring what to do?

R. Go. No; but methinks I view from hence a King,

A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers, spring;

Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'll prey,

'Till so their Strength and Virtue drawn away,

Unable to recover, each shall droop,

Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:

Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,

And unlade all the precious Sweets at home. [*Exit Gomez.*]

Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,

And make what haste thou canst to be undone,

Whilst I have nobler Bus'ness of my own.

Was I bred up in Greatness? Have I been

Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen:

Made Love my Study, and with practis'd Charms

Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms:

At last to be condemn'd to the Embrace

Of one, whom Nature made to her Disgrace;

An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who

Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?

On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,

As Jewels that are lost t'enrich a Tomb?

No, though all Hopes are in a Husband dead,

Another Path to Happiness I'll tread;

Elsewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd:

Yet, while he can, let the Slave serve my Pride.

Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine;
 The gallant, youthful *Austria* shall be mine:
 To him with all my Force of Charms I'll move.
 Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I Love.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *An Orange Grove.*

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. *John.* WHY should dull Law rule Nature, who first
 made
 That Law by which her self is now betray'd?
 Ere Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most Noble that was born most Free;
 Each of himself was Lord, and unconfm'd,
 Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience,
 And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
 My Glorious Father got me in his Heat,
 When all he did was eminently Great:
 When warlike *Belgia* felt his conqu'ring Pow'r,
 And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperour.
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
 Because I came not in the common Road,
 But Born obscure, and so more like a God?
 No; though his Diadem another wear,
 At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir.
 Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my Fair.

Enter Eboli.

She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves,
 When loose, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
 She rides to meet the warlike God she loves.

Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
 And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. *John.* O banish it: Lovers like us should fly,
 And mounted by their Wishes soar on high,

Where

Where softest Extasies and Transports are,
While Fear alone disturbs the lower Air:

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are ev'ry where?

Or if we could with happiest Secresie
Enjoy these Sweets, oh, whither shall we fly
T'escape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. John. Alas, lay this Religion now aside;
I'll shew thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himself, and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. John. I know y'are her I love, what should I more
Regard? —

Eboli. — By Heav'n he's brave — [*Aside.*
— But can so poor

A Thought possess your Breast, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Lust and Infamy?

D. John. Those that are noblest Born should higher prize
Love's Sweets, Oh! let me fly into those Eyes!
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glass
Beholds his with'd-for Fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes —
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay;
Your Looks speak Danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aside.*

D. John. Take Vows and Pray'rs if ever I prove false;
See at your Feet the humble *Austria* falls. [*Kneels.*

Eboli. Rise, rise, — [*Austria rises.*
My Lord, why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*

D. John. How many ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak, wou'dst thou have an Empire at thy Feet?
Say, wou'dst thou Rule the World; I'll Conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but —

D. John. — What?

Eboli. — For ever true.

D. John. That thou may'st ne'er have Cause to fear those
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms: [Harms,
Nay, I'll not one short Minute from thee stray;
My self I'll on thy tender Bosom lay,
Till in its Warmths I'm melted all away. }

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord —

Eboli. — Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

D. John. Must I without my Blessing then be gone?

[Kisses her Hand.

Eboli. Think you this Indiscretion merits one?

[Pulls it back.

D. John. I'm aw'd —

As a sick Wretch, that on his Death-Bed lyes,
Loath with his Friends to part, just as he dies,
Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his Eyes. [Exit. }

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and Vigour are!
Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far;
Too easily I'll not my self resign:
E'er I am his, I'll make him surely mine;
Draw him by subtle Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make Escape;
About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range
The solitary Paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in Herds to Coverts run,
Whilst Beasts of Prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your Hours!
You little think what my poor Heart indures;
Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid;
You should forgive those Faults your self have made.
Remember you the Task you gave? —

Eboli. — 'Tis true; —

Your Pardon, for I do remember now.
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my Mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too kind.

[Sighs.

R. Go.

PRINCE of SPAIN.

81

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!

Eboli. Does then Success attend upon your Toil?
I long to see you revel in the Spoil.

R. Go. What strictest Diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son.
I to Advantage told him all that's past,
Describ'd with Art each am'rous Glance they cast:
So that this Night he shunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which through the Court has various Murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading Greatness? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen?
I, who o'er Nations have Victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curs'd Jealousie, that poisons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th'Invader sits!
Oh, Gomez! thou hast giv'n my Mortal Wound.

R. Go. What is't does to your Royal Thoughts confound?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no Stranger sure
To the sad Cause of what I now endure.
Know'st thou what Poison thou didst lately give?
And dost not wonder to behold me live?

R. Go. I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never study'd any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly, what past between 'em more, declare.
How greedily my Soul to Ruin flies!
As he, who in a Fever burning lyes,
First of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still Thirsts after more.
Oh then-----

E. 5.

R. Go.

R. Go. ——— I fear that you'll interpret wrong.
 'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Eye still, my Heart: Not long was't that you said?

R. Go. No longer than they in your Presence stay'd.

King. No longer? Why, a Soul in less time flies
 To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
 Hence abject Fears, be gone; she's all Divine.
 Speak, Friends, can Angels in Perfection sin?

R. Go. Angels that shine above do oft bestow
 Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and always near;
 Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphere.
 True, she may show'r promiscuous Blessings down
 On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown.
 But when too kindly she his Brightness sees,
 It robs my Lustre to add more to his.

But Oh! I dare not think——

That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
 To stoop at him, when they had vanquish'd me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
 That he of Virtue has too great a Sense,
 To cherish but a Thought beyond the Bound
 Of strictest Duty. He to me has own'd
 How much was to his former Passion due,
 Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd you.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, than advise:
 Be not more Charitable than y^ere Wise.

The King is sick, and we should give him Ease,
 But first find out the depth of his Disease.

Too sudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
 We must not heal up fester'd Wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a Pow'r would o'er me gain.
 Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.

I'm stung, and won't the Torture long endure:
 Serpents that wound, have Blood those Wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I should ever dare
 To question Virtue in a Queen so fair;

Though she her Eyes cast on her Glorious Son:

Men oft see Treasures, and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in obscure Contraries.
No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And subtlest Pathis, each little Action mark.
If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Enter Queen attended, and Henrietta.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes,
For all around she'll her bright Beams display:
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,
Spight of my self I shall be led astray.

[Exit the King attended, looking at the Queen.]

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure ere his Love he'd let me know his Pow'r:
As Heav'n oft Thunders ere it sends a Show'r,
This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd:
All things are by Severity so aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Hen. Alas, what can you from Old Age expect,
When frail uneasie Men themselves neglect?
Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though such as in extinguish'd Fires you'll find;
Where some Remains of Heat the Ashes hold,
Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State;
Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate;
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smooths o'er our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When, though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed.
Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*?

[Hen. Sighs.]

Hen. Who is it can
Know your sad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With Pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. — And did it please you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet
All that we could Obliging call or Sweet.
At ev'ry Point he with Advantage stood:
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Hen. One so accomplish'd, and that lov'd you too,
With what Resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.—But oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain. [*Aside.*]

Queen. What means this strange Disorder?

Hen. ————— Yonder view,
That which I fear will discompose you too.

Enter Don Carlos, and Posa.

Queen. Alas, the Prince! There to my Mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual Fears:

Away, Henrietta—— [*Offers to go.*]

D. Car. ————— Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: In Obedience I'll retire.

Queen. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher,

D. Car. Must I then at that awful Distance sue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High-Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Queen. Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: What would you say?
[*Carlos kneels.*]

Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o'er.

D. Car. Was I ne'er in this Posture seen before?
Ah! can your cruel Heart so soon resign
All sense of these sad Sufferings of mine?
To your more just Remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate seem'd kindly to ordain
That once you should be mine; which I believ'd:
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you should your Fate, not me upbraid.

D. Car. I will not say y've broke the Vows you made;
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your Feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than such kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For 'midst your highest Joys, without a Crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 85

Queen. If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right;
All other Passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense
Upon your Heart such mighty Influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence?

Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Pow'r,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperour,
Of all its Riches, all its State possess'd,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Queen. In vain on her you Obligations lay,
Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

Hen. Yet had you *Henrietta's* Heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. [*Aside.*

D. Car. Oh! say not you want Pow'r; you may with one
Kind Look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my Want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

Queen. I know not what to grant; too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Queen. You shall not want what I may let you have.
[*Gives her Hand sighing.*

D. Car. Like one ———
That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best;
From the rich Treasure whilst I Choice should make,
Dazzel'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich ———

Queen. ——— Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*

D. Car. Oh! take not back again th' appearing Bliss.
How difficult's the Path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give
Than just enough to keep a Wretch alive;

At least remember how I've lov'd —

Queen. — I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still;
Let me love on: It is a very poor
And easie Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Queen. Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Car. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my Disquiets banish from my Breast:
I will endeavour to do so at least. [*Sighing deeply.*]
Or if I can't my Miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t' offend your Ear. [*admire;*]

Queen. Love then, brave Prince, whilst I'll thy Love
[*Gives her Hand, which Don Carlos during all this
Speech kisses eagerly.*]

Yet keep the Flame so pure, such chaste Desire,
That without Spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love,
Till when — Oh! whither am I run astray?
I grow too weak, and must no longer stay:
For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow,
I find that I shall want the Power to go.

[*Ex. Queen and Henrietta.*]

D. Car. Oh sweet —
If such Transport be in a Taste so small,
How blest'd must he be that possesses all!
Where am I, *Posa*? Where's the Queen? [*Standing amazed.*]

Posa. — My Lord,
A while some Respite to your Heart afford:
The Queen's retir'd —

D. Car. — Retir'd? And did she then
Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in again?
This little Ease augments my Pain the more?
For now I'm more impatient than before:
And have discover'd Riches make me mad,

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had;
You should correct Desires that drive you on
Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.
No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;
The Brave may by themselves be happy made.

You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Car. But e'er he robb'd me of her she was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to do,
For half my Miseries thou canst not know.
Make my self happy! Bid the Damn'd do so:
Who in sad Flames must be for ever toss'd,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove continues.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limit on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws?
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant, with unbounded Liberty
Rove as he list-----
I find it; for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet-----
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too-near Sweets they took my Sense away;
And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy.
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the Man, who though alone
He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
Is but at best a Pris'ner on a Throne?

To him King attended, Posa, and Gomez,

King. Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y've lain of Earth the Rule and Care,

Why

Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
 And to those weighty Cares add greater still?
 Or how could I your Deities enrage,
 That bless'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
 A Queen and a Son's Incest! dismal Thought!

D. *John*. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought
 [To Gomez,

From the soft Arms of his young Bride?

King. — Ay true.

Is she not, *Austria*, Young and Charming too?
 Dost thou not think her to a Wonder fair?
 Tell me-----

D. *John*. -----By Heav'n more bright than Planets are:
 Her Beauty's Force might ev'n their Pow'r out-do.

King. Nay she's as false, and as unconstant too,
 Oh *Austria*, that a Form so outward Bright,
 Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
 For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
 My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
 Takes from its Shrine the precious Relick down,
 T' adorn a little Idol of her own,
 My Son! that Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
 Oh the distracting Throws of Jealousie!
 But as a drowning Wretch just like to sink,
 Seeing him that threw him in upon the Brink;
 At the third Plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
 And tugs him down into Destruction too:
 So thou from whom these Miseries I've known,
 Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.

[Seizes roughly on Rui-Gomez.

R. *Go*. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
 All the Successes of my Sov'raign's Fate.
 What is't, Great Sir, you would command me?

King. How?-----

-----What is't? -----I know not what I'd have thee do:
 Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. *John*, Alas! what Frenzy does your Temper haunt?
 Revenge! On whom?

King. On my false Queen and Son. [have done?

R. *Go*. On them! good Heav'n! what is't that they
 Or

PRINCE of SPAIN. 89

Or had my Tongue been curs'd e'er it had bred
This Jealousie----- [Half aside.

King. -----Then cancel what thou'st said.
Didst thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand
Printing soft Vows in Kisses on her Hand;
Whilst in Requital she such Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what less could the Queen allow
To him, than you to ev'ry Vassal show?
Th' affording him that little from Love's Store,
Imply'd that she for you reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless she must have a wond'rous store
Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poor.
Now thou'dst rebate my Passion with Advice;
And when thou shou'dst be active, wou'dst be wise.
No, lead me where I may their Incest see,
Do, or by Heav'n-----do, and I'll worship thee!
Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy Weight I yield and bow.
But I'll re-gather yet my Strength, and stand
Brandishing all my Thunder in my Hand.

Posa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Consort bear
No Ill, since they of any guiltless are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

D. John. I too dare with my Life their Cause make good.

King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave understood,
That you so prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wou'dst thou speak me Comfort? I would find
'Mongst all my Counsellors at least one kind.
Yet any thing like that I must not hear;
For so my Wrongs I should too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own Flatterer.

Posa, withdraw----- [Exit Posa.

My Lords, all this y'ave heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it, Sir, with strict Regard.
The Young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
 My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.
 Like *Cæsar* in the Senate, thus I stand,
 Whilst Ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry Hand.
 From each side he had warning he must die;
 Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I:
 To strive for Ease would but add more to Pain:
 As Streams, that beat against their Banks in vain,
 Retreating swell into a Flood again.
 No, I'll do things the World shall quake to hear:
 My just Revenge so true a Stamp shall bear,
 As henceforth Heav'n it self shall Emulate,
 And Copy all its Vengeance out by that.
 All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,
 I've something to Discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. Omnes, præter King and Gomez.*]

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate:
 Thou'st wrought my Sense of Wrong to such a height,
 Within my Breast it will no longer stay,
 But grows each Minute 'till it force its Way.
 I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I 'gainst your Reason be believ'd,
 Think, Sir, your Jealousie to be but Fear
 Of losing Treasures, which you hold so dear.
 Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
 I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant! What should Looks, and Sighs, and Pressings
 No, no; I need not hear it o'er again. [mean?]
 No Repetitions----something must be done.
 Now there's no Ill I know that I would shun.
 I'll fly, 'till them I've in their Incest found,
 Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;
 Like a Granado from a Canon shot,
 Which lights at last upon the Enemy's Ground,
 Then breaking deals Destruction all around. [*Exit King.*]

R. Go. So, now his Jealousie is at the top,
 Each little Blast will serve to keep it up.
 But stay; there's something I've omitted yet;
Posa's my Enemy; and true, he's great.

Alas,

Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainst all that he can do;
 For my Snare's large enough to hold him too;
 Yet I'll disguise that Purpose for a while:
 But when he with the rest is caught i'th' Toil,
 I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez!* and the King not here!
 You, who so eminent a Fav'rite are
 In a King's Eye, should ne'er be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince
 Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
 Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,
 I wish there were no Publick Enemies:
 No lurking Serpents, Poison to dispence;
 Nor Wolves, to prey on Noble Innocence;
 No Flatt'ers, that with Royal Goodness sport,
 Those stinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wishes any thing could do,
 I have as earnest Wishes, Sir, as you:
 That though perhaps our King enjoys the best
 Of Pow'r, yet may he still be doubly bless'd.
 May he —

Posa. Nay, *Gomez*, you shall ne'er out-do me there;
 Since for Great *Philip's* Good, I would you were
 (If possible) more Honest than you are.

R. Go. Why, *Posa*; what Defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your Mysteries I'm yet to learn;
 Though this I'll boldly justify to all,
 That you contrive a gen'rous Prince's Fall.

[*Gomez smiles.*]
 Nay, think not by your Smiles, and careless Port,
 To laugh it off: I come not here to sport,
 I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what Meaning has
 This Heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y'are Base.

R. Go. Nay then I Pardon ask that I did smile:
 By Heav'n, I thought y'had jested all this while.

Base!

Base! —

Posa. Yes, more Base than Impotent or Old.
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood, runs cold:
Thy rotten-putrid Carcass is less full
Of Rancour and Contagion than thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I saw it plain;
But Duty to that Presence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treason with my Sword.
But still —

Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a Word.
True, thou art old; yet if thou hast a Friend,
To whom thy cursed Cause thou dar'st commend;
'Gainst him in Publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewel, bold Champion —

Learn better how your Passions to disguise,
Appear less Cholerick, and be more Wise. [*Exit R. Go.*]

Posa. How frail is all the Glory we design,
Whilst such as these have Pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'st have safely stood,
If thou hadst been less Great, or not so Good.
Why the vile Monster's Blood did I not shed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own Head?
My Honour so had had this just Defence,
That I preserv'd my Patron and my Prince,

Enter Carlos and Queen.

Brave Carlos: Ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up against you both.

D. Car. Has then the false *Rui Gomez* broke his Oath;
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

Posa. Yes, all his subtlest Snares are for you laid:
The King within this Minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but seen with her.
Retire, my Lord. —

Queen. How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my Virtue he had better known;

His unjust Doubts have soon found out the way
To make their Entry on our Marriage-Day:
For yet he has not with me known a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight;
And to such height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exercise it on his Queen and Son.
But since, my Lord, this time we must obey
Our Interest, I beg you would not stay.
Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

D. Car. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

D. Car. Not then when Storms against your Virtue rise,
No; since to lose you, wretched Carlos dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cause.
This is the noblest thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the Rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis some Pleasure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their base Fears compel 'em to despair.
Hope's the far nobler Passion of the Mind.
Fortune's a Mistress that's with Caution kind;
Knows that the Constant merit her alone,
They who, though she seem froward, yet court on.

D. Car. To wretched Minds thus still some Comfort
gleams:

And Angels ease our Griefs, though but with Dreams.
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, Madam, bid me go. [*Looking earnestly at the Queen.*]

Queen. You must.

Posa. You shall.

Alas, I love you, would not see you fall;
And yet may find some Way t' evade it all.

D. Car. Thou, Posa, ever wert my truest Friend;
I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.
Thou of a Thing that's lost tak'st too much Care.
And you, fair Angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*]
Great my Despair; but still my Love is higher.
Well—in Obedience to you I'll retire.

Though

Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I see the Danger grow too high,
To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.

[Exit Don Carlos.]

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess'd that this had ever been?

[Seeing Posa and the Queen.]

Distraction! Where shall my Revenge begin?

Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin:

And to disguise it, puts on Friendship's Mask.

But his Dispatch, Rui-Gomez, is thy Task.

With him pretend some private Conference,

And under that Disguise seduce him hence;

Then in some Place fit for the Deed, impart

The Bus'ness by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. Go. 'Tis done.——

King. So, Madam——

[Steps to the Queen.]

Queen.—— By the Fury in your Eyes,

I understand you come to tyrannize.

I hear you are already jealous grown,

And dare suspect my Virtue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan?

Too deep for easie weak believing Man.

Hold, let me look: Indeed y are wondrous fair.

So on the out-side Sodom's Apples were:

And yet within, when open'd to the View,

Not half so dang'rous, or so foul as you.

Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!

And you unworthy of a Husband's Name!

Do you not blush?——

King. Yes, Madam, for your Shame.

Blush too my Judgment e'er should prove so faint,

To let me chuse a Devil for a Saint.

When first I saw and lov'd that tempting Eye,

The Fiend within the Flame I did not spy;

But still ran on and cherish'd my Desires,

For Heavenly Beams mistook Infernal Fires:

Such raging Fires, as you since thought fit

Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth should meet.

Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!——

†

Queen.

Queen. ——— Poor ungen'rous King!
How mean's the Soul from which such Thoughts must
Was it for this I did so late submit, [sing!
To let you whine and languish at my Feet;
When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
And profer'd all your Empire for a Smile?
Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign,
Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.
And still it shall be so, for from this Hour
I vow to hate, and never see you more.
Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you soon shall know
I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell, her Pride's as raging as her Lust.
A Guard there———Seize the Queen——— [Enter Guard.

Enter Carlos, and intercepts the Guards.

D. Car. ——— Hold, Sir, be just.
First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son;
A Title I was always proud to own.

King. Good Heaven! to merit this what have I done,
That he too dares before my Sight appear?

D. Car. Why, Sir, where is the Cause that I should fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The Reason, why you use this Princess so?

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege:
He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.
Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence.
But stay: Guards, with the Queen secure the Prince.
Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?
Now in my Reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

Enter Don John of Austria, Eboli, Henrietta, and Garcia.

D. John. I come, Great Sir, with Wonder here, to see
Your Rage grown up to this Extremity
Against your Beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son;
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone?

King. O *Austria*, thy vain Enquiry cease,
If thou hast any value for thy Peace.
My mighty Wrongs so loud an Accent bear,
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Car.

D. Car. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have seal'd my Doom, I may complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes: Dying Men should not their Thoughts
And since you take such Joy in Cruelties, [disguise;
Ere of my Death the new Delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our Fate,
You not unjust, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early Praise was talk'd abroad.
Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would display,
Told me where this Rich Beauteous Treasure lay,
And how to gain't instructed me the Way.
I came, and saw, and lov'd, and bless'd you for't.
But then when Love had seal'd her to my Heart,
You violently tore her from my Side:
And 'cause my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But still some Pleasure to behold her took;
You now will have my Life but for a Look.
Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
Your Heart with envious Jealousie boils o'er,
'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
And not your harden'd stubborn Heart relent?
Turn, Sir, survey that comely, awful Man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

King. Away, Deluder; who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't she less can do,
Than lend her Aid against the dreadful Storm?

King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that Form?
This is their little Engine by the By,
A Scout to watch, and tell when Danger's nigh.
Come, pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when; nay do not fear—you shall.

Hen. Ah, Sir, Unkind! —

King. — Now hold thy Syren's Tongue.
Wh^o would have thought there were a Witch so young?

PRINCE of SPAIN. 97

D. John. Can you to suing Beauty stop your Ears?

[Takes up Hen. and makes his Address to her.]

Heav'n lays its Thunder by, and gladly hears,
When Angels are become Petitioners.

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there?
That Glance seems as it sent his Heart to her.

[Aside to Garcia.]

D. Car. A Banquet then of Blood since you design,
Yet you may satisfy your self with mine.

I love the Queen, I have confess'd 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though she, by Heav'n, is clear — but I indeed
Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.

There were no lawless Thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had Pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant;
Tho' I ne'er yet found Hopes to raise 'em on,
For she did still preserve her Honour's Throne:
And dash the bold aspiring Devils down.

To her Cause you do not Credit give,
And only against your Happiness you'll strive,
As some lose Heav'n, because they won't believe.

Queen. Whilst, Prince, my Preservation you design,
Not not your Virtue to add more to mine.

The clearness of my Truth I'd not have shown,
By any other Light besides its own.

No, Sir, he through Despair all this has said,
And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would do you wrong?
Must I needs be unchast, because I'm Young?

King. Unconstant wav'ring Heart, why heav'st thou so?
Shiver all, and know not what I do.

Who ere now have Armies led to Fight,
Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight;

Whole Winter Nights stood under Heav'n's wide Roof
Feeding my Foes; now am not Beauty proof.

Turn away those Basilisks, thy Eyes,

From Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em, dies. [Going away.]

Queen. Oh, do not fly me; I have no Design
Upon your Life, for you may yet save mine.

[Kneels.]

58 DON CARLOS.

Or if at last I must my Breath submit.

Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your Feet.

Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

King. Why? Wou'dst thou live? —

Queen. Yes, if you'll say the Word.

D. Car. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her Knees!

Rise, Madam — [Steps to take her]

King. — Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breast her Glances thick are shot.

Not true! — Stay, let me see — by Heav'n thou art

— A false vile Woman — Oh my foolish Heart!

I give thee Life — but from this time refrain,

And never come into my Sight again:

Be banish'd ever. —

Queen. This you must not do,

At least 'till I've convinc'd you I am True.

Grant me but of much time, and when that's done,

If you think fir for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain;

She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.

Oh, wert thou true, how happy should I be!

Think'st thou that I have Joy to part with thee?

No, all my Kingdom for the Bliss I'd give:

Nay, though it were not so, but to believe.

Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Queen. I would not, Sir, deceive you, if I might.

But if you'll take my Oaths, by all above,

'Tis you, and only you that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sails along,

With Pleasure hears the enticing Siren's Song,

Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,

Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd.

Come to my Bosom then, make no Delay:

[Takes her in his Arms]

My Rage is hush'd, and I have room for Joy.

Queen. Again you'll think that I unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o'er Truth, and I all Love.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 69

Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

King. Then from this Minute ne'er see *Carlos* more.

Thou Slave, that dar'st do Ill with such a Port,

For ever here I banish thee my Court.

Within some Cloister lead a private Life,

That I may love and rule without this Strife.

Here *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:

The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.

Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit

To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet. [*Exit King.*]

D. Car. My Exile from his Presence I can bear

With Pleasure: But, no more to look on her!

Oh 'tis a dreadful Curse I cannot bear.

No, Madam, all his Pow'r shall nothing do:

I'll stay and take my Banishment from you.

Do you command me, see how far I'll fly.

Queen. Will *Carlos* be at last my Enemy?

Consider, this Submission I have shown,

More to preserve your Safety than my own.

Ungratefully you needless ways devise,

To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.

D. Car. So, now her Fortune's made, and I am left

Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift.

[*Aside.*]

Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty; [*To the Queen.*]

Wond'ring with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.

But now to lose it drives me to Despair,

Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.

Well, to some solitary Shoar I'll roam,

And never more into your Presence come,

Since I already find I'm troublesome.

[*Is going.*]

Queen. Stay, Sir, yet stay: — You shall not leave me so.

D. Car. Ha? —

Queen. ——— I must talk with you before you go.

Oh *Carlos*, how unhappy is our State?

How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?

Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,

Till envying to see us like to win,

Straight fell to Cheat, and threw the false Lot in.

My Vows to you I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more, ——— [Kneels]

Queen. ——— You shall, ——— [Kneels too]

For I can't chuse but let you know, that I,
If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler Gallantry was never known.

Good Heav'n! This Blessing is too much for one;

No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.

My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.
But to what Country, where'soe'er you go,

Forget not me, for I'll remember you.

D. Car. Shall I such Virtue and such Charms forget?
No, never, ———

Queen. ——— Oh that we had never met,
But in our distant Climates still been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards Happiness more safely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.

What makes you look so wildly? ——— Why d'ye start?

D. Car. A faint cold Damp is thick'ning round my Heart.

Queen. What shall we do? ———

D. Car. ——— Do any thing but part.
Or stay so long 'till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.

Pholi. In such a Lover how might I be blest'd!

Oh! were I of that Noble Heart possess'd,

How soft, how easie would I make his Bands! [Aside]

But, Madam, you forget the King's Commands:

[To the Queen]

Longer to stay, your Dangers you'll renew.

D. Car. Ah Princess! Lover's Pains you never knew;

Or what it is to part, as we must do.

Part too for ever ———

After one Minute, never more to stand

Fix'd on those Eyes, or pressing this soft Hand.

'Twere but enough to feed one, and not starve;

Yet that is more than I did e'er deserve.

Though Fate to us is niggardly and poor,

That from Eternity can't spare one Hour,

PRINCE of SPAIN. 101

Queen. If it were had, that Hour would soon be gone,
And we should wish to draw another on.
No, rigorous Necessity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come, let us try the parting Blow to bear.
Adieu-----

D.Car. Farewel. [Looking at each other.]
-----I'm fix'd and rooted here,
I cannot stir-----

Queen. Shall I the Way then show?
Now hold, my Heart-----

[Goes to the Door, then stops, and turns back again.]
-----Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

D.Car. Why do you stay?

Queen. I won't.-----

D.Car. -----You shall a while [Kneels.]
With one Look more my Miseries beguile,
That may support my Heart 'till you are gone.

Queen. Oh *Eboli*! thy help, or I'm undone.
[Takes hold on *Eboli*.]
Here take it then; and with it too my Life.

[Leans into *Eboli*'s Arms.]
D.Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at Strife.
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the Ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown:
Since I at last perceive you must be gone,
To venture the Encounter I'll be bold; [Lends her to the Door.]
For certainly my Heart will so long hold.
Farewell-----be Happy as y'are Fair and True.

Queen. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on you.
[Exit with *Eboli*.]

D.Car. Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked Way,
By Hope's deluding Meteor led astray:
For ere I've half the dang'rous Defart cross'd,
The glimm'ring Light's gone out, and I am lost,
[Exit Don Carlos.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Don Carlos and Posa.

D. Car. **T**HE next is the Apartment of the Queen:
In vain I try, I must not venture in.

[*Is going,*

[*Returns.*

Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd Men,
Who to their Bodies would again repair;
But finding that they cannot enter there,
~~Mourning~~ and Groaning wander in the Air.
Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown
From all those Hopes that promis'd me a Crown;
My Heart, with the Dishonour's to me done,
Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my Breast:
But it will break, and I shall be at Rest.

No: Dull Despair this Soul shall never load:
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God,
Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.

Father and *King*; both Names bear mighty Sense:
Yet sure there's something too in *Son* and *Prince*.

I was born high, and will not fall less great;
Since Triumph crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate
As Glorious and Majestick too as that.

To *Flanders*, *Posa*, straight my Letters send;
Tell 'em, the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend:
And that to head their Forces I design;
So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels?—

D. Car. No, th' are Friends; their Cause is just;
Or, when I make it mine, at least it must.
Let th' common Rout like Beasts love to be dull,
Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full;

PRINCE of SPAIN. 1031

Senseless what Honour and Ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their load of Chains.
I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to lose the Prospect now.
If th'art my Friend, do not my Will delay.

Posa. I'll do't——— [Exit *Posa*]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord.

D. Car. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Car. What news of fresh Affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen; you'd stay for her?

D. Car. For her? yes, stay an Age, for ever stay;

Stay ev'n 'till Time it self should pass away;

Fix here a Statue never to remove,

An everlasting Monument of Love.

Though, may a Thing so wretched as I am

But the least Place in her Remembrance claim?

Eboli. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;

We both can talk of nothing else but you:

Whilst from the Theam ev'n Emulation springs,

Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Car. But from that Charity I poorly live,

Which only pities, and can nothing give.

Eboli. Nothing? Propose what 'tis you claim, and I,

For ought you know, may be Security:

D. Car. No, Madam, what's my Due none e'er can pay;

There stands that Angel Honour in the way,

Watching his Charge with never-sleeping Eyes,

And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Eboli. What Paradise? What Pleasures can you know,

Which are not in my Power to bestow?

D. Car. Love, Love, and all those eager melting Charms,

The Queen must yield when in my Father's Arms.

That Queen, so excellently, richly Fair,

Love, could he come again a Lover here,

Would court Mortality to die for her.

Oh, Madam, take not Pleasure to renew

Those Pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

Eboli. Unkindly urg'd: Think you no sense I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your leave:
Something I had to say; but let it die.

D. Car. Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? Not I.

Eboli. Nay, Sir, your Presence I would not detain.
'Alas! you do not hear that I complain.

Though could you half of my Misfortunes see,
Methinks you should encline to pity me.

D. Car. I cannot guess what mournful Tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.

Speak, Madam——

Eboli. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a Man, I will not say ingrate,
Because he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet so far he at least does cruel prove;
He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love,
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be bless'd,
Though I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Car. What stupid Animal could senseless lie,
Quick'n'd by Beams from that illustrious Eye?

Eboli. Nay, to encrease your Wonder, you shall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
'Till ev'n I blush, as now I tell it you.

D. Car. You neither shall have cause of Shame or Fear,
Whose Secrets safe within my Bosom are.

Eboli. Then farther I the Riddle may explain.
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.

[Shows him his own Picture.

D. Car. Distraction of my Eyes! what have they seen?

'Tis my own Picture, which I sent the Queen
When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
Expecting Bliss, but lost it: I am curs'd.

Curs'd too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal

The only Relick left her of my Zeal;

And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.

Wert thou more charming than thou think'st thou art,

Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,

And bids Defiance to thy Entrance there.

Eboli. Neglected? Scorn'd by Father and by Son?
What a malicious Course my Stars have run?
But since I meet with such unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate:
My own dull Husband may assist in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him fresh Alarms,
And with the grey old Wizzard muster Charms.
I have't; thanks, thanks, Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.

[*Aside.*
Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can. [To Carlos mildly.
I'll try to recompence the Wrongs I've done,
And better finish what is ill begun.

D. Car. Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed;
I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Eboli. No matter; be but to my Honour true,
As you shall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may, on that score,
Presume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worship'd Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. Car. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound?
I did not think such Virtue could be found.

Thou Mistress of all best Perfections, stay:
Fain I in Gratitude would something say;
But am too far in debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?

D. Car. My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here
Merc Man, of all my Comfort stripp'd and bare.
Once, like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my rip'ning Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

D. John. Amongst those Numbers which your Wrongs
Than me there's none that can resent 'em more. [*deplore,*
I feel a gen'rous Grudging in my Breast,
To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress'd.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I see more that's like my self in you.

Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
 Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
 And if that Title you think fit to bear,
 Accept the Confirmation of it here.

[Embrace]

D. Car. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
 The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
 This gen'rous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
 I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n;
 To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay:
 And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
 Where to th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
 To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good;
 Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Car. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
 Above the reach or shock of Destiny;
 Mine early nipt, like Buds untimely die.

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
 They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
 Which are to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. Car. A Pris'ner? What new Game of Fate's begun?
 Henceforth be ever curs'd the Name of Son,
 Since I must be a Slave because I'm one.
 Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: No:
 Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
 Tell him his Fury drives too much one Way;
 I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline
 Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [Ex. Officer.]

D. Car. Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
 I'd see the Queen once more, though but in spite;
 Though he with all his Fury were in place,
 I would Caress and Court her to his Face.
 Oh that I could this Minute die, if so
 What he had lost he might too lately know,
 Cursing himself to think what he has done:
 For I was ever an Obedient Son;
 With Pleasure all his Glories saw, when young,
 Look'd, and with Pride considering whence I sprung;

Joyfully

PRINCE of SPAIN. 107

Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
 Bask'd in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade —
 But now —
 Cancelling all what'er he then conferr'd,
 He thrusts me out among the common Herd: —
 Nor quietly will there permit my Stay,
 But drives and haunts me like a Beast of Prey.
 Affliction! O Affliction! 'tis too great,
 Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet:
 Though Ruin at me from each side takes aim,
 And I stand thus encompass'd round with Flame;
 Though the devouring Fire approaches fast;
 Yet will I try to plunge; if Pow'r waste,
 I can at worst but sink, and burn at last.

[Ex. Don Carlos.]

D. John. Go on, pursue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
 I long for Work where Honour's to be got.

But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

Eboli. You are not less to *Henriette*, I find.

D. John. Why, she's a Beauty, Tender, Young and Fair.

Eboli. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.
 You told me once my Beauty was not less.

Is this your Faith? Are these your Promises?

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown:
 Tax me of Falshood to conceal your own.

Go, y'are a Woman —

Eboli. Yes, I know I am:
 And by my Weakness do deserve that Name.

When Heart and Honour I to you resign'd.

Would I were not a Woman, or less kind.

D. John. Think you your Falshood was not plainly seen?
 When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?

Too well I saw it; how did you dispence

In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince?

Whilst I my Duty paid the King, your time

You watch'd, and fix'd your melting Eyes on him,

Admir'd him —

Eboli. Yes, Sir, for his Constancy

But 'twas with Pain, to think you false to me,

When

When to another's Eye you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid.
Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

D. *John*. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel — [D. *John* is going.]

Eboli. Farewel, if y^e are resolv'd to go.
Inhuman *Aufria*, can you leave me so?
Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rack'd:
Add not to your Inconstancy Neglect.
Methinks you so far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. *John*. If e'er you lov'd, 'tis you, not I, forget.
For a Remove is here too deeply set,
Firm rooted, and for ever must remain. [*Eboli* turns away.]
Why thus unkind?

Eboli. Why are you jealous then? [Turns to him.]

D. *John*. Come, let it be so no more! I'm hurt'd and still!
Will you forgive?

Eboli. How can you doubt my Will!
I do.

D. *John*. Then send me not away unblest.

Eboli. Till your Return I will not think of Rest.

Carlos will hither suddenly repair.

The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewel. [*Eboli* seems to weep.]

D. *John*. O do not let me see a Tear;
It quenches Joy, and stifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliss I'd prey;
Who, from furious Toils of Arms all Day,
Returning home to Love's fair Queen at Night,
Comes Rictous and hot with full Delight. — [Exit D. *John*.]

Eboli. He has reap'd his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealousie.
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Desires.
Yet will I hold him: Though Enjoyment tires,
Though Love and Appetite be at the best,
He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,
And look like Plenty, though we never taste.

Enter

PRINCE of SPAIN. 209

Enter Rui Gomez,

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee Young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Musick in thy Tongue.

Eboli. Thy Feet are tottering, and the Day's thy own;
Give 'em but one lift now, and they go down.

Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts remove:

Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew

Too difficult and dangerous to relate;

Then bring him hither lab'ring with the weight.

I will take Care that Carlos shall be here:

So for his jealous Eyes a Sight prepare,

Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* Head,

And he more Monster seem than she e'er made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!

When shall I get th' Usurper dispossest?

My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their Nest,

Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,

Flutter; and hardly settle any more—

Ha, *Gomez!* what art thou thus musing on? [*Sees Gomez.*]

R. Go. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.

What mighty Cares, and what tempestuous Strife

Attend on an unhappy Father's Life?

How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are;

When young, our Folly; and when old, our Fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd Reflections here?

Thou enviest sure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Go. No, Sir, I joy i' th' Ease which you possess,

And wish you never may have Cause for less.

King. Have Cause for less! come nearer; thou art sad.

And look'st as thou wou'dst tell me that I had.

Now, now I feel it rising up again—

Speak quickly, where is Carlos? Where the Queen?

What, not a Word? Have my Wrongs struck thee dumb?

Or art thou swoln and labouring with my Doom,

Yet dar'st not let the fatal Secret come?

R. Go. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:

I'm old, and have a thousand doting Thoughts.

Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I must!

R. Go. Nay, I would not be by Compulsion just.

110 DON CARLOS.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Go. Grant me then one Request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Go. It is that you would here forgive your Son;
For all his past Offences to this Hour.

King. Th'ast almost ask'd a thing beyond my Pow'r,
But so much Goodness i' th' Request I find,
Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind.
His Pardon's seal'd; the Secret now declare.

R. Go. Alas! 'tis only that I saw him here.

King. Where? With the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis so, I'm sure.
Never were Wrongs so great as I endure.
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.

Oh Woman! Monstrous Woman!
Did I for this into my Breast receive
The promising repenting Fugitive?

But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;
And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then;
I'll crush her Heart, where all the Poison lies,
'Till, when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Go. They the best Method of Revenge pursue,
Who so contrive that it may Justice shew;
Stay 'till their Wrongs appear at such a Head,
That Innocence may have no room to plead.
Your Fury, Sir, at least a while delay;
I guess the Prince may come again this way.
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fix'd, be sure bring Word to me.
'Till then I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,
Within my Breast suppress this angry Fire,
'Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themselves display;
Then, like a Faulcon, gently cut my Way,
And with my Pounces seize th'unwary Prey.

[*Exit King.*]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Business with Delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feast to Night.
Though thy declining Years are in their Wane,
I can perceive there's Youth still in thy Brain.
Away; The Queen is coming hither. [*Exit R. Gomez.*]

PRINCE of SPAIN. III

Enter Queen and Women. Henrietta.

Queen. — Now
To all Felicity a long Adieu:
Where are you, *Eboli*?

Eboli. — Madam, I'm here.

Queen. O how fresh Fears assault me ev'ry where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a Prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To Head the Rebels, whom he stiles his Friends:
But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
That he may take his last Farewel of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste:
Tell him, I beg his Purpose he'd delay.
Or if that can't, his Resolution stay,
Say I have sworn not to survive the Hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shoar.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him — to stay him — tell him any thing.

Eboli. One Word from you his Duty would restore:
And though you promis'd ne'er to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see, he's here —

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Car. Run out of Breath by Fate,
And persecuted by a Father's Hate,
Weary'd withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay my self down at your Feet, and die.

[Kneels, and kisses her Hands.]

Queen. Oh too unhappy *Carlos*! Yet unkind?
Gainst you what Harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such Violence decree
Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Car. Pour all thy Curses, Heaven, upon this Head,
For I've the worst of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My self upbraided of a Wrong to her.

[He rises.]

Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snarers entrapp'd your Virtue laid?
Tell me: If not, why do you then upbraid?

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give;
Was't not my last Request, that you would live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardless, your own Ruin you design,
Though you are farr to purchase it with mine.

D. Car. I, as you had me live, obey'd with Pride; I
Though it was harder far than to have dy'd.
But loss of Liberty my Life dislikes:
These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
My Father should have sing'd out some Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own;
He should have seen what Cæsar would have done,
But to prescribe my Freedom, sink me low
To base Confinement, where no Comforts flow;
But black Despair, that soul Tormentor, lies;
With all my present Load of Miseries;
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my Heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the least Submission will assuage.
You're hot with Youth, he's choleric with Age.
To him, and a not true Obedience on;
Be humble, and express your self a Son.
Carlos, I beg it of you: Will you not?

D. Car. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I must obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot Err.
For if my Doom's unalterable, I shall
This way at least with less Dishonour fall:
And Princes less my Tameness thus condemn,
When I for you shall suffer, though by him.

Queen. In my Apartment further we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy Issue wait.
Your Presence there he cannot disapprove,
When it shall speak your Duty, and my Love.

[Ex. Car. and Queen.]
Enter Rui-Gomez.

Eboli. Now, Gomez, triumph; all is ripe; the Toil
Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a Smile.

Thus

PRINCE OF SPAIN. 113

Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;
But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;
A Mystery thou well hast understood:
Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms,
And to my *Austria* lay out all my Charms.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

R. Go. Fate, open now thy Book, and set 'em down:
I have already mark'd 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Posà at a distance.

My Lord the King?

King. Gomez?

R. Go. The same,

King. Hast seen

The Prince?

R. Go. I have.

King. Where is he?

R. Go. With the Queen.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Presidents there e'er
Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, Gomez, didst not hear th' Infernals groan?
Hush, Hell, a little, and they are thy own.

Posà. Who should they be? The King and Gomez, sure.

[*At a distance.*

Methinks I wish that *Carlos* were secure,
For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posà*, Pandar to their Lust.

[*Drawing near to Posà.*

Now, Gomez, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust;
In the Pursuit of Vengeance drive it far;
Strike deep, and, if thou canst, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Go. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss.
May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.

Thus, Sir—

[*Stabs him.*

Posà. Ha, Gomez! Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: But yet I would not die alone:
Here, Dog—

[*Stabs at him.*

R. Go. So brisk? Then take it once again.

[*As they are struggling, the Dispatches fall out of Posà's Bosom.*
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain.

[*Stabs him again, and Posà falls.*

Poisa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [Dies.

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindful. What are these?

[Takes up the Dispatches.

For *Flanders*! With the Prince's Signet seal'd!

Here's Villany has yet been ureveal'd.

See, *Gomez*; Practices against my Crown. [Shows 'em him.

Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down.

Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,

Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.

But I too long delay; give word I come.

R. Go. What, ho! within; the King is nigh, make room.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers Don John and Eboli
embracing.*

King. Now let me, if I can, to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may strike 'em dead.

[Looking earnestly on 'em.

Ha — *Gomez*! on this Truth depends thy Life.

Why, that's our Brother *Austria*!

R. Go. And my Wife!

Embracing close. Whilst I was busie grown

In others Ruins, here I've met my own.

Oh! had I perish'd ere 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood brood.
Is it not admirable? — [Ex. D. John and Eboli embracing.

R. Go. O Sir, yes!

Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorcerers —

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter Don Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear.

See, *Gomez*; how she languishes and dies.

'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.

[D. Carlos approaches the King.

D. Car. In Peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;
In War, Success and Triumph crown his Arms;

'Till all the Nations of the World shall be

Humble and prostrate at his Feet like me.

[Kneels

I hear your Fury has my Death design'd;

Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind;

P R I N C E of S P A I N. 115

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not spill that Blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt
But for my Health 'tis good to let it out;
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me,
Or else be curs'd thy Mother's Memory:
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

D. Car. Thus then I lay aside all rights of Blood. [*Rises boldly.*
My Mother curs'd! She was all Just and Good.
Tyrant! too good to stay with thee below,
And therefore's bless'd, and reigns above thee now.
Submission! which way got it Entrance here!

King. Perhaps it came ere Treason was aware.
Thy traiterous Design's now come to Light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in Night.
See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains.

[*Shews the Dispatches.*

I've paid your Secretary for his Pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him go,

[*Shews Posa's Body.*

Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now.

D. Car. My Friend here slain, my faithful *Posa* 'tis.
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples sack'd, what Desolations made,
To pull down such a Vengeance on my Head?
This, Villain, was thy work: What Friend of thine [*To Go.*
Did I e'er wrong, that thou shouldst murder mine?
But I'll take care it shall not want Reward — [*Draws.*

King. Courage, my *Gomez*, since thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfil.

D. Car. No; though unjust, you are my Father still;

[*Throws away his Sword.*

And from that Title must your Safety own,
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:
To such a height your Jealousie was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. Car. Alas! you fetch your Misconstructions far:
 The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to her,
 Were much too great for Empire to repair.
 When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
 Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
 Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life,
 My Duty long with Nature was at Strife.
 Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
 Could suffer by the Voice of common Fame;
 A thing I still esteem'd beneath my Pride:
 For though condemn'd by all the World beside,
 Had you but thought me just, I could have dy'd.
 At last this only way I found, to fly
 Your Anger, and divert your Jealousie—
 To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd
 From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
 There in your sight hoping I might compleat,
 'Spight of my Wrongs, some Action truly great.
 Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
 Your Hate, and shun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he would forgo
 The joys and Charms of Courts to purchase you;
 Banish himself, and stem the dangerous Tide
 Of Lawless Outrage, and Rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his Defence!
 So blind is Guilt when 'twould seem Innocence.
 She thinks her Softness may my Rage disarm.
 No, *Sorceress*, you're mistaken in your Charm,
 And whilst you sooth, do but assist the Storm.
 Do, take full view of your tall able Slave;

[Queen looking on Carlos.]

Look hard; it is the last you're like to have.

D. Car. My Life or Death are in your Pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st.

D. Car. Not 'till she give me leave.

She is the Star that rules my Destiny:

And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Queen. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever bless'd.

King. Yes, I will send him to's Eternal Rest.

Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
I ne'er had known the Pains that rack me now.

Queen. What Pains? what Rocks? [*Approaching him.*]

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

I see thee foul, all one incestuous Blot;
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no place?

King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With Promises you ne'er wou'd see him more.

But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

Queen. May you be ever free; but can your Mind
Conceive that any Ill was here design'd?

He hither came only that he might show
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.

You saw his humble and dutiful Address.

King. But you before-hand sign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princess, thank you for the Care you take.

Tell me, how got this Monster Entrance? speak.

Eboli. Heav'n witness 'twas without my Knowledge done.

R. Go. No, she had other Bus'ness of her own. [*Aside.*]
Oh Blood and Murder!

King. All are false: A Guard.

Enter Guard.

Seize on that Traitor— [*To Carlos.*]

D. Car. Welcome; I'm prepar'd to—

Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou shalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*]

By Heav'n, but not a Day. [*Aside.*]

I a Revenge so exquisite have fram'd,

She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Hen. If ever Pity could your Heart engage,

If e'er you hope for Blessings on your Age,

Incline your Ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too Fair.

What wou'dst thou say?

Hen. Destroy not, in one Man,

More Virtue than the World can boast again.

View him the eldest Pledge of your first Love,

Your Virgin-Joys; that may some Pity move—

King. No; for the Wrongs I suffer weigh it down,
I'd now not spare his Life to save my own.

Away, by thy soft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Hen. By all that Hopes can frame I beg. If not,
May you by some base Hand unpity'd die,
And childless Mothers curse your Memory.

By Honour, Love, by Life —

King. Fond Girl, away.

By Heav'n, I'll kill thee else. Still dar'st thou stay?

Cannot Death terrifie thee?

Hen. ——— No; for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Car. Kind Fair one, do not waste your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.

There yet for you are mighty Joys in store,
When I in Dust am laid, and seen no more.

Oh Madam! —

[To the Queen.

Queen. Oh my Carlos! must you die,
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Car. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tendernefs that misbecomes my Heart.

For since I must, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my Aid my Manly Spirits call.

Queen. You, like a Man, as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a Woman still.

[Weeps.

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the first,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curs'd.

Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd:

But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.

He too an Angel, 'till he durst rebel;

And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.

Weep on; a stock of Tears like Vows you have,

And always ready when you would deceive.

Queen. Cruel! Inhuman! Oh my Heart! why should
I throw away a Title that's so good,

On one a Stranger to what-e'er was so?

Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.

The just Resentment of my Wrong's so great,

My Spirits sink beneath the heavy weight.

[Ready to sink with Passion.

Tyrant,

PRINCE of SPAIN. 119

Tyrant, stand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

D. Car. Bless'd Angel, stay — [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Queen. Carlos, the sole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his Face.

D. Car. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous East,
In all the Glories of his Empire dress'd,
Was ever half so rich, or half so bless'd.

But from such Bliss how wretched is the Fall!

They too like us must die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my Face? what Soul could bear't?

Go force her from him.

[*Officer approaches.*]

D. Car. — Slave, 'twill cost thy Heart.

Th'adst better meet a Lion on his way,

And from his hungry Jaws reprice the Prey.

She's Mistress of my Soul, and to prepare

My self for Death, I must consult with her.

R. Go. Have pity —

[*Ironically.*]

King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.

Oh Torture! —

D. Car. — Rouze, my Soul, consider now.

That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.

But I so mighty Joys have tasted here,

I hardly shall have Sense of any there.

Oh soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!

[*Leaning on her Bosom.*]

Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,

Though 'tis presented there by Angels Hands.

King. Still in his Arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Car. You'll sooner from its Center shake the Earth:

I'll hold her fast 'till my last Hour is nigh;

Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his Hold! or any thing —

D. Car. — Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.

I'd have my Monument erected here,

With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her.

Queen. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms —

[*The Guards offer their Axes.*]

King.

King. Now bear him hence.

[*They part.*]

Queen. O horrid Tyrant! [*Guards are hurrying Carlos off.*]
Stay, unhappy Prince---

Turn, turn: O Torment! must I leave you so?

No, stay, and take me with you where you go.

D. Car. Hark, Slaves, my Goddess summons me to stay.

Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you disobey?

See her? Oh let me but just touch my Bliss.

[*Pressing forward.*]

King. By Hell he shan't: Slaves, are ye mine, or his?

Queen. My Life---

D. Car. --- My Soul, farewell---

Queen. --- He's gone, he's gone.

[*Exit Carlos.*]

Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone.

Give me my Death, that hate both Life and thee.

King. I know thou dost; yet live,

Queen. --- O Misery!

[*Throws her self on the Floor.*]

Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why

Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis so sweet to die?

King. Thou, Woman, hast been false; but to renew

Thy Credit in my Heart, assist me now,

[*To Eboli.*]

Prepare a Draught of Poison, such as will

Act slow, and by degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all Sense

Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,

And that e'er Morning he'll attend her. I

In a Disguise his Presence will supply:

So glut my Rage, and smiling see her die.

Eboli. Your Majesty shall be obey'd---

R. Go. Do, work thy Mischiefs to their last degree,

And when th'are in their height I'll murder thee. [*Aside.*]

King. Now, Gamex, ply my Rage, and keep it hot:

O'er Love and Nature I've the Conquest got.

Sill charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes;

[*Looking at the Queen.*]

Yet for my Honour and my Rest she dies.

[*Exeunt Queen and Warren.*]

But, oh! what Ease can I expect to get,

When I must purchase at so dear a Rate?

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

[*The Scene shuts.*]

ACT

PRINCE of SPAIN. 121
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter King, solus.

King. 'TIS Night; the Season when the Happy take
Repose, and only Wretches are awake:
Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsome Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
To frighten 'em with some sad Tale of Fate.
When I would rest, I can no Rest obtain:
The Ills I've born ev'n o'er my Slumbers reign,
And in sad Dreams torment me o'er again.
The fatal Bus'ness is ere this begun:
I'm shockt, and start to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that Philip am,
So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame:
Who through the Progress of my Life was ne'er
By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And Stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown

Who? Eboli?

Eboli. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Eboli. 'Tis, and the Queen to seek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?

No, Eboli; her Dreams must be as full

Of Horror, and as Hellish as her Soul.

Does she believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Eboli. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Eboli. O'er all her Face young wandring Blushes were,
Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear:---

But when confirm'd, no Lover e'er so kind:

He clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me Friend.

Which Opportunity I took, to give

The Poison; and 'till Day she cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her; say that *Carlos* here
 Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.
 Go; that my Vengeance I may finish quite:
 'Twould be imperfect, should I lose the Sight.
 But to contrive that I may not be known,
 And she may still mistake me for my Son,
 Remove all Light but that which may suffice
 To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Eboli. You'll find her all in ruful Sables clad,
 With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light,
 Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly Shade,
 Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.
 Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn,
 Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return. [Exit.]

King. Oh steadfast Sin! incorrigible Lust!
 Not damnd! it is impossible; she must.
 How do I long to see her in her Pains,
 The pois'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins?

Enter D. John and Attendants.
 Who's there? my Brother?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
 What can your Presence here so late intend?

King. Oh, *Austria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
 Will put thy Youthful Courage to a stand.
 Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Power:
 Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing:
 You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
 Be counted miserable in a Man.

But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow:
 I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my Happiness you cannot have,
 Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave.
 To know my Ease you Thoughts like mine must bring
 Be something less a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so. 'Tis true, that long I strove
 With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
 Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast;
 But now the Date of the Enchantment's past.

Before my Rage like Ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o'er 'em all.

D. *John*. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal Hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if since Age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious, and destroy?

King. Doubt it not, *Austria*; thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain hast a part.
Only the Justice of my Vengeance own,
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. *John*. I must confess there in a Crown are Charms;
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:
But in my Nephew's Wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd ere I shine.
To mount a Throne o'er Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on me, not I on him,
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art easie grown,
And think'st all Hearts as honest as thy own.

D. *John*. Not, Sir, so easie, as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps would have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vilest that obey,
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow, as they lead astray:
Voracious Varlets, sordid Hangers on,
Best by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet shrink at Frowns, but when you smile they fawn.
Th'are these have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Possess'd your Mind with false mis-grounded Fears.

King. Mis-grounded Fears? Why, is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or disobedient Youth?
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to Man was given.
But thou shalt see how my Revenge I'll treat.

The SCENE draws, and discovers the Queen alone in Mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, [Ironically.]
 As if she never had a Thought of Sin;
 In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to shew:
 Sh'as sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
 O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in Darkness dwell:
 So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
 Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell. }

[The Queen rises, and comes towards him.]

Queen. My Lord! Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?
 Are my Eyes bless'd? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here—— [Embraces her.]

Queen. My Lord the King?

This is surprizing Kindness which you bring.
 Can you believe me innocent at last?
 Methinks my Griefs are half already past.

King. O Tongue, in nothing practis'd but Deceit!
 Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat.
 Yes, vile incestuous Woman, it is I,
 The King; look on me well, despair, and die.

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
 Since to Affliction you could add no more?
 Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find
 You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: Had I believ'd
 Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou hadst liv'd.
 Liv'd, and gone on in Lust and Riot still;
 But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
 And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss;
 This Night th'ast drank thy Bane, th'art Poison'd; yes,
 Thou art—— }

Queen. —— Then welcome Everlasting Bliss.
 But ere I die, let me here make a Vow,
 By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.

King. Vows you had always ready when you spoke;
 How many of 'em have you made, and broke?
 Yet there's a Power that does your Falshood hear,
 A just one too, that lets thee live to swear,

How

PRINCE of SPAIN. 123

How comes it that above such Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's Good,
My Innocence had else been understood:
At first your Love was nothing but your Pride;
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately Fair,
Thought me a Prize too rich to be possess'd
By him, and forc'd your self into my Breast:
Where you maintain'd an unresist'd Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more;
'Till, conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd Adulteress proclaim'd,
Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son.
What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said,
That in my Vengeance any Fault I made.
Love me? oh low Pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the constant Fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your Malice to the Head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With speedy Fury I'd have snatch'd her Life;
Torn a broad Passage open to her Heart,
And there have ranack'd each polluted Part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have seen the issuing Flood;
And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you'd wish to have;
You wou'd go down in Silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble Work begin;
Be proud, and boast how cruel you have been.

Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance?
 Do, quickly let it reach the Ears of France.
 I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
 Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's Wrong;
 Into thy Spain a mighty Army bring,
 Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
 And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert King.

King. I ne'er had Pleasure with her till this Night:
 The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
 Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that Word,
 I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
 And gripe him 'till the Dastard Craven cry'd;
 Then throw him panting by his Sister's side.

Queen. Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord, your Hand:
 My Spirits fail, and I want Strength to stand. [To D.]

D. John. Oh Jealousie!
 A Curse which none but he that bears it knows;

[Leads her to a Chair]
 So rich a Treasure who would live to lose?

King. The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were e-
 She is so foul, she may be Poison proof. [nough]
 Now, my false Fair one——

Queen. Tyrant, hence be gone,
 This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
 Away, away; I would not leave the Light
 With such a hated Object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay, and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent:
 I would not give thee leisure to repent;
 But let thy Sins all in one Throng combine
 To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Queen. Glut then your Eyes; your Tyrant-Fury feed,
 And Triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
 Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
 May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
 Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
 And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, Austria, my lost Freedom I obtain,
 And once more shall appear my self again.
 Love held me fast, whilst like a foolish Boy,
 I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
 But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

PRINCE OF SPAIN. 127

Eboli. Help, Murther, help — *[Eboli within.]*

King. — See, *Ausirin*, whence that Cry:

Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh. *[Enter Guard.]*

Enter Eboli in her Night-dress, wounded and bleeding;

Rui Gomez pursuing her.

Eboli. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murtherer.

But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.

Turn, wretched King, I've something to unfold;

Nor can I die 'till the sad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad; to some Apartment by

Remove her, where she may grow tame and die.

Fate came abroad to Night, resolv'd to range.

I love a kind Companion in Revenge. *[Hager. Go.]*

Eboli. If in your Heart Truth any Favour wins,

If e'er you would repent of secret Sins,

Hear me a Word.

King. — What wouldst thou say? Be brief.

Eboli. Do what you can to save that precious Life;

Try ev'ry Art that may her Death prevent:

You are abus'd, and she is innocent.

When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain,

Led by my Lust I practis'd all my Charms

To gain the Prince, Don Carlos, to my Arms.

But there too cross'd, I did the Purpose change;

And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge; *[To R. Go.]*

Taught him to raise your growing Jealousie.

Then my wild Passion at this Prince did fly, *[To D. J.]*

And that was done for which I now must die.

King. Ha, Gomez? speak, and quickly; is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if 't be or no.

She, by whose Lust my Honour was betray'd,

Cannot want Malice now to take my Head;

And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

Eboli. Oh *Ausirin*, take away that ugly Fiend:

He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:

See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls roll.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt.

But since you'll have my Blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more — *[To R. Go.]*

Speak

Speak on, I charge thee, by the Rest [To Eboli.]
 Thou hop'st, the Truth, and as thou shalt be blest'd.

Eboli. As what I've said is so,
 There may I find, where I must answer all,
 What most I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul. [Dies.]

King. Heav'n! She was sensible that she should die,
 And durst not in the Minute tell a Lie.

D. John. His Guilt's too plain; see his wild staring Eye.
 By Unconcern he would show Innocence:
 But harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the Pretence
 Of great Submission, when't had no Defence.
 Thus whilst of Life you shew this little Care,
 You seem not guiltless, but betray Despair.

King. His Life? what Satisfaction can that give?
 But oh! in Doubt I must for ever live,
 And lose my Peace——Yet I the Truth will find:
 I'll rack him for't. Go, in this Minute bind
 Him to the Wheel——

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
 Who only your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
 What would you have me do?

King.——I'd have thee tell
 The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
 And can but tell you what I think at most.
 You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
 And I still brought the best Intelligence
 I could; 'till finding him too much aware
 Of me, I nearer Measures took by her:
 Which if I after a false Copy drew,
 'Tis I have been Unfortunate as you.

King. And is this all thou hast for Life to show?

R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
 Heav'n! where is now thy sleeping Providence,
 That took so little Care of Innocence?
 Oh, *Austria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
 Had I been half so good as thou wert kind!
 But I'm too tame; secure the Traitor. Oh!

[Guard seizes R. Go.]
 Earth open, to thy Center let me go,

And

And there for ever hide my Impious Head.
Thou fairest, purest Creature Heav'n e'er made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be Immortal as th' art Good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline.
On her bare Word, and would not credit mine?
The Poison's very busie at my Heart:
Methinks I see Death shake his threatning Dart,
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the Injury:
Call me still Vile, Incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians strait;
Hasten 'em quickly ere it be too late.
Propose Rewards may set their Skill at strife.
I'll give my Crown to him that saves her Life.
Curs'd Dog! — [To Gomez]

D. John. Vile Prostitute!

King. — Revengeful Fiend!

But I've forgotten half; to *Carlos* send;
Prevent what his Despair may make him do.

Enter Henrietta.

Hen. Oh Horror, Horror! everlasting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Ha? speak —

Hen. — He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lyes;
Just taken from a Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the springing Blood flows swiftly out:
He threatens Death on all that shall oppose
His Fate, to save that Life which he will lose.

King. Dear *Austria*, hasten; all thy Int'rest use.
Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live. —

R. Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know 'twill be —
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd. [hards]
I told him that for his late Pride and Scorn,

King. There never was so curs'd a Villain born.
But by Revenge such Pains he shall go through,
As e'n Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.

Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry Hour devise,
Till he curse Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithful *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th' unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong,
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A Proof of it the World shall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

Enter Don Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King. My Son? But oh! how dare
I use that Name, when this sad Object's near?
See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves,
No more thy Father, but the worst of Slaves.
Behold the Tears that from these Fountains flow.

D. Car. I come to take my Farewel, ere I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Blood; and where the Cruel never come.

King. I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue?

D. Car. My Father, speak the Words once more; is't
And may I think the dear Conversion true? [you?]
Oh that I could.

King. By Heav'n thou must----it is!
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos*, live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. Car. Life was my Curse, and given me sure in spite.
Oh! had I perish'd when I first saw Light,
I never then these Miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: Apace I feel my Life decay.
The little Time on Earth I have to stay.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 131

Grant I without Offence may here bestow;

[Pointing to the Queen.]

You cannot certainly be Jealous now.

King. Break, break, my Heart----

[Leads Don Carlos to the Chair.]

D. Car. You've thus more Kindness shown,
Than if y'ad Crown'd, and plac'd me on your Throne.

Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.

Take me away again: You are too good.

Queen. Carlos, is't you? O stop that Royal Flood;
Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lye.

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your Side,
How much a Life and Empire I disdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

Queen. O matchless Youth! O Constancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that equal'd thine,
Nor any so Unfortunate as mine.-----

Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn annual Procession make;
In chaste Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lillies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my Lord and you.

D. Car. H'as done no Wrong to me, I am possess'd
Of all, beyond my Expectation bless'd.
But yet methinks there's something in my Heart
Tells me, I must not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your Hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?

King. Why wert thou made so excellently good?
And why was it no sooner understood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Despair,

D. Car.

D. Car. Thus then with the Remains of Life we kneel;
[Don Carlos and the Queen sink out of the Chairs, and kneel.]
 May you be ever free from all that's Ill.

Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you dwell.

King. No more: This Virtue's too divinely bright;
 My darken'd Soul, too conversant with Night,
 Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.
 Here raise 'em up, gently: Ye Slaves, down, down!
 Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,
 For ever be forgotten; in your stead,
 Only Eternal Darkness wrap my Head.

Queen. Where are you? Oh! farewell, I must be gone.

King. Bless'd happy Soul, take not thy Flight so soon:
 Stay 'till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
 And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Queen. From all my Injuries, and all my Fears,
 From Jealousie, Love's Bane, the worst of Cares,
 Thus I remove to find that Stranger Rest.

Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breast:
 Within this Minute how shall we be bless'd!

D. Car. Oh, far above
 What-ever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd;
 Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
 For ever pressing, and for ever kind.

Queen. Make haste, in the first Sphere I'll for you stay;
 Thence we'll rise both to everlasting Day.
 Farewell——

[Dies.]

D. Car. I follow you; now close my Eyes;

[Leans on her Bosom.]

Thus all o'er Bliss the happy *Carlos* dies.

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'er aspire.
 Run, rally out, and set the World on fire;
 Alarum Nature, let loose all the Winds;
 Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds;
 Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
 The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
 Till all things from their Harmony decline,
 And the Confusion be as great as mine.
 Here I'll lye down, and never more arise;
 Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. John.

PRINCE of SPAIN. 132

D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart some Ease!

King. Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as Peace.
From these warm Lips yet one soft Kiss I'll take.

How my Heart-beats! why won't the Rebel break?

My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, speak.

Oh! he regards not now my Miseries,

But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.

Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;

Here's one that's just descending into Hell:

How comes it that he's not already gone?

The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey! how he flies!

[Stabs *R. Gomez*]

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart.

That I had Strength enough but to retort.

Dull Life, so tamely must I from thee part?

Curfes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?

Meet, meet me at thy own dark House below.

[Dies]

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, you are a King.

King. A King? it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperor;

He kill'd his Mother, but I've that out-done,

Murther'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltless Son.

Yet, *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that?

Is it my Fault I was unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; strange things I tell thee are design'd.

Thou, *Austria*, shalt grow old, and in thy Age

Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long-grey Beard,

With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,

Will be such Charms, thou canst not want Success.

But above all beware of Jealousie:

It was the dreadful Curse that ruin'd me.

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! But stay,

Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the Word

(Methought I saw't) the Azure Fabrick stirr'd.

Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare.

But I'll pursue and overtake 'em there.

Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;

134 DON CARLOS, &c.

I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down.

Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!

Now, now I mount——

[Runs off roaring.]

D. John. Look to the King.

See of this Fair one too strict Care he had.

[Pointing to Henrietta.]

Despair, how vast a Triumph hast thou made?

No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll lye;

Shaking off Softness, to the Camp I'll fly,

Where Thirst of Fame the active Hero warms;

And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Message hither means?

Yonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes:

He told me there was Pity in my Face,

And therefore sent me here to make his Peace.

Let me for once persuade ye to be kind;

For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.

And if this time I can your Kindness move,

He'll write for me, he swears by all above,

When I am big enough to be in Love.

Now won't you be good-natur'd, ye Fine Men?

Indeed I'll grow as fast as e'er I can,

And try if to his Promise he'll be true.

Think on't; when that time comes, you do not know

But I may grow in Love with some of you.

Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see

Amongst you those who'll swear they're for with me.

But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,

You know what your Unkindness oft has done;

I'll e'en forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.

Titus and Berenice.

A

TRAGEDY.

With a FARCE call'd

The CHEATS of *Scapin*.

*Grandis Oratio non est Turgida,
Sed naturali pulchritudine exsurgit. Pet. Arb.*



Printed in the YEAR 1712.]

Titus and Berenice.

TRAGEDY.

With a FARCE call'd

The CHEATS of Scipio.

Grand Opera of Tragedy.

See a new and improved edition.



Printed in the Year 1712.

To the Right Honourable

F O H N,

EARL of *Rochester*,

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's
Bed-Chamber, &c.

My LORD,



DEDICATIONS are grown
Things of so nice a Nature, that
it is almost impossible for me to
pay your Lordship those Acknow-
ments I owe you, and not (from
those who cannot judge of the
Sentiments I have of your Lordship's Favours)
incur the Censure either of a Fawner or a Flat-
terer.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

terer. Both which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of these would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the World know how Good and how Generous a Patron I have, (in spite of Malice) I am sure I am honest.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under so great an Oppression as now, as full of Phanaticisms as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, sets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worse than a Quaker does a Priest.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of those dreadful Things that resolve our Dissolution. It is, for the most part, a very little *French* Breeding, much Assurance, with a great deal of Talk, and no Sense.

Thus he comes to a New Play, enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his personal Misfortunes the Subject of his Malice to some of his Companions who have as little Wit, and as much Ill-Nature as himself; and so to be sure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At Night he never fails to appear in the Withdrawing-room, where he picks out some that have as little to do there, as himself; who mustering

The Epistle Dedicatory.

string up all their puny Forces, damn as positively as if, like *Muggleton*, it were their Gift; when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey-man Taylor can have to Prophecy.

Wit, which was the Mistress of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours: Either the Old Satyr, to let us understand what he has known, damns and decries all Poetry but the Old; or else the young affected Fool, that is Impudent beyond Correction, and Ignorant above Instruction, will be censuring the present, tho' he misplace his Wit, as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes use of it on the wrong Occasion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordship run, in so stedfastly protecting a poor exil'd Thing that has so many Enemies! But that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodness greater than any Malice or Ill-Nature can be. I am sure (and I must own it with Gratitude) I have tasted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect: Though in doing this, I shall at best but appear an humble Debtor, who acknowledges honestly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he must be forc'd to borrow more: For my Genius always led me to seek an Interest in your Lordship; and I never see you, but
I

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Fa-
vour. For all I have receiv'd, the highest Re-
turn I am able to make, is my Acknowledgment;
in which I can hardly distinguish whether my
Thankfulness or my Pride be the greater, when
I subscribe my self

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged and

most Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Underhill.

G Allants, our Author met me here to Day,
And begg'd that I'd say something for his Play.
You Waggs, that judge by Rote, and damn by Rule,
Taking your Measures from some Neighbour Fool,
Who has Impudence, a Coxcomb's useful Tool;
That always are severe, you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By;
With very much ill Nature, and no Wit,
Just as you are, we humbly beg you'd fit,
And with your silly selves divert the Pit.

You Men of Sense, who heretofore allow'd
Our Author's Follies; make him once more proud.
But for the Youths that newly' are come from France,
Whose Heads want Sense, though Heels abound with
Dance:

Our Author to their Judgment won't submit,
But swears, that they, who so infect the Pit
With their own Follies, ne'er can judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he chiefly Favour would Implore;

[To the Boxes.]

And, Fair Ones, pray oblige him on my Score:
Confine his Foes, the Fops, within their Rules;
For, Ladies, you know how to manage Fools.

§

Persons

Persons Represented in the TRAGEDY M E N.

<i>Titus Vespasian</i> , Emperor of Rome.	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Antiochus</i> , King of Comagene.	Mr. Smith.
<i>Paulinus</i> , the Emperor's Confident.	Mr. Medbourn.
<i>Arfaces</i> , <i>Antiochus</i> , his Confident.	Mr. Crosby.
<i>Nurilius</i> , a Tribune.	Mr. Gillow.

W O M E N.

<i>Berenice</i> , Queen of Palestine.	Mrs. Lee.
<i>Phanice</i> , her Confident.	Mrs. Barry.

The SCENE ROME.

Persons Represented in the FARCE.

M E N.

<i>Thrifty</i> ,	{ Two old Merchants.	{ Mr. Sandford.
<i>Gripe</i> ,		
<i>Octavian</i> ,	{ Their Sons.	{ Mr. Norris.
<i>Leander</i> ,		
<i>Scapin</i> , a Cheat.		Mr. Anth. Leigh.
<i>Shift</i> ,	{ <i>Scapin's</i> Instruments.	{ Mr. Richards.
<i>Sly</i> ,		
		Mr. —

W O M E N.

<i>Lisbia</i> , <i>Thrifty's</i> Daughter.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Clara</i> , <i>Gripe's</i> Daughter.	Mrs. Gibbs.

The SCENE DOVER.



Titus and Berenice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE A PALACE.

Enter Antiochus and Arsaces.

ANTIOCHUS.



THOU, my *Arsaces*, art a Stranger here;
This is th' Apartment of the charming
Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* so adores;
The Universe is his, and he is here.
Here from the Court himself he oft
conceals;

And in her Ears his charming Story tells;

Whilst I a Vassal for admittance wait,
And am at best but thought importunate.

Ars. You want admittance! who with generous Care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes ev'ry where,
Whose Fame throughout the World so loudly rings,
One of the greatest of our Eastern Kings.
As once you seem'd the Monarch of her Breast,
Too firmly seated to be dispossess;
Nor can the Pride she doth in *Titus* take,
Already so severe a distance make.

†

Ars.

144 TITUS and BERENICE.

Ant. Yes! still that Wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! Oh how I tremble at the Name;
And my distracted Soul at that doth start,
Which once was all the Pleasure of my Heart;
Since *Berenice* has all my Hopes destroy'd,
And an eternal Silence on me laid.

Arf. That you resent her Pride, I see with Joy;
'Tis that which does her Gratitude destroy:
But Friendship wrong'd should into Hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to scorn.

Ant. *Arfaces*, how false Measures dost thou take!
Remove the Poles, and bid the Sun go back;
Invert all Nature's Orders, Fate's Decrees;
Then bid me hate the charming *Berenice*.

Arf. Well, love her still; but let her know your Pain;
Resolve it, you shall see, and speak again;
Urge to her Face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as she is proud.

Ant. *Arfaces*, no; she's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes so little for the Vows I've made,
That if she pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter Rutilius.

But see, the Man I sent at last returns;
Oh how my Heart with Expectation burns!
Rutilius, have you *Berenice* seen?

Rut. I have.

Ant. Oh speak! What says the charming Queen?

Rut. I press'd with difficulty through the Croud;
A Throng of Court-Attendants round her stood.
The time now past of his severe Retreat,
Titus laments no more his Father's Fate.
Love takes up all his Thoughts, and all his Cares,
Whilst he to meet those mighty Joys prepares,
Which may in *Berenice*'s Arms be found;
For she this Day will be *Rome*'s Empress crown'd.

Ant. What do I hear? Confusion on thy Tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy Speech so long?
Why didst not Ruin with more speed afford?
Thou might'st have spoke, and kill'd me in a Word.

But

TITUS and BERENICE. 145

But may I not one Moment with her speak,
And my poor Heart disclose before it break?

Rut. You shall: For when I told her what you design'd,
She sweetly smil'd, and her fair Head inclin'd:

Titus ne'er from her had a Look more kind.

Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.

She's here.

Ber. At last from the rude Joy I'm freed
Of those new Friends, whom my new Fortunes breed;
The tedious Form of their Respect I shun,
To find out him whose Words and Heart are one.

Antiochus, for I'll no Flattery use,
Since you neglect, I justly may accuse.

How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *East*, and *Rome* it self has seen.

In my worst Fate I did your Friendship find,
But now I grow more great, you grow less kind.

Ant. Now durst I hope, I would forget my Smart,
So well she understands to sooth my Heart.

But, Madam, it's a Truth by Rumour spread,
That *Titus* shall this Night possess your Bed.

Ber. Sir, all my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;

So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almost doubted Love would ne'er return:

He had not for me that assiduous Heat,
As when whole Days fix'd on my Eyes he sat.

Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brow did dwell;
Oft came and look'd; said nothing, but Farewell.

Ant. But now his Kindness he renews again.

Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence my Pain
For that: if any Faith may be allow'd

Two thousand Oaths, two thousand times renew'd;
Or any Justice in the Pow'r's Divine,

Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine.

Ant. How she insults and triumphs in my Ill!
Sh'as with long Practice learnt to smile and kill.

Oh, *Berenice*, eternally farewell.

Ber. Farewell! good Heav'n! What Language do I hear!
Stay! I conjure you, Sir——by all that's dear.

VOL. I.

H

Antiochus,

146 TITUS and BERENICE.

Antiochus, what is it I have done?
Why don't you speak?

Ant. Madam, I must be gone.

Ber. How cruelly you use me! I implore
The Reason——

Ant. I must never see you more.

Ber. For Heavn's fake tell; you wound me with delay.

Ant. At least remember, I your Laws obey.
Why should I here wretched and hopeless stay?
If the remembrance ben't extinguish'd quite
Of that blest place, where first you saw the Light;
'Twas there, oh there began my endless Smart,
When those dear Eyes prevail'd upon my Heart;
Then *Berenice* too my Vows approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his Hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
First felt his weight, and found my self undone.

Ber. Hah!

Ant. You too, then t' encrease the Pains I bore,
Commanded me to speak of Love no more.
So on your Hand, I swore at last t' obey;
And for that taste of Bliss gave all away.

Ber. Why do you study ways t' afflict my Mind?
You believe, Sir, I am not unkind.
Alas, I'm sensible how well y'ave serv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deserv'd.

Ant. Why in this Empire should I longer stay,
My Passion, and its weakness to betray?
Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys
To crown that Happiness, which mine destroys.

Ber. You triumph thus because your Pow'r you know,
Or if you did not, you'd not use me so.
Though crown'd *Rome's* Empress, I the Throne ascend,
What Pleasure in my Greatness can I find,
When I shall want my best and truest Friend?

Ant. I reach your purpose, you would have me there,
That you might see the worst of my Despair;

TITUS and BERENICE. 147

I know it the Ambition of your Soul.

'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool:

Yet came this time but to new-freight my Heart,
And with more Love posselt, than ever, part.

Ber. Though it could never enter in my Mind,
Since *Cæsar's* Fortunes must with mine be join'd,
That any Mortal durst so hardy prove
T' invade his Right, and talk to me of Love;
I bear th' unpleasing Narrative of yours,
And Friendship, what my Honour shuns, endures.
Nay more; your parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my Soul most dear.

Ant. In Justice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name.

A Name, which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilst my poor Heart lies bleeding at your Feet.

Farewel. Oh, be not at my Ravings griev'd:
When of my Death the News shall be receiv'd,
Remember why I dy'd, and what I liv'd — [Ex. Ant.]

Phan. I grieve for him; a Love so true as this,
Deserv'd, methinks, more fortunate Success.
Are you not troubled, Madam? —

Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

Phan. You should have staid him.

Ber. Who, I stay him? no;
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Distraction rove,
Which thy raw Ignorance interprets Love.

Phan. *Titus* his Thoughts, yet to unfold, denies;
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous Eyes.
Its rigorous Laws create my Fears for you;

Romans no Foreign Marriages allow;
To Kingly Power still Enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

Ber. *Phanicia*, no; my time of Fear is past;
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the rest.
The Splendor of this Night thou hast beheld;
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?

148. TITUS and BERENICE.

These Eagles, Fasces, marching all in State,
And Crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and Blessings from above,
Seem all at strife to grace this Man of Love.

Away, *Phanicia*, let's go meet him strait
I can no longer for his coming wait.

My eager Wishes drive me wildly on;

Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Paulinus, and Attendants.

Tit. To th' Syrian King did you my Message bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?

Paul. Sir, in the Queen's Apartment, he alone
Was seen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.

Tit. 'Tis well, *Paulinus*; for these ten Days past
I have to *Berenice* a Stranger been:

But you can tell me all — how does the Queen?

Paul. She does, what speaks how much she values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, she mourn'd too.
So just a Sorrow in her Face was shown,
It seem'd as if the Loss had been her own.

Tit. Oh lovely fair One, little dost thou know [Aside]
How hard a Tryal thou must undergo.
Heav'n! Oh my Heart!

Paul. What is't your Grief should raise
For her, whom almost all the East obeys?

Tit. Command, *Paulinus*, that these retreat.

[*Paul. moves his Hand, and all the rest exeunt.*]

Rome of my Purpose is uncertain yet,
Expects to know the Fortune of the Queen;
Their Murm'ring I have heard, and Troubles seen,
The Business of our Love is the Discourse
And Expectation of the Universe.

And by the Face of my Affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I resolve and fix my Mind.

Tell me, *Paulinus*, justly, and be free,
What says the World of *Berenice* and me?

Paul. In ev'ry Heart you Admiration raise:
All, your high Virtues, and her Beauty praise.

TITUS and BERENICE. 149

Tit. Alas! thou answer'st wide of my desire:
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher,
 How do they of my Sighs and Vows approve?
 Or what expect they from so true a Love?

Paul. Love, or not love, Sir, all is in your Power;
 The Court will second still the Emperour.

Tit. Courtiers, *Paulinus*, seldom are sincere;
 To please their Master they have too much care.
 The Court did *Nero's* horrid Acts applaud,
 To all his Lusts subscrib'd, and call'd him God:
 Th' Idolatrous Court shall never judge for me:
 No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee.

What then must *Berenice* expect? declare;
 Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or severe?
 My Happiness is plac'd in her alone.
 Now they have rais'd me to th' Imperial Throne,
 Where on my Head continual Cares must fall,
 Will they deny me what may sweeten all?

Paul. Her Virtues they acknowledge, and Desert,
 Proclaim indeed she has a *Roman* Heart:

But she's a Queen, and that alone withstands
 All which her Beauty and her Worth demands.
 In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd stood,
 Never to mix its Race with Strangers Blood.

Tit. It is a sign they are capricious grown,
 When they despise all Virtues but their own.

Paul. *Julius*, who first subdu'd her to his Arms,
 And quite had silenc'd Laws with War's Alarms;
 Burning for *Cleopatra's* Love; to Fame
 More just, fled from her Eyes, and hid his Flame.

Tit. But which way from my Heart shall I remove
 So long establish'd and deep-rooted Love?

Paul. The Conflict will be difficult, I guess;
 But you your rising Sorrows must suppress.

Tit. Who can a Heart that's not his own controul?
 Her Presence was the Comfort of my Soul.
 After a thousand Oaths confirm'd in Tears,
 By which I vow'd my self for ever hers,
 I hop'd with all my Love, and all her Charms,
 At last to have her in my longing Arms.

150 TITUS and BERENICE.

But now I can such rare Perfections crown;
And that my Love's more great than ever grown,
When in one Hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five Years Vows the Tribute pay;
I go, *Paulinus*—how my Heart does rise.

Paul. Whither?

Tit. To part for ever from her Eyes.
Tho' I requir'd th' assistance of thy Zeal,
To crush a Passion that's so hard to quell;
My Heart had of its Doom resolv'd before:
Yet *Berenice* does still dispute the War.

The Conquest of so great a Flame must cost
Conflicts, in which my Soul will oft be tost.

Paul. You in your Birth for Empire were design'd,
And to that purpose Heav'n did frame your Mind;
Fate in that Day wise Providence did shew,
Fixing the Destiny of *Rome* in you.

Tit. My Youth rejoyc'd in Love and glorious Wars,
But my Remains of Life must waste in Cares.

Rome my new Conduct now observes; 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of Power, to clear my way
To Happiness, I should her Laws destroy:
No, I've resolv'd on't, Love and all shall go;
Alas! it must, since *Rome* will have it so.
But how shall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You must resolve to go and visit her;
Sooth her sad Heart, and on her Patience win:
Then by degrees —

Tit. ——— But how shall I begin?
Oh, my *Paulinus*, I have oft design'd
To speak my Thoughts, but still they stay'd behind.
I hop'd as she discern'd my troubled Breast,
She might a little at the Cause have guess'd:
But nought suspecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair Hand she'd wipe the Tears away,
And in that Mist never the Loss perceiv'd
Of the sad Heart, she had too much believ'd;
But now a firmer Constancy I take,
Either my Heart shall vent its Grief, or break.

TITUS and BERENICE. 151

I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e'er lov'd surrender'd to his Care.

To morrow he conducts her to the East,
And now I go to sigh, and look my last.

Paul. I ne'er expected less from that Renown;
Which all your Actions must with Glory crown.

Tit. How lovely's Glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were she now,
If through eternal Dangers to be won!

So I might still call *Berenice* my own.

In *Nero's* Court, where I was bred, my Mind

By that Example to all Ill's inclin'd:

The loose wild Paths of Pleasures I pursu'd,

'Till *Berenice* first taught me to be good.

She taught me Virtue; but, oh curs'd *Rome*!

The Good I owe her, must her Wrong become.

For so much Virtue and Renown so great;

For all the Honour I did ever get,

Her for whose sake alone I Fame pursu'd,

I must forego, to please the Multitude!

Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,

You have the Bounds of *Palestine* enlarg'd.

Even t' *Euphrates*, her wide Power extends;

So many Kingdoms *Berenice* commands.

Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Grievs must on her dwell.

I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well

To Greatness she so little did incline,

Her Heart ask'd never any thing but mine.

Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why?

Tit. The thought of her but shakes my Constancy:

Yet in my Heart if Doubts already rise,

What will it do when I behold her Eyes?

Enter Rutilius.

Rut. Sir, *Berenice* desires admittance here —

Tit. Paulinus — Oh!

Paul. Can you already fear?

So soon are all your Resolutions shook?

Now, Sir's the time —

[*Ex. Rut*

152 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

Enter Berenice, Phœnicia and Attendants.

Tit. I have no power to look.

Ber. Sir, be'n't displeas'd, that I thus far presume;
It is to pay my Gratitude I come.
Whilst all the Court assembled in my View,
Admire the Favour you on me bestow;
It were unjust, should I remain alone
Silent, as though I had a Sense of none.
Your Mourning's done, and you from Grievs are free;
Are now your own, and yet not visit me?
Your Present of new Diadems I wait.
Oh! give me more Content and less of State.
Give me a Word, a Sigh, a Look at least,
In those th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd.
Was your Discourse of me when I arriv'd?
Was I so happy, may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* so blest?
Or was I present to your Thoughts at least?

Tit. Doubt it not, Madam: By the Gods I swear't,
That *Berenice* is always in my Heart:
Nor Time, nor Absence can you thence remove:
My Heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and sincere,
But 'tis with a strange Coldness that you swear.
Why the just Gods to witness did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your Faith at all.
In you I trust, would only from you live;
And what you say, I ever must believe.

Tit. Madam!

Ber. Proceed. Alas, whence this Surprise!
You seem confus'd, to turn away your Eyes,
Nothing but Trouble in your Face I find:
Does still a Father's Death afflict your Mind?

Tit. Oh! did my Father, good *Vespasian*, live,
How happy should I be!

Ber. Ah, cease to grieve!
Your Tears have reverenc'd his Mem'ry now.
Cares are to *Rome* and your own Glory due,
A Father you lament, a feeble Grief,
Whilst for your Absence I find no Relief.

But

TITUS and BERENICE. 153

But in your Presence only take delight,
I, who shall die, if but debarr'd your Sight.

Tit. Madam, what is it that your Griefs declare?
What time d'you chuse? For Pity's sake forbear.
Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.

Ber. You can do nothing that deserves tht Name;
No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.

Tit. No, Madam, no; my Heart (since I must speak)
Was ne'er more full of Love, or half so like to break.
But —

Ber. What?

Tit. Alas!

Ber. Proceed,

Tit. The Empire Rome —

Ber. Well.

Tit. Oh, the dismal Secret will not come —
Away *Paulinus*, ere I'm quite undone.
My Speech forsakes me, and my Heart's all Stone.

[Ex. *Tit.* and *Paul.*

Ber. So soon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deserv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phanicia*? tell me, speak.

Phan. Does nothing to your Memory appear
That might provoke him? —

Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the first Hour I saw his Face, 'till now,
Too much of Love is all the Guilt I know.
This Silence is too rude, and racks my Breast,
In the uncertainty I cannot rest;
He knows, *Phanicia*, all my Moments past.
Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the Root whence all this change must spring.

Titus, this Victory I shall not boast.
I wish the Gods would try me to the most,
With a more potent Rival tempt my Heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art:
Then, my dear *Titus*, shouldst thou soon discern,
How much for thee I all Mankind would scorn.

154 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

Let's go, *Phanicia*; with one gentle Word
He will be satisfy'd, and I restor'd.

" My injur'd Truth by my Compliance find,
" And if he has a Heart he must be kind. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus and Arsaces.

Tit. **A** *Antiochus*! you've done your Friendship wrong,
In that you've kept this Secret hid so long.

What is't that your Departure does incite,
Which, not unjustly, I may call a Flight?
Tho' on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly seem with Fortune's Favour grac'd;
As if she nothing further had to grant:
I more than ever do your Friendship want.

Ant. Sir, your great Kindness I so well did know,
I durst not stay where I so much did owe.
When first *Judea* heard your loud Alarms,
You made me your Companion in your Arms.
Nay, nearer to you did with Friendship join,
And lodg'd the Secrets of your Breast in mine.
Yet all this Goodness but augments my Sin,
For I have false and most ungrateful been.

Tit. I can't forget, that to your Arms alone
I owe the half of all I ever won.
Witness those precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my Side you fought.
To all those Purchases I lay no claim;
Your Heart and Friendship are my only aim.

Ant. My Heart! my Friendship! Heav'n, how you mistake!
On my Deceit how weak a Gloss you make!
When first you thought your self of me possest,
You took a very Serpent to your Breast.

Tit. *Antiochus*, I find where thou art stung:
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.

TITUS and BERENICE. 155

Some base Detractor has my Honour stain'd,
And in your easie Heart a Credit gain'd;
Abus'd, and told you *Titus* is unjust:
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I must.
'Tho' you unkindly from your Friend would run,
And own th' Unjustice which you think I've done,

Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durst but speak my Heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part.
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Disease in't I must shun or die.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When most your Friend, I shall appear your Foe.

Tit. I either to your Heart a Stranger am,
Or sure *Antiochus* is not the same:
What else should make you not your Mind declare?
What is't that you dare say, I dare not hear?

Ant. If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your Heart with Temper: Well, 'tis this.

Tit. Go on.

Ant. I love the charm *Berenice*.

Tit. Hah!

Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
'Till you came on and robb'd me of the Prize.
When at your Army's Head you did appear,
You sackt *Jerusalem* and conquer'd her.

Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wish to find,
Than him that dares be just, and tell his Mind:
So far's Resentment from my Heart remov'd,
That *Berenice* is by my Friend belov'd,
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For she was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that shall possess her.

Ant. True;
But 'tis fit none should be so blest'd but you:
And *Berenice* for none could be design'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind:
'Tis for this Cause to *Syria* I repair;
For when you're blest, no Envy should be near,

Tit.

156 **TITUS and BERENICE.**

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou shalt see
How small's the Happiness in store for me,
Thou needst not fear thy Envy; let me have
Thy Pity and thy Aid, 'tis that I crave.
My best and truest Friend, you must be so,
For there's none fit for't in the World but you.
None but a King, my Rival, and my Friend,
Is fit to speak the Torments of my Mind.
In my behalf you *Berenice* must see.

Ant. Is that an Office, *Titus*, fit for me?
Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you must too sollicite my Despair?
I swore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not trust again my Heart.
Your Passion by another may be shown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

Tit. He that so well his own Misfortunes bears,
Can best instruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you must not start;
I know, by mine, your News will shake her Heart,
For I must too for ever from her part.

Ant. You part?

Tit. Yes! curst Necessity! 'tis true,
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I summ'd up all Delight,
Must be for ever banish'd from my Sight.

Ant. It cannot be: No Slave that wears her Chains
Upon so easie Terms his Freedom gains.

Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depose 'em too:
The stubborn'st Hearts must to my Pow'r bow down,
And yet I am not Master of my own.
Rome, that to Kings so long a Foe has been,
Will not admit my Marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outrageous Tongues, she'll hear
The News I dread to tell, and you to bear.

Ant. Now if my Heart was to Revenge ally'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!

TITUS *and* BERENICE. 157

To see her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd Soul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more just; and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.

Tit. When I the Imperial Power did first assume,
I firmly swore t'uphold the Rights of *Rome*;
Should I to follow Love from Glory fly,
Forfake my Throne, in ev'ry Vassal's Eye
How mean and despicable must I prove!
An Emperor led about the World by Love!
No, Prince, the fatal Story you must tell,
And bid from me poor *Berenice* farewell.
But if the Hopes of reigning in my Heart
May any ease to her sad Mind impart,
Swear, Friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preserve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than she,
My Reign but a long Banishment shall be
From all those Joys that wait on Pomp and Power;
To morrow she her Journey hence must take,
And so I all, that e'er I lov'd, forsake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend;
For tho' my Rival, as a King and Friend
The dearest Treasure I dare with you trust.

Ant. Sir, do not tempt me, lest I prove unjust:
Her Charms that made me my own Fame forego,
Will be too apt to make me false to you.

Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm still in Dangers found thee by my side.
Thou knew'st my Love, whilst thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy Hopes by my Success were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didst no Falshood show,
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now. [*Exit Titus.*]

Ant. No, I'll not see her, neither dare I go:
Too soon from others her hard Lot she'll know.
Dost thou not think her Fate's enough severe,
Unless that I th' unwelcome Message bear?
I, who her Hate enough have felt before,
And need not seek new ways to purchase more.

158 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

Arf. See, she approaches; now the Coward play,
And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

Enter Berenice and Phœnicia.

Ant. Oh Heav'n!

Ber. My Lord, I see you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would shun.

Ant. You came not here *Antiochus* to find,
The Visit to another was design'd;

Cesar: and 'tis on him the Blame must light,
If now my Presence here offend your Sight.

They're his Commands are guilty of the Sin:
It may be else I had at *Ostia* been.

Ber. His Friends are always with his Presence grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be so blest.

Ant. Too much his Prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your sake alone I was detain'd.

Ber. For mine? away.

Ant. Tyrannick Fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here only to talk of you.

Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly Art,
You're brave, and should not mock an easie Heart.
In my distress what Pleasure could you see?
Alas! or what could *Titus* say of me?

Ant. Better a thousand-times than I can tell.

So firm a Passion in his Heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd he's from himself transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his Face does like a Tyrant rise,
And Majesty's no longer in his Eyes.

But there are things behind I dare not speak:
For at the News your tender Heart would break.

Ber. How, Sir?

Ant. Ere Night the truth of what I've said you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, justifie me too.
Farewel.

Ber. Oh Heav'n! what can this Language mean!
You see before your Eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my Quiet if you have such care,
Or if my self your Eyes held ever dear,
Dispel this mist of Trouble from my Soul.

TITUS and BERENICE. 159

Ant. Madam, your self excuse,
For your own sake it is that I refuse.
'Twill not be long before the Doubt's remov'd.

Ber. You told me once, *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But sure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or else you more would fear to disobey.

Ant. I disobey you! ask my Life, and try
How gloriously I for your sake can die.
It would by far be the more welcome Fate,
Than now to speak, and ever gain your Hate.

Ber. No, Sir, you never shall my Hatred find.
'Tis my desire, and you must be so kind.
Will you?

Ant. Heav'n! this Constraint is worse than Death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.
Oh, Madam! put me to no further Pain.

Ber. Must I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence forward Prince, either the Truth relate,
Forbear or be assur'd for ever of my Hate.

Ant. My Heart was always yours, and is so still,
For ever must depend upon your Will.
I wish another way your Pow'r you'd try'd:
But you're resolv'd, and must be satisfy'd;
Yet flatter not your self, I shall declare
Those Horrors which perhaps you dare not hear,
You cannot but believe; I know your Heart;
Look then to feel me strike its tender'st part.
Titus has told me —

Ber. What? fear no Surprise.

Ant. That he must part for ever from your Eyes.

Ber. We part! can things another Nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forsake?

Ant. Perhaps 'tis strange that I should tell you so,
But you shall find I'll do him Justice too.
Whatever in a Heart, both kind and great,
Love with Despair most dreadful could create,
I saw in his: He weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that such Love he shows?
A Queen suspected to *Rome's* Empire grows,

And

160 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

And *Titus* cannot with her Laws dispense;
For therefore 'tis you must be banish'd hence.

Ber. What do I hear, alas, *Phanicia*!

Ant. Nay, to morrow is your last and utmost Day:
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul, which scorn'd my Love.

Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who so many Oaths, so oft hath sworn?
I'll not believ't; his Love and Faith's more strong,
I'm sure he's guiltless, and you do him wrong.
This is a Snare to disunite us laid;
Titus, thou lov'st me, dost not wish me dead.
No, strait I'll see him, and secure all Fear.
Let's go.

Ant. Too well you may behold him here.

Ber. Too well you wish it, to perswade it. No,
In this your base degenerate Soul you show;
When you no other Stratagem could find
T'abuse my Heart, you would betray your Friend.
Howe'er he prove, know I your sight abhor,
And from this Minute never see me more.

Ant. Oh *Berenice*! remorseless cruel Fair!
Born only for my Torment and Despair.
Was it for this so faithfully I serv'd?
Is this the Recompence I have deserv'd?
I, who for you did all Ambition wave,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave!
Curse on my Fate!

Ber. If e'er my Heart you priz'd,
You never had this Cruelty devis'd.
Never to work my Torment been thus bold;
And so triumphantly the Story told.
Away, *Phanicia*; no more I'll hear him speak.

[*Ex. Ber. and Pha.*]

Ant. Now, my *Asfages*, would my Heart but break:
But yet I hope in part I've freedom won,
And what Love would not, by her Hate sh'as done.
The Pain I lately endur'd thou hast beheld;
I left her all enamour'd; jealous, wild:

But

TITUS and BERENICE. 161

But now performing this ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'll ever banish her my Heart.
She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repose command it too
For ever to my Eyes a Stranger be,
Till I have learnt to scorn as well as she. [Exeunt.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Berenice in disorder.

Ber. I Of my Wrong too well am satisfy'd!
To see the perjur'd *Titus* twice I try'd;
Twice for Admittance to him begg'd in vain;
Nor is *Phanicia* yet return'd again.
Phanicia has no Answer to bring back.
Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her speak:
But hides himself, and from my Fury flies:
Nor will have Sense, though *Berenice* dies.

Enter Phœnicia.

Phœnicia, well, my *Titus* hast thou seen?
What? will he come and make me live again?

Phan. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find,
And saw in his the Trouble of your Mind;
I saw the Tears he would have hid, run down.

Ber. But was he not aſham'd they should be shown?
Lookt he not as he thought his Love Diſgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his Face?

Phan. Doubt it not, Madam, he will soon be here:
But wherefore will you this Disorder wear?
Your riſſ'd Dreſs let me in order place,
And theſe diſhevel'd Locks that hide your Face.

Ber. Forbear, *Phœnicia*, let it all alone:
No, he ſhall ſee the Triumph he has won;
How vain thoſe fooliſh Ornaments muſt prove,
If neither Faith, nor Tears, nor Means, can move!

Enter Antiochus and Arſaces.

Oh, my unruly Sorrows! Oh, my Fears!
Who's here?

Ant. Arſaces, *Berenice* in Tears.

Ber.

162 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

Ber. Antiochus! Phania, let's away;
To let him see my Torments I'll not stay. [Ex.

Ant. Now whither's all my Resolution gone?
Arfaces, who could see't and be his own!
I said I'd never see her Face again:
But come and find my Boastings all were vain;
Seeing her Sufferings all her Scorn forget,
And lose at once my Vengeance and my Hate.
Wretched *Antiochus!* with how much Care
And Labours my own Mischiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my Injuries have born!
Hopeless, undone, and to my self a Scorn;
Leave me alone unhappy as I am:
I would not have a Witness of my Shame.

Enter Titus attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to see her: Oh my Heart:
And now I go to see her, but to part.
Rutilius fly, and sooth the Queen's Despair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.

Ant. What have you done, Sir? *Berenice* will die;
I saw her hence with Hair dishevel'd fly.
'Tis only you her Fury can surcease.
Whene'er you're nam'd she's instantly at peace.
Her Eyes still bent to your Apartment were,
And ev'ry Moment seem'd to wish you near.

Tit. Antiochus, assist me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd for the sad Interview.
I have not yet consult'd well my Heart,
And doubt it is not strong enough to part.
Since first I took possession of the Throne,
What is it for my Honour I have done?
My Love and Folly only I've disclos'd,
And nothing but my Weaknesses expos'd.
The Golden Days, where are they to be found,
So much expected when this Head was Crown'd?
Whose Tears have I dry'd up? or in what Face
Can I the Fruits of any good Act trace?
Know I what Years Heav'n has for me decreed?
And of these few, how few are to succeed?

And

TITUS and BERENICE. 163

And yet how many have I spent in waste!
 But now to Honour I'll make greater haste:
 Alas! 'tis but one Blow, and all is past.

Enter Berenice, pressing from Rut. and Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your Counsels all are weak;
 See him I must, he's here, and I will speak.
 Has *Titus* then forsook me? is it true?
 Must we too part, does he command it too?

Tit. O! stop the Deluge, which so fiercely flows;
 This is no time t'allay each others Woes.
 Enough I feel my own Afflictions smart;
 And need not those dear Tears to damp my Heart.
 But if we neither can our Grievs command,
 Yet with such Honour let 'em be sustain'd,
 As the whole World to hear it told shall smart;
 For, dearest *Berenice*, we must part.
 And now I would not a Dispute maintain,
 Whether I lov'd, but whether I must reign.

Ber. Reign (Cruel) then, and satisfy your Pride,
 And for your Cruelties be Deify'd.
 I'll ne'er dispute it farther. I but stay'd
 'Till *Titus*, who so many Vows had made
 Of such a Love as nothing could impair,
 Should come himself and tell how false they were;
 Now I believ't, enough I've heard you tell,
 And I am gone — eternally farewell,
 Eternally — Ah, Sir, consider now
 How harsh that Word is, and how dreadful too.
 Consider, oh! the Miseries they bear,
 That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear;
 From this sad Moment never more to meet:
 Is it for Day to dawn and Day to set,
 In which I must not find my Hopes still young,
 Nor yet once see my *Titus* all Day long?
 Heav'ns! how I wildly rave — to lose my Pains
 On him ungrateful, that my Tears disdains!
 Of all those Days of Absence I shall count
 With him, the number will to nothing mount.

Tit. Doubt it not Madam, there will be no need
 To count the Days that shall your Loss succeed.

164 **TITUS and BERENICE.**

I hope ere long that you will hear from Fame,
How very wretched, and how just I am.
My Heart bleeds now, I feel the Drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

Ber. Ah why, Sir, must we part, if this be true?
My Claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my Death?
Or why d'ye envy me the Air you breath?

Tit. Madam, you are too powerful ev'ry way,
Shall I withstand it? no, for ever stay.
Then I from Blifs must always be debarr'd,
And on my Heart for ever keep a Guard.
With Fears through all my course of Glory move,
Lest ere aware I lose my self and Love.
Ev'n now my Heart is from my Bosom stray'd,
And all its Swellings on a sudden laid,
Bent thus to you by all Loves softest Pow'rs,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.

Ber. O, *Titus*, whilst this charming Tale you tell,
D'ye see the *Romans* ready to rebel?

Tit. How they will look on the Affront, who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to Blows?
Must I in Battel justifie my Cause?
Or if they should submit and set their Laws,
How must I be expos'd another Day!
And for their Patience too, how largely pay!
With Grievances and wild Demand still curst,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em first?

Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unsteady anxious Mind.
You weigh your Peoples Rights to your own Fears,
But never value *Berenice's* Tears?

Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you so unjust?
Now, by the Honour of my Father's Dust,
By Heav'n and all the Gods that govern there,
If any thing to me be half so dear;
May I be as a Slave, depos'd and serve,
Or else forlorn in some wild Desert starve,
'Till I'm as wretched as my Ills deserve.

TITUS and BERENICE. 165

Ber. Laws you may change; why will you for their sake
Into your Breast eternal Sorrows take?

Rome has her Privileges; have not you
Your Int'rests, your Rights as sacred too?
Say, speak.

Tit. Alas! how do you rend my Breast!
I know indeed I never can have Rest;
And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change.
Do, break my Heart, and take your full Revenge.

Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honour keep!
You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

Tit. I grant it, I am sensible I do,
I weep, alas! I sigh and tremble too.
For when to Empire first I did attain,
Rome made me swear I would her Rights maintain.
I did, and must perform what I then vow'd;
Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their Honour: yet in leaving you,
All their austere Laws I shall out-do:
And an Example leave so brave and great,
As none shall ever after imitate.

Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard:
Go on, and Infamy be your Reward.
Long since my Fears your Falshood had display'd;
Nor would I at your Sute have longer stay'd.
Would I the base Indignities had born
Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?
No, to this Breach I would have spurr'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done.

No longer shall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you must not think to hear me rail,
Or Heav'n invoke, its Vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchsafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no Memory may there remain,
Of either your Injustice, or my Pain.

[Kneels.

But the sad *Berenice*, before she dies,
Is sure to have Revenge, if you have Eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that Heart, I have it there.

[Points to his Breast.
Within

166 TITUS and BERENICE.

Within your self shall rise your dreadfullst Foe;
My past Integritys, my Torments now,
Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
My Blood which in your Palace I shall shed,
Sufficient Terrors to your Soul shall give,
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave. [*Ex. furiously.*]

Paul. Thus, Sir, at least the Conquest you have won,
The Queen you see's contented be gone.

Tit. Curse on thy Roman Rudeness, that canst see
Such Tears, unmov'd, and mock such Misery!
Oh! I am lost, and 'tis in vain to strive;
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.

Fly and prevent that Fate to which she's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [*Exit Rut.*]

Paul. Sir, if I might advise, you should not send,
Rather command her Women to attend;
They better can her Melancholy chear;
The worst is past, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I saw your melting Pity when she wept,
And my rough Heart but very hardly scap'd.
Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
That, spite of all, your Fortune yet is kind.
What Triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll see,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

Tit. Who for Barbarity would be ador'd!
I hate my self. *Nero*, so much abhor'd,
That bloody Tyrant, whom I blush to name,
Was never half so cruel as I am.
No, I'll pursue the Queen, she loves me still,
Will pardon me when at her Feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* say what it will.

Paul. How, Sir?

Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I say:
Excess of Sorrow drives my Mind astray.

Paul. O follow where your full Renown does lead.
Your last Adieus Report abroad has spread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new Triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your Name:
The People wild in the Applause you've won,
With Laurel Wreaths to crown your Statues run.

Tit.

TITUS and BERENICE. 167

Tit. By that their Salvage Natures they betray;
 For so wild Beasts roar o'er their murder'd Prey;
 Who would have Sense the sweets of Pow'r to prize!
 Since most in danger, when we highest rise:
 For who by Greatness e'er did happy grow?
 None but the heavy Slave is truly so,
 Who travels all his Life in one dull Road,
 And, drudging on, in quiet loves his Load;
 Seeking no farther than the Needs of Life,
 Knows what's his own, and so exempt from Strife,
 And cherishes his homely careful Wife,
 Lives by the Clod; and thinks of nothing higher;
 Has all, because he cannot much desire.
 Had I been born so low, I had been blest,
 Of what I love, without controul, possess:
 Never had Honour or Ambition known,
 Nor ever to be Great had been undone. *[Shouts within.]*

Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State,
 I'th' Name of all the Empire for you wait;
 They're follow'd too by an impatient Throng,
 Who seem to murmur you delay so long.

Tit. Toil me no more, disperse that clamorous Rout;
 Tell 'em, they shall no more have cause to doubt:
 The Queen's departure they'll to morrow see,
 And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
 Take this, *Paulinus*; bear it to the Queen;

[Writes on a Tablet.]

For should we meet, I must relapse again;
 I've bid her here eternally adieu:
 Stay while she reads it, and her Troubles view,
 And bring me faithful Word, as thou art true.
 Hold! Oh my Heart! yet go, it must be done;
 For what's necessity we cannot shun.
 Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
 Or a new Being to my self could give;
 Some monstrous and unheard of Shape now find,
 As Salvage, and as Barbarous as my Mind.

Antiochus!

Enter

168 **TITUS and BERENICE.**

Enter Antiochus, Attendants, and Arsaces.

Ant. My last Adieu to pay
I come, and dare in Rome no longer stay.
My Griefs, and my Afflictions grow so high,
If not by Absence slacken'd, I must die.

Tit. What reason have the Happy to repine?
Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
With all her Charms receive her to thy Breast,
And be of all I ever lov'd possesst.

Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my Pain:
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
No, should I stay to see you when you part,
Tho' I am sure the Sight would break my Heart,
Yet she, as still my Prayers have been deny'd,
Tho' I but begg'd one Blessing ere I dy'd,
Even then with Scorn would throw me from her side.

Tit. Oh Heav'n! she's entring, from her Charms let's fly,
Meet, and prevent her— *[Ex. Titus.]*

Enter Berenice, &c.

Ber. How he hastes away!
Ingrateful! Dearest perjur'd *Titus*, stay, *[Kneels.]*
Afflictions catch him, great as those I bear.
My Lord, at last I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis seal'd: But ere I part from you and Rome,
I ask, and I your Pardon would receive:
Can you the Wrongs which I have done forgive?

Ant. I never any Injuries did find:
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one soft Word, how suddenly I'm lost,
And have no sense of my Disgraces past!
But must I then for ever lose you so?
I am no Roman, nor was e'er your Foe.
No, rather here continue, and be Great,
Whilst I lie ever hopeless at your Feet.

Ber. Should I stay here, and my Wrongs tamely bear
From him that shuns, and flies me ev'ry where?
I have a nobler Mind, and you shall see
I can disdain and scorn as much as he:

TITUS and BERENICE. 169

For tho' 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my Heart this Hour abjures.

Ant. To banish him your Heart whilst you prepare,
What will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deserve it all,
And sure a little to my share might fall.

Ber. Oh of that killing Subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I could, before.
Love for another struck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my Heart.

Ant. When first my Passion was disdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your Esteem.
But now at last his Breach of Faith you see,
And bear it nobly too: How can you be
T' your self so just, and yet so hard to me?

Ber. What cruel Storms and fierce Assaults you make,
To batter down a Heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'er?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

Ant. O stay, since of the Vict'ry you're secure;
Pity the Pains and Anguish I endure,
In Wounds, which you and none but you can cure.

[Kneels.]

Look back, whilst at your Feet my self I cast,
And think the Sigh that's coming is my last.
My Heart its sad eternal Farewel takes:
Be but so kind to see me when it breaks.

Ber. Rise, rise, my Lord. The Emperor's return'd.
Conduct me hence, let me not more be scorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. How am I lost! resolve on what I will,
Spite of my self I wander this way still.
Why would you, *Berenice*, my Presence shun?

Ber. No! I'll hear nothing, I've resolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my sight?
Why come you thus t' exasperate my Despair?
Are you yet not content? I know you are.

Tit. If ever yet my Heart was dear to yours,
By all our plighted Vows, those softest Hours,

170 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

In which for ever to be true I swore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to stay;
But my Resolves are to be gone to Day.
And I depart.

Tit. No Journey must you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his Griefs forsake?
No! Stay——

Ber. I stay! Ungrateful as you are;
For what! a Peoples rude Affronts to bear;
That with the sound of my Misfortunes rend
The Clouds, and Shouts to Heav'n in Volleys send?
Does not their cruel Joy yet reach your Ears,
Whilst I alone torment my self in Tears?
By what Offence or Crime are they thus mov'd?
Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?

Tit. D'you mind the Voice of an outrageous Throng?
I ever thought your Constancy more strong:
Never believ'd your Heart so weak could be,
Whose powerful Charms had captivated me.

Ber. All that I see Distraction does create:
These rich Apartments, and this pompuous State,
These Places where I spent my happiest Hours,
And plighted all my Vows, false Man, to yours;
All, as most vile Impostors, I detest.
How strangely, *Titus*, might we have been blest!

Tit. This Art to torture Souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your Nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice*! how you destroy me!

Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.

Ber. No,
Return, and to your famous Senate go,
That for your Cruelties applaud you so.
Have you not Honour to your full delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in Expiation can you do?
Have you not ever Tworn to hate me too?

Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?

TITUS and BERENICE. 171

This hard Suspicion was unjustly urg'd
 'Gainst a poor Heart, too much before surcharg'd.
 Oh, Madam! know me better, and recal
 The Wrong, since first I at your Feet did fall.
 Count all the single Days and Minutes past,
 Wherein my Vows and my Desires I prest.
 And at this time your greatest Conquest know,
 For you were never so belov'd as now;
 Nor ever —

Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
 Yet you your self command me to be gone.
 Is my Despair so charming to your View?
 D'you think the Tears I shed are all too few?
 Of such a Heart a vain Return you make;
 No, never call those dear Idea's back;
 But suffer me in this Belief to rest;
 That secretly, long since exil'd your Breast,
 I only from a faithless Wretch depart,
 And one that never lays the Loss to Heart.
 If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been sent:
 Here you've commanded me to Banishment.

[Opens the Tablets.]

What wond'rous Love you bear me this doth show:
 Read, read, Ungrateful, read, and let me go.

[Gives him the Tablets.]

Tit. You shall not go, I have not given Consent,
 Nor will I ever, to your Banishment.
 Your cruel Resolution I descry:
 To be reveng'd of me you seek to die.
 And then of all I love, except the Pain,
 Nought but the sad Remembrance will remain.
Antiochus! be thou a Witness here

[*Ber.* sinks down in a Chair.]

Of all my Misery and my Despair.

Ant. Despair's a Theme I only understand:
 You, if you will, your Wishes may command.
 Such Beauty ready for Possession see,
 And leave that ugly Hag, Despair, to me.

Tit. Behold those Eyes, how dull and dark they grow?
 Madam, when at your Feet I fall thus low,
[Kneels.
Vouch-

172 **TITUS and BERENICE.**

Vouchsafe my sad Afflictions to believe,
 Alas! 'tis all the Ease I'm like to have.
 When first the dreadful Minute I beheld;
 That by my Duty and the Laws compell'd,
 I found it forc'd that you must hence depart,
 Though nothing e'er can banish you my Heart;
 'Twas then my Soul had first a Sense of Fears,
 Foreseeing your Reproaches and your Tears.
 I then expected, Madam, all the weight
 Of Woes that can on worse Misfortunes light.
 But whatsoever Fears oppress'd my Heart,
 I find I but foresaw the lesser part.
 I thought my Virtue not so apt to bow;
 And am asham'd 'tis thus intangled now.

Ber. Let me alone, and vex my Soul no more,
 You of your Virtue talkt enough before.
 Urge it not still to aggravate my Shame.
 When crown'd with Conquest from the Wars you came,
 I know you brought me but to fill your State;
 For else the Triumph had not been compleat.

Tit. Since you have then resolv'd, it shall be so;
 And judge by this if you're belov'd or no.
 No longer Torments on my Soul shall prey,
 Since you to Freedom see so brave a Way:
 A Way by more than one great Roman shown,
 Who when their Miseries had prest 'em down,
 Propt from within, shook off with Life the Weight,
 [Offers to stab himself.]
 And thus fell nobly grappling with their Fate.

Ber. Oh stay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
 Would *Titus* die for *Berenice's* sake?
 I see the Blow you cruelly prepare
 To wound that Breast, where I, you say, have share.
 To hurt what's mine would be unjustly done;
 No, rather strike this Heart that's all your own.

Tit. Best of thy Sex! and dearest! now I see
 How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
 Hence, ye perplexing Cares, that clog a Brain,
 Whilst struck with Extasie, I here fall down. [Kneels.]

TITUS and BERENICE 173

Thus at your Feet a happy Prostrate laid,
I'm much more blest than if the World I sway'd.

Ber. Now the blest *Berenice* enough has seen: [Kneels.]
I thought your Love had quite extinguish'd been:
But 'twas my Error; for you still are true,
Your Heart is troubled, and your Tears I view.
Ev'n my worst Sufferings much o'er-paid I see,
Nor shall th' unhappy World be curst for me.
Nothing, since first 'twas yours, my Love would shake,
So absolute a Conquest did you make:
But now I'll bring it to the utmost Test,
And with one fuincal Act crown all the rest.

Tit. Hah! tell me, *Berenice*, what will you do?

Ber. Far from your Sight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have resolv'd on't, and it shall be so.

Tit. *Antiochus*! I'm born to be undone,
When I the greatest Conquest thought t'have won,
Ev'n in my noblest Race I am out-run.
But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind:
Your enlarg'd Kingdom shall to hers be join'd.
And now how much you are my faithful Friend,
In being so to her, you'll best express.

[Falling on his Neck.]

Never forsake her in sad Distress.
Where-e'er she goes, for ever with her be;
And sometimes in my Absence sigh for me.

Ant. *Arfaces*! on thy Bosom let me lie,
Whilst I but take one last dear Look, and die.

Ber. No live, and by a generous Strife out-do
Us both, and of your self be Conqueror too.
Farewel.

Let us all three a rare Example prove,
Of a most tender, though unhappy, Love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I restore.
Farewel, and reign, I'll never see you more.

[Ex. Ber.]

Ant. Oh Heav'n!

Tit. She's gone, and all I valu'd lost:
Now, Friend, let *Rome* of her great Emp'ror boast.

174 *TITUS and BERENICE.*

Since they themselves first taught me Cruelty,
I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of Pity I'll disown,
And with my Arms the Universe o'er-run.
Robb'd of my Love, through Ruins purchase Fame,
And make the World as wretched as I am.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



THE



THE
CHEATS of *Scapin*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Octavian and Shift.

OCTAVIAN.



HIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Fathen in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Shift. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a Resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as furly, as if thou really could'st do me no good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busie in contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first Prudent, and then Good-natur'd.

176 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Old. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what things have happen'd in his Absence? I dread his Anger and Reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Would I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Old. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*: She is indeed a good smug Lass, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some —

Old. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Old. I have no Friend that can appease my Father's Anger, and now I shall be betray'd to Want and Misery.

Shift. For my Part I know but one Remedy in our Misfortunes.

Old. Prithee, what is it?

Shift. You know that Rogue and Arch-Cheat, *Scapin*.

Old. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheadling Rogue, I'd undertake in two Hours he shall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three Days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Old. He is the fittest Person in the World for my Business; the impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peevish old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll set him a-work immediately.

Shift. See where he comes — Monsieur *Scapin*!

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Shift. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most Noble Qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden Cuckold, sincere as Whores, honest as Pimps in want.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 177

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you scorn the Gibbets, Halters and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh *Scapin*! I am utterly ruin'd without thy Assistance.

Scap. Why? What's the matter, good Mr. *Octavian*?

Oct. My Father is this Day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a Resolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knowest I am already married: How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Maariage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well; I am publick-spirited; I love to help distressed young Gentlemen: and thank Heav'n I have had good Success enough.

Oct. Besides, my present want must be considered; I am in Rebellion without any Money.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can Cheat upon Occasion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority, ruin such little Under-traders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee straight about thy Business: Canst thou make no use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his Assistance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Ay Sir; but like other wise Men, I am not over-valiant: Pray leave me out of this Business: My Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along: What Man, stand out for a Beating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift. Well, well.

178 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Enter Clara.

Off. Here comes my dearest *Clara*.

Cl. Ah me, *Octavian*! I hear sad News: They say, your Father is return'd.

Off. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate Person in the World; but 'tis not my own Misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those Wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easie to us; which is a Sign it is the chiefest Good: But I have other Cares: Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Off. Never, my dearest, never.

Cl. They that love much may be allow'd some Fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cl. I tremble at the Thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

Off. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave, and very angry.

Off. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more furlily:— Very well:— Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority—

Octavian, Thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not Tears of Joy, but Tears of Sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Virtuous, I should pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate-Bird*, *Rogue*, *Villain*, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my Absence? Marry'd? Yes: But to whom? Nay that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a civil

Family,

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 179

Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or —

Clara. Hold, *Scapin*, hold —

Scap. No Offence, Lady, I speak but another's Words.

Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a Groat, not a Groat. Besides, I will break all thy Bones ten times over; get thee out of my House — Why, Sir, you reply not a Word, but stand as bashfully as a Girl that is examin'd by a Bawdy Judge about a Rape.

Oct. Look, yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay, *Shift*, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [*Ex. Oct. and Clara.*]

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Was there ever such a rash Action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it, that he vents it to himself.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a Distance.*]

Thrif. Will they be so impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Thrif. And for that Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thrash him to death; I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Shift. I wonder'd he had forgot me so long.

Thrif. Oh, Oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governor! he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your safe Return.

Thrif. Good morrow, *Scapin* — Indeed you have follow'd my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my Absence, has he not Rascal, has he not? [*To Shift.*]

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well — thou say'st not a Word Varlet, thou say'st not a Word.

Scap.

180 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Scap. Had you a good Voyage, Mr. *Thrifty*?

Thrif. Lord Sir! a very good Voyage; pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler, Sir?

Thrif. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what Reason?

Thrif. Upon what Reason? Hast thou not heard what hath happened in my Absence?

Scap. I heard a little idle Story.

Thrif. A little idle Story, quoth a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I am not of your Opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, Sir, I have stormed about this Business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, Indeed, Mr. *Ostavian*, you do not do well to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; 'till at last, when I had well examined the Business, I found you had not so much wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not wrong done me, to have my Son married, without my Consent, to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas he was ordained to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we shall Steal, Cheat, Murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you so subtil a Philosopher; I mean, he was fatally engaged in this Affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wise as your self? young Men will have their Follies, witness my Charge *Leander*; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger ate than your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self; yes I warrant you, and had your Frailties.

Thrif.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 181

Thrif. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was so in love with the young Wench, that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself;

Shift. Must! why, he had already done it, but that I came very seasonably and cut the Rope.

Thrif. Didst thou cut the Rope, Dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scap. Beside, her Kindred surprized him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Thrif. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he scorn'd that.

Thrif. Then might I easily have disannul'd the Marriage.

Scap. Disannul the Marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the Marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, shall not I claim the Privilege of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the Violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never consent to.

Thrif. He will not consent to!

Scap. No: Would you have him confess he was Hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himself a Coward: Oh fie, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Thrif. Pish, talk not to me of Honour; he shall do it or be disinherited.

Scap. Who shall disinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

Scap. You disinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How very good?

Scap. You shalt not disinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scap. No.

Thrif. No!

Scap.

182 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherit my Son?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir, your own self, Sir; your own self.

Thrif. I my self?

Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive your self; Fatherly Affection must show it self, it must, it must; do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are mistaken, Sir; Y'are mistaken: — Pish, why do I spend my time in tittle-tattle with this idle Fellow? — Hang-Dog, go find out my Rake-Hell — [to Shift.] whilst I go to my Brother Gripe, and inform him of my Misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any service---

Thrift. O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you--- [Ex. Thrift.]

Shift. I must confess, thou art a brave Fellow, and our Affairs begin to be in a better posture — but the Mony, the Mony — we are abominable poor, and my Master has the lean vigilant Duns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she sollicitis a Maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your Mony shall be my next care — let me see, I want a Fellow to — Can't thou not counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Assatia*? — Stalk — look big — very well. Follow me, I have ways to disguise thy Voice and Countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little care, and lay your Plot so that I may not act the Bully all ways; I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll share the Danger, we'll share the Danger.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 183

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thrifty and Gripe.

Gripe. SIR, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

Thrif. Sir, trouble not your self about my Son; I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. In troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I say to you: The Education of Children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father. And had you tutor'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence: Those that are so quick to censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at Home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thrif. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some Body else: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill News to one that I think so to me: Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council, and advise what's to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again.

Exit Thrifty.

Gripe. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my dear Father, how joyful am I to see you safely return'd. Welcome, as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe.

184 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Gripe. Not so fast, Friend a'mine; soft and fair goes far,
Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Gripe. Stand still, and let me look ye in the Face.

Leand. How must I stand, Sir?

Gripe. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gripe. Yes, Report Sir, I speak *English*, as I take it:
 What is't that you have done in my Absence?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me
 done?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had you
 done; but what have you done.

Leand. Who I, Sir? why I have done nothing at all,
 not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all!

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man,
 and my Innocence.

Gripe. Very well; but *Scapin*, d'ye mark me, young-
 man, *Scapin* has told me some Tales of your Behaviour.

Leand. *Scapin*!

Gripe. Oh have I caught you? That Name makes ye
 blush, does it? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me?

Gripe. That shall be examin'd anon: In the mean while
 get you Home d'ye hear, and stay 'till my Return; but
 look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me,
 never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face
 more; but expect to be as miserable as thy Folly and
 Poverty can make thee. [Exit *Gripe*.]

Leand. Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition: This
 Rascal has betray'd my Marriage, and undone me: Now
 there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by Ra-
 pine: and to set my Hand in; the first thing shall be to
 cut the Throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has
 ruin'd me.

Enter

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 185

Enter Octavian and Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to see you, good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant, you honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill Fool's Part; but I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir!

Oct. Hold; *Leander*.

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the Trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps no Body would have told me. But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the Heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, Rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll fwinge it out of your already tann'd thick Hide. *[Beats him.]*

Scap. The Devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr. *Leander*, pray, Mr. *Leander*; 'Squire *Leander* — As I hope to be sav'd —

Oct. Prithee be quiet; for shame; enough:— *[Interposeth.]*

Scap. Well, Sir, I confess indeed that —

Leand. What! speak, Rogue.

Scap. About two Months ago you may remember, a Maid-servant dy'd in the House. —

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dy'd for love of me, Sir: But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a Week after her Death, I dress'd up my self like her Ghost, and went into Madam *Lucia*, your Mistress's Chamber, where she lay half in, half out of Bed, with her Woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-Book.

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap.

186 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Scap. They both believe it was a Ghost to this Hour. But it was my self play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy Custom of lying awake at those unseasonable Hours, hearing filthy Plays, when she had never said her Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time and place: But come to the Point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To your Father? I have not so much as seen him since his Return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes, he told me himself, and told me all that thou hast said to him.

Scap. With your good Leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your Pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the most unhappy News.

Leand. What's the Matter?

Sly. Your Mistress, Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200*l.* They say 'tis a Debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her Escape hither to Dover; and if you don't raise Money within these two Hours to discharge her, she'll be hurry'd to Prison.

Leand. Within these two Hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within these two Hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy Assistance.

[Scapin walks about furlily.]

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword in my Guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For Heav'n's sake, think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Off. You must do something for him.

Scap. Yes, to have my Bones broken for my Pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe Extremity!

Scap. To put such an Affront upon me as you did.

Leand.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 187

Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'll do't.

Oth. Faith, Scapin, you must, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: But d'ye mark me, Sir, another time better Words, and gentler Blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my Business?

Scap. As I see convenient, care shall be taken,

Leand. But the time you know is short.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much Money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred Pounds.

Scap. And you?

Oth. As much.

Scap. to Leander.] No more to be said; it shall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, though he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to Heav'n, he's but a shallow Person, his Parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no resemblance of him, but that y^e are very like him. Begone; I see Octavian's Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[Exeunt Oth. and Leand.]

Enter Thrifty.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thrif. Oh, audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself in such a Mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant,

Thrif. How do you, Scapin?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Son's rash Actions?

Thrif. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The Life of Man is full of Troubles, that's the truth on't: But your Philosopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Case.

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif.

188 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Thrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his Home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and Philosophically, to revolve within his Mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may, during the Interval, conspire to the Conjunction of those Misfortunes and troublesome Accidents that may intervene upon the said Absence, and the Interruption of his Oeconomical Inspection, into the Remissness, Negligences, Frailties, and huge and perilous Errors, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defil'd and impure: These things premis'd, and fore-consider'd, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murder'd, his Daughters deflower'd, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis qua nunc perscribere longum est,
and to thank Heav'n 'tis no worse too: D' ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb, and the wisest in the World: Good Sir, get it by Heart: 'Twill do ye the greatest Good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank, you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say — When the Master of a —

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better Thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers? Do ye not see every day how the Sponges suck poor Clients, and with a company of foolish, nonsensical Terms, and knavish Tricks, undo the Nation? No, you shall take another way.

Thrif. You have Reason, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 189

a great Compassion for your Grief; I cannot, when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons Miscarriages, but have Bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrif. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; Tears will burst out; I have a great respect for your Person. *[Counterfeits weeping.]*

Thrif. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we should have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a Person in the World whom I respect more than the noble Mr. *Thrift*.

Thrif. Thou art honest, *Scapin*. Ha' done, ha' done.

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Thrif. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down, hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face inflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curles enough in a Day to serve a Garrison a Week; bred up in Blood and Rapine, used to Slaughter from his Youth upwards; one that makes no more Conscience of killing a Man than cracking of a Louse; he has killed sixteen, four for taking the Wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he shot pissing against the Wall: In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thrif. Heav'n! How do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, he (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courses of Law, all the Assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I ventur'd my Life ten times; for so often he drew and run at me) yet, I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a Sum of Money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what Sum?

Scap.

190 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Scap. Faith he was damnably unreasonable at first, and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

Thrif. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500*l.*

Thrif. 'Ouns and Heart, 500*l.* Five hundred Devils take him—and fry and frigassee the Dog; does he take me for a Mad-man?

Scap. Why so I said; and after much Argument I brought him to this: Damme, says he, I am going to the Army, and I must have two good Horses for my self, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least three-score Guineas.

Thrif. Hang him Rogue! why should he have two Horses? But I care not if I give threescore Guineas to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hosc, Cloth and all, will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Why that's fourscore.

Scap. Well reckon'd: Faith this Arithmetick is a fine Art: Then I must have one for my Boy will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thrif. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot-Soldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrif. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are resolv'd to spend twice as much at Doctors-Commens, you are; you will stand out for such a Sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it, Oh, a covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so covetous.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 191

Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors-Commons*; and though her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. O eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Devil's in him, I think!

Scap. Then, says he, I must carry into *France* Money to buy a Mule, to carry——

Thrif. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thrif. No, not so much as an Ass!

Scap. Consider.

Thrif. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law, you do not consider the Appeals, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate Proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest Right in the World for a Bribe. On the other side, the Proctor shall side with your Adversary, and sell your Cause for ready Money: Your Advocate shall be gain'd the same way, and shall not be found when your Cause is to be heard. Law is a Torment of all Torments.

Thrif. That's true: Why, what does the damn'd Rogue——reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why, for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred Pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[*Thrif. walks up and down in a great Heat.*]

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Thrif. I'll go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge your self.

Thrif. To Law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for Procuration, Presentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles,
Con-

192 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings—Expedition-Fees; besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives. Hang the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the Money, give him it I say.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pound!

Scap. Ay, ay, why, you'll gain 150 l. by it, I have sum'm'd it up; I say, give it him, I faith do.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds!

Scap. Ay; besides you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thrif. I defie 'em; let 'em tell of my Whoring, 'tis the Fashion.

Scap. Peace; here's the Brother.

Thrif. O Heav'n! what shall I do?

Enter Shift disguis'd like a Bully.

Shift. Damme, where's this confounded Dog, this Father of Octavian? Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh! [*Hides himself behind Scapin.*]

Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200 l.

Shift. By Heav'n he shall be Worms-meat within these two Hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his Friends?

Thrif. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Shift. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal?

Thrif. Oh! ay, hang him---- Oh damn'd Bully! [*Aside.*]

Shift. Give me thy Hand old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, *Scapin.*

Shift,

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 193

Shift. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah!

[He foyns every way with his Sword.]
Here I had one through the Lungs; there another into the Heart: Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah, Rogues! there I was with you: Hah——hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,——hah! *[Exit Shift.]*

Thrif. Here, *Scapin*, I have 200 Guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be said. Let me never see his Face again; take 'em, I say: This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him your self?

Thrif. No, no! I will never see him more: I shall not recover this these three Months. See the Business done. I trust in thee, honest *Scapin*: I must repose somewhere: I am mightily out of Order——A plague on all Bullies, I say. *[Exit Thrifty.]*

Scap. So, there's one dispatch'd; I must now find out *Gripe*: He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heav'n! unlook'd for Misfortune; poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do? *[Walks about distractedly.]*

Gripe. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no Body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe*?

Gripe. Who's there? *Scapin*!

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe*?

Gripe. Art thou blind; I have been just under thy Nose this Hour.

Scap. Sir,——

Gripe. What's the Matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir, your Son——

Gripe. Ha, my Son——

Scap. Is fallen into the strangest Misfortune in the World.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a-while ago, disorder'd for something you had said to him, wherein you very idly made use of

194 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier: Amongst other things, he took particular notice of a new Caper in her full Trim: The Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the Disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good distance from the Shoar, he discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service, and sent me off in his Long-boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith send him two hundred Pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to *Algiers*.

Gripe. How, in the Devil's Name? 200 l.

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allow'd me but an Hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gripe. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?—Run quickly, *Scapin*, and tell the Villain, I'll send my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open Sea: d'ye think Pirates are Fools?

Gripe. I'th' Devil's Name, what Business had he a Shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to mischief, Sir.

Gripe. *Scapin*, thou must now act the Part of a faithful Servant.

Scap. As how, Sir?

Gripe. Thou must go bid the Pirate send me my Son, and stay as a Pledge in his room, 'till I can raise the Mony.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has so little Wit as to accept of such a poor rascally Fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two Hours time?

Gripe. Thou say'st he demands—

Scap. 200 l.

Gripe.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 195

Gripe. 200 l. Has the Fellow no Conscience?

Scap. O law! the Conscience of a Pirate! why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gripe. Has he no Reason neither? Does he know what the Sum of 200 l. is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawllins are a sort of People that understand Mony, tho' they have no great Acquaintance with Sense. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gripe. Here take the Key of my Compting-House.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the Left-hand Window lies the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Chest, and sell 'em to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, y'are mad; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am streightned for time.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. Let Shipboard alone, and consider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n is my witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his Father's kindness.

Gripe. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the Mony. Was it not ninescore Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 l.

Gripe. What, 200 l. Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *English* Mony, 200 l. Sterling.

Gripe. Pth' Devil's Name, what Business had he a Shipboard? Confounded Shipboard.

Scap. This Shipboard sticks in his Stomach.

Gripe. Hold, Scapin, I remember I receiv'd the very Sum just now in Gold, but did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

[He presents Scapin his Purse, but will not let it go; and in his Transportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.]

Scap. Ay, Sir.

Gripe. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

Scap. Yes, Sir.

196 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Gripe. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

Gripe. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200*l.* contrary to all Law or Equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Scap. Right, Sir.

Gripe. Now make haste, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Mony?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gripe. Ha——my Griefs and Fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard? ——Damn'd Pirate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee. *[Exit.]*

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficultly he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other Coin, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Octavian and Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, there's 200*l.* which I have squeez'd out of your Father.

[To Octavian.]

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing —— *[To Leander.]*

Leand. Then may I go hang my self. Friends both adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear; the Devil has no such necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too?

Leand. Is't possible.

Scap. But on Condition that you permit me to revenge my self on your Father, for the Trick he has serv'd me.

Leand.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 197

Leand. With all my Heart, at thy own Discretion, good honest *Scapin*.

Scap. Hold your Hand, there's 200*l*.

Leand. My Thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel, dear Son of *Mercury*, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy Pupil. Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governesses, where our careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us; I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the good Fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recompence the Reputation we have lost by it.

Clara. Our greatest Satisfaction is, that they are Men of Fashion and Credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, 'till I had a perfect Confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an Assurance of *Octavian's* that brought me hither.

Luc. I must confess, I had no less a Sense of the Faith and Honour of *Leander*.

Clara. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circumstances of our Fortune should be so near ally'd, and our selves so much Strangers. Besides, if I mistake not, I see something in *Leander*, so much resembling a Brother of mine, of the same Name, that did not the time since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt to call him so.

Luc. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the Reason I have not seen him yet. But if I deceive not my self, there is something in your *Octavian* that extremely refreshes my Memory of him.

198 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Cla. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclin'd to hope: But there's a strange blind side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we most earnestly desire.

Luc. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers: And for my part, I had rather lose an old-Father than a young Lover, when I may with Reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Impolition of Fatherly Authority.

Cla. How unsufferable it is to be sacrific'd, to the Arms of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other Sense than to eat and drink when it is provided for him, rise in the Morning, and go to Bed at Night, and with much ado be perswaded to keep himself clean.

Luc. A thing of meer Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meagre hang-dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the Worms.

Cla. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes, never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Luc. Twenty to one, but to some such charming Creatures our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Cla. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest Kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my Days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Cla. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a Callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Ladies!

Cla. Oh, Monsieur *Scapin*! What's the Reason you have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, Ladies, Business, Business has taken up my time; and truly I love an active Life, love my Business extreamly.

Luc. Methinks tho' this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find Employment in.

Scap.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 199

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and cheat, to get an honest Livelihood.

Cla. Certainly Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courses?

Scap. Oh, Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac'd Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope yours has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Cla. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladiship) is generally most indulgent to the nimble mettled Blockheads; Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be active: Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have so much as Courage. No, Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much Fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want Patrons: And for Honesty, if your Ladiships think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Cla. Prithee, *Lucia*, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some Divertisement; which hath been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift with a Sack.

Scap. Oh, *Shift*!

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Master's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the Secrets of his Friend. If any Man puts a Trick upon me without return, may I lose this Nose with the Pox, without the Pleasure of getting it.

200 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Shift. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that Body of thine, to the Indignity of Bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures make them pleasant when accomplish'd.

Shift. But your Adventures, how Comical soever in the beginning, are sure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter. I hate your pusillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: Here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh, Sir, Sir, shift for your self, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heav'n's sake.

Gripe. What's the matter, Man?

Scap. Heav'n! is this a time to ask Questions? Will you be murder'd instantly? I am afraid you'll be kill'd within these two Minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! kill'd! for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; he's a Captain of a Privateer, who has all sorts of Rogues, *English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the Marriage: They run up and down, crying, where is the Rogue *Gripe*? Where is the Dog? where is the Slave *Gripe*? they watch for you so narrowly that there's no getting home to your House.

Gripe. Oh, *Scapin*! What shall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay, Heav'n knows; but if you come within their reach they'll *De Wit* you, they'll tear you in pieces; heark.

Gripe. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum, 'tis none of them.

Gripe. Canst thou find no way for my escape, dear *Scapin*?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good *Scapin*, show thy self a Man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 201

Gripe. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it eight or nine Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll save your Life go into this Sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. No body: Get into the Sack, and stir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Major's House of the Castle.

Gripe. An admirable Invention, Oh Lord! quick.

[Gets into the Sack.]

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent Invention, if you knew all, keep in your Head. Oh, here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is *Leander's* Fathers, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know? what would you have with him-----

[Lie close.]

Have with him, look you! *hur* has no great bus'ness, but *hur* wou'd have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captain, look you now, Sir.

He affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and *hur* will give you Beatings and Chastisements, for your Contradictions when *hur* Welse Flood's up, look you, and *hur* will cudgel your Packs and your Nostles for it; take you that, pray you now. [Beats the Sack.]

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach *saucy* Jacks how they profook *hur* Welse Floods and *hur* Chollers: and for the old Rogue, *hur* will have his Gutts and his Flood, look you, Sir, or *hur* will never wear Leek upon St. Taffy's Day more, look you.

Oh! He has mawl'd me, a damn'd Welse Rascal.

202 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Gripe. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders: Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not stand further off?

Scap. Peace——Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Yaw Fellee, wi' th Sack theere, done yaw know whear th' awd Rascatt Graip is?

Not I; but here is no Rascal.

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw known weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a foo Rascatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Mess, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th' Bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand you.

Why, Th' awart his Man, thaw Hobble, I'll snite th' Nase o' thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first bawt to the gawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' Mess, ond after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and ay wot, he'll be a pratty swatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, sayn ye? Ays find him, by'r Lady, an he be' a-boue gawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gripe. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [*Gripe pops in his Head.*]

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou bear, Sack-man? I pridee fare is de damn'd Dog Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

Fat's dat to me, Foy? by my Soul, Foy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 203

know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my Salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my soul, if I do see him, I will make murther upon him, for my Captain's sake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowles, de Devil take me indeed. Fat hast dow in dat Sack, Foy? by my Salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you to do with it?

By my Soul, Foy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! Oh!

Scap. Fatt, it does grunt, by my Salvation; de Devil take me, I will see it indeed

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with my Life:

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Foy, and that, and that, upon my Soul, and so I do take my leave, Foy:

[Beats him in the Sack]

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gripe. Yours? Oh, my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are a coming.

In a hoarse Seaman's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on sore and aft, swinge him with a Cat-o-nine-tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In broken French-English

If dere be no more Men in England, I vill kille him, I vill put my Rapire in his Body, I vill give him two tree pushe in de Gutte.

Here

204 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Here Scapin acts a number of 'em together.

We mun go this way — o' th' Right hand, no to th' Left hand — lie close — search ev'ry where — by my Salvation, I will kill the damn'd Dog — and we do catch 'em, we'll tear 'em in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way — no, streight forward. Hold, here is his Man; where's your Master — Dam me, where? in Hell? speak — Hold, not so furiously — and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder th e —

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay hem on thick, thwack him soundly,

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my Master.

Knock 'em down, beat 'em soundly, to 'em, at 'em, at 'em, at —

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his Heels.

Gripe. Oh, Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence!

Enter Thrifty.

Oh, Brother *Thrifty*! You come to see me loaden with disgrace; the Villain *Scapin* has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200*l*. This beating brings all into my Memory. *[Aside.*

Thrif. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the same Sum?

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am asham'd to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the Forerunner of another: Just now I receiv'd Letters from *London*, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they fell in Love with.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Luc. Was ever so malicious Impudence seen — Hah — Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Cl. And the other mine, whom *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bless us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

Cl. What will they say to find us here?

Lucia.

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 205

Luc. My dearest Father, welcome to England.

Thrif. My Daughter *Luce*?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gripe. My *Clara* here too?

Cl. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Thrif. What strange Destiny has directed this Happiness to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gripe. Hey day!

Thrif. Oh, Son! I have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, all your Propositions are vain; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Thrif. Look you now; is not this very fine? Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you; you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here —

Oct. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter, Sir, as long as I live: No, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cl. Yes, *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father, and all our Fears and Troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, would you? Did not I always say you should marry Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luce*.

Oct. Unlook'd for Blessing! why she's my Friend *Leander's* Wife!

Thrif. How, *Leander's* Wife!

Gripe. What, my Son *Leander*?

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gripe. Indeed! Well, Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good-natur'd Boy. Well, now I am so overjoy'd, that I could laugh till I shook my Shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my Marriage is discover'd; nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my Wife, and I must own her.

Gripe. Brother *Thrifty*, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

206 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Thrif. Own her, quoth a! why kifs her, kifs her, Man; odsbodikins, when I was a young Fellow, and was first marry'd, I did nothing else for three Months. O my Conscience I got my Boy *Otti* there, the first Night, before the Curtains were quite drawn!

Gripe. Well, 'tis his Father's nown Child. Just so, Brother, was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my Dear without blushing; but when we were a-Bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my Father reconcil'd to me.

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee, why I love thee at my Heart Man, at my Heart; why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty's* Daughter, Mrs. *Lucie*, whom I always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* marry'd to Mr. *Otti* there.

Leand. *Ottavian*, are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wish'd after the compleating of my Happiness with my charming *Lucia*.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your Complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of Fashion. *Shift*, go to the Inn, and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am resolv'd to run in Debt to Night.

Shift. I shall obey your Commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then, d'you hear, send out and muster up all the Fidlers (blind or not blind, drunk or sober) in the Town; let not so much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case, escape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the Fellow that sings the Song at my Lord-Mayor's Feast: I my self would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he shoul set a Tune to it; 'twas the pretty'st he had last time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the strangest Accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gripe. Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him my self.

Sly

The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 207

Sly. Oh, Sir, that trouble you may spare; for passing by a Place where they were building, a great Stone fell upon his Head and broke his Scull so, you may see his Brains.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrapp'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded.

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, you see me, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the Prime of my Years: But yet I could not die without the Pardon of those I have wrong'd; yes, Gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the Injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master, Mr. *Gripe*.

Thrif. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman Bastinadoes which —

Gripe. Prithee speak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with vile Crab-tree Cudgel —

Gripe. Pish, no more, I say I am satisfied.

Scap. And now so near my Death, 'tis an unspeakable Grief that I should dare to lift my Hand against —

Gripe. Hold thy Peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all. —

Scap. Alas! how good a Man you are! But, Sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your Heart, those merciless Drubs that —

Gripe. Prithee speak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my Hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness revives me!

[Pulls off his Cap.]

Gripe. How's that! Friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to die!

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge employ your Thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gripe.

208 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Gripe. A dewce on't, Brother, as I hope to be sav'd, he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did: But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now then let's to Supper, and in our Mirth drown and forget all Troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower End of the Table:

Where in my Chair of State, I'll sit at ease,
And eat and drink, that I may die in Peace. [*A Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Mary Lee, when she
was out of Humour.

HOW little do you guess what I'm to say!

I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play:

For you must know, I've other Business now;

It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.

How happy were we, when in humble Guise

You came with honest Hearts and harmless Eyes;

Sate, without Noise and Tumult in the Pit:

Oh what a precious Jewel then was *We*!

Tho' now 'tis grown so common, let me die,

Gentlemen scorn to keep it company.

Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,

Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.

Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud,

Did not in curst Cabals of Criticks croud,

Nor thought it witty to be very loud;

But came to see the Follies you would shun:

Tho' now so fondly Antick here you're grown;

T'invert the Stage's purpose, and its Rules;

Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.

Equally witty, as some valiant are;

The sad Defects of both are expos'd here.

For here you'll censure, who disdain to write,

As some make Quarrels here that scorn to fight.

The

EPILOGUE.

*The rugged Soldier that from War returns,
And still wi'th' heat of former Action burns;
Let him but hither come to see a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a Day.
Shall steal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent Chat with tawdry Maux:
'Till e'er aware the Blust'rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmless as a Dove.*

*With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Tho' now, alas, we must your Absence mourn,
Whilst nought but Quality will serve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uses poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis said) comes mask'd to prey on Hearts.
The proper use of Vixors once was made,
When only worn by such as own'd the Trade:
Tho' now all mingle with 'em so together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter; on, pursue your Game,
'Till wearied you return at last, and tame:
Know then 'twill be our turn to be severe;
For when you've left your Stings behind you there,
You lazie Drones, ye shan't have harbour here.*



FRIENDSHIP

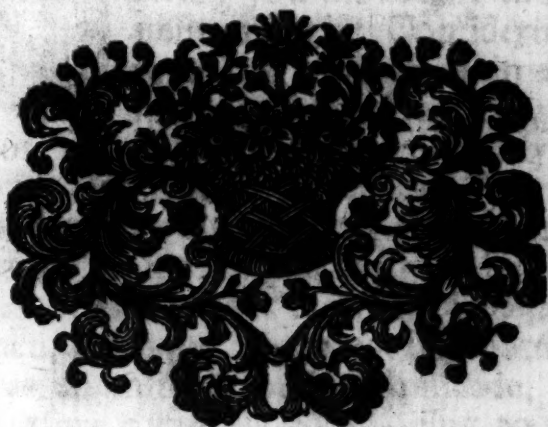
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COMEDY.

Archilochum Rabies armavit Iambo.



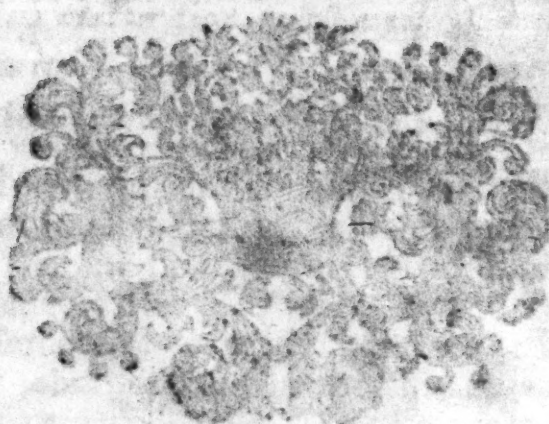
Printed in the YEAR, 1712.

TRIESTE

AND

COMEDY

By



Printed in the Year 1742.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of Dorset and Middlesex,

**Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-
Chamber, &c.**

My LORD,



OUR Lordship has so often and so highly obliged me, that I cannot but condemn my self for giving you a Trouble so Impertinent as this is: Considering how remiss I have been in my Respects to your Lordship, in that

I have not waited on you so frequently as the Duty I owe your Lordship, and my own Inclinations required; But the Circumstances of my Condition, whose daily Business must be daily Bread, have not, nor will allow me that Happiness: Be pleased then, my Lord, to accept this humble Dedication as an Instance of his Gratitude, who in a high measure owes his Well-being to you. I cannot doubt but your Lordship will protect it, for nothing ever flew to you for Succour unsuccessfully: I am sure I have Reason to acknowledge

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ledge it. As for the unlucky Censures some have
past on me for this Play, I hope your Lordship
will believe I hardly deserve 'em. For to my
best Remembrance, when first I was accused of
the thing by some People of the World, who had
perhaps as little Reason to think I could be guilty
of it, as to believe themselves deserved it, I made
it my Business to clear my self to your Lordship,
whose good Opinion is dearer to me than any
thing which my worst Enemies can wrong me of
else: I hope I convinc'd your Lordship of my
Innocence in the matter, which I would not have
endeavour'd had it not been Just. For I thank
my Stars I know my self better than (for all the
Threats some have been pleased to bestow upon
me) to tell a Lie to save my Throat. Forgive
me, my Lord, this Trouble, continue me in your
Lordship's Favour and good Opinion, and accept
of the Prayers and Well-wishes of

Your most Humble, and

most Obliged Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Smith.

HOW hard a Task hath that poor Drudge of Stage,
That strives to please in this fantastick Age?

It is a thing so difficult to hit,

That he's a Fool that thinks to do't by Wit;

Therefore our Author bad me plainly say,

You must not look for any in his Play.

I'th' next place, Ladies, there's no Bawdy in't,

No not so much as one well-meaning Hint;

Nay more, 'twas written every Word, he says,

On strictest Vigils and on Fasting Days,

When he his Flesh to Penance did enjoin,

Nay took such Care to work it chaste and fine,

He disciplin'd himself at ev'ry Line.

Then, Gentlemen, no Libel he intends,

Tho' some have strove to wrong him with his Friends;

And Poets have so very few of those,

They'd need take care whose Favour 'tis they lose:

Who'd be a Poet? Parents all beware,

Cherish and Educate your Sons with Care;

Breed 'em to wholesome Law, or give 'em Trades,

Let 'em not follow th' Muses, they are Fades:

How many very hopeful rising Citts

Have we of late known spoil'd by turning Wits?

Poets by Critiques are worse treated here,

Than on the Bank-side Butchers do a Bear.

Faith Sirs be kind, since now his time is come,

When he must stand or fall as you shall doom:

Give him Bear-Garden Law, that's fair play for't,

And he's content for one, to make you Sport.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Goodvile.

Truman.

Valentine.

Sir Noble Clumsy.

Malagene.

Caper.

Saunter.

Mr. Betterton.

Mr. Smith.

Mr. Harris.

Mr. Underbill.

Mr. Leigh.

Mr. Jevon.

Mr. Bowman.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Goodvile.

Victoria.

Camilla.

Lady Squeamish.

Lettice.

Bridget.

Mrs. Barrey.

Mrs. Gibbs.

Mrs. Price.

Mrs. Guin.

Mrs. Seymour.

Mrs. ————

Friend.



Friendship in Fashion.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Mall.*

Truman Reading a Billet, and Servant.

TRUMAN.

N a Vizor, say you?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and as soon as she had deliver'd it, without any thing more, gave the Word to the Coachman, drew up the Tin Lettice, and away she hurry'd.

Trum. The Meaning of a Billet of this nature without a Name is a Rid-

dle to me.—

[*Reads.*

You know me and see me often, I wish I may never see you more, except you knew better where to place your Love, or I were abler to govern mine: As you are a Gentleman, burn this so soon as it comes to your Hands.— Adieu.

Well, this can be no other than some Stanch Virtue of Thirty five, that is just now fallen under the Temptation; or what is as bad, one of those cautious Dealers that never venture but in Masquerade, where they are sure to

218 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

be wondrous kind, tho' they discover no more to the Lover than he has just occasion to make use of.

Enter Goodvile and Valentine.

Val. Truman, Good-morrow; just out of your Lodging; but that I know thee better, I should swear thou hadst resolv'd to spend this Day in Humiliation and Repentance, for the Sins of the last.

Good. I beg your Pardon! Some Lady has taken up your time. Thou canst no more rise in a Morning without a Wench, than thou canst go to Bed at Night without a Bottle. *Truman*, wilt thou never leave whoring?

Trum. Peace, Matrimony, peace——speak more reverently of your dearly beloved whoring. *Valentine*, he is the meer Spirit of Hypocrisie——h'ad hardly been marry'd ten Days, but he left his Wife to go home from the Play alone in her Coach, whilst he debauch'd me with two Vizors in a Hackney to Supper.

Val. Truly *Goodvile*, that was very Civil, and may come to something——But, Gentlemen, it begins to grow late. Where shall we Dine?

Trum. Where you will; I am indifferent.

Good. And I.

Val. I had appointed to meet at *Chatolins*, but——

Trum. With whom?

Val. Why, your Cousin *Malagene Goodville*.

Good. *Valentine*, thou art too much with that Fellow.

'Tis true indeed, he is some Relation to me, but 'tis such a lying Varlet, there is no enduring of him.

Val. But Rogues and Fools are so very plenty, 'tis hard always to escape 'em.

Trum. Besides, he dares be no more a Friend than a Foe, he never spoke well of any Man behind his Back, nor ill before his Face: He is a general Disperfer of nauseous Scandal, tho' it be of his own Mother or Sister; pr' thee let's avoid him, if we can, to day.

Good. 'Twill be almost impossible, for he is as impudent as he is troublesome; as there is no Company so ill but he'll keep, so there is none so good but he'll pretend to. If he has ever seen you once, he'll be sure of you: And if he knows where you are, he's no more to be

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 219

be kept out of your Room, than you can keep him out of your Debt.

Val. He came where I was last Night, roaring drunk: swore Dam him, he had been with my Lord such a one, and had swallow'd three Quarts of Champagne for his share, said he had much ado to get away, but came then particularly to drink a Bottle with me: I was forc'd to promise him I would meet him to day, to get rid of him.

Good. Faith Gentlemen, let us all go dine at my House: I have snubb'd him of late, and he'll hardly venture that way so soon again: At Night I'll promise you good Company; my Wife (for I allow her for my own sake what Freedom she pleases) has sent for the Fiddles to come.

Trum. *Goodvile*, if there be any such thing as Ease in Matrimony, thou hast it: But methinks, there's as it were a Mark upon marry'd Men, that makes 'em as distinguishable from one of us, as your Jews are from the rest of Mankind.

Good. Oh there are Pleasures you dream not of: he is only confin'd by it that will be so: A Man may make his Condition as easie as he pleases. — Mine is such a fond wanton Ape, I never come home, but she entertains me with fresh Kindness: and *Jack*, when I have been hunting for Game with you, and miss'd of an Opportunity, stops a Gap well enough.

Trum. There's no Condition so wretched but has its Reserve: Your Spaniel turn'd out of Doors, goes contentedly to his Kennel: Your Beggar, when he can get no better Lodging, knows his old warm Bush; and your marry'd Whore-master that misses of his Wench, goes honestly home, and there's Madam Wife. — But *Goodvile*, who are to be the Company at Night?

Good. In the first place, my Cousin *Victoria* your Idol, *Jack Truman*; then Mr. *Valentine*, there will be the charming *Camilla*, and another that never fails upon such an Occasion, the unimitable Lady *Squeamish*.

Trum. That indeed is a worthy Person, a great Critick forsooth; one that censures Plays, and takes it very ill she has none dedicated to her yet; a constant Frequenter

120 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

of all Masquerades and publick Meetings, a perfect Coquet, very affected, and something old.

Val. Discourses readily of all the Love-Intrigues of the Court and Town, a strange Admirer of Accomplishments and good Breeding, as she calls it; a restless Dancer; one that by her good Will would never be out of Motion.

Trum. How *Valentine!* you were once a great Admirer there, have a care how you speak too harshly of your Mistress, though the Business be over. You stand well with the Ladies yet, and are held a Man of Principles.

Good. That indeed is a fine Creature. Your old harra's'd Stager has always some such resty Whore-master or another, whom she makes the best of her Despair withal; and after being forsaken by half the Town besides, comforts her self in her Man of Principles. But now I think on't, we delay too long. I'll go before and prepare: Gentlemen you'll be sure to follow?

Trum. Sir, we'll not fail to wait on you.

[Exit Goodvile.

Boy! is the Coach ready? *Valentine!* I have had the oddest Adventure this Morning — ha — *Malagene!*

Enter Malagene.

How came he hither?

Mal. Jack Truman, Monsieur *Valentine*, bon jour — was not that *Goodvile* I met coming in — hah?

Val. Yes, he parted hence but now.

Mal. Faith I'll tell ye what Gentlemen, *Goodvile's* a very honest Fellow as can be, but he and I are fallen out of late, though faith 'twas none of my seeking.

Trum. No, I'll be sworn for thee, thou lov'st thy self better.

Val. Pray, what was the Matter, *Malagene?*

Mal. Why I was advising him to look after things better at Home. The Fellow has marry'd a young Wife, and there he lets her make Balls and give Entertainments. I was very free with him and told him of it to the purpose: for faith I should be sorry to see any ill come on't, very sorry.

Trum. But hark ye *Malagene*, *Goodvile's* a sort of a surly Companion, and apt to have so good an Opinion of himself,

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 221

himself, that he is able to manage Affairs without your Advice: He might have been very severe with you upon this Occasion.

Mal. Severe with me! I thank you for that with all my Heart; that had been the way to have made a fine piece of Work on't indeed! Hark ye, (under the Rose) he's sweetly fitted with my Cousin though.

Val. Pray, Sir, speak with more Respect: We are his Friends, and not prepar'd to relish any of your Satyr at present.

Mal. O Lord, Sir! I beg your Pardon; you are a new Acquaintance there, I remember, and may design an Interest. Faith, *Ned*, if thou dost, I'll ne'er be thy hindrance, for all she's my Kinswoman.

Trum. The Rascal, if he had an Opportunity, would pimp for his Sister, tho' but for the bare Pleasure of telling it himself.

Mal. Now when he comes home, will she be hanging about his Neck, with, O Lord, Dear! where have you been this Morning? I can't abide you should go abroad so soon, that I can't: You are never well but when you are with that wicked lewd *Truman*, and his debauch'd Companion young *Valentine*: But that I know you are a good Dear, I should be apt to be jealous of you, that I should, ha, ha.

Trum. Sir, you are very bold with our Characters, methinks.

Mal. I, shaw! your Servant! Sure we that know one another may be free: You may say as much of me, if you please. But no matter for that, did you hear nothing of my Business last Night? — hah?

Trum. Not a word I assure you, Sir. Pray how was it? Prithee let him alone a little, *Valentine*.

Mal. Why, coming out of *Chatolins* last Night, (where it had cost me a Guinea-Club, with a Right Honourable or two of this Kingdom, which shall be nameless) just as I was getting into a Coach, who should come by but a blustering Fellow with a Woman in his Hand, and swore, Dam him, the Coach was for him: We had some Words, and he drew; with that I put by his Pass, clos'd with

222 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

him, and threw up his Heels, took away *Toledo*, gave him two or three good Cuts over the Face, seiz'd upon *Damozel*, carry'd her away with me to my Chamber, manag'd her all Night, and just now sent her off.—Faith, amongst Friends she was a Person of Quality, I'll tell you that.

Trum. What! a Person of Quality at that time o'th' Night, and on Foot too?

Mal. Ay, and one that you both know very well, but take no Notice on't,

Val. Oh, Sir, you may be sure we shall be very cautious of spreading any Secrets of yours of this nature.—Lying Rakehell! the highest he ever arriv'd at was a Bawd, and she too banish'd him at last, because he boasted of her Favours.

Mal. Nay, not that I care very much neither; you may tell it if you will; for I think it was no more than any one wou'd have done upon the same Occasion — ha. —

Trum. Doubtless, Sir, you were much in the right. But, *Valentine*, we stay too long; 'tis time we were going.

Mal. What, to Dinner? I'll make a third Man — where shall it be?

Trum. Sir, I am sorry, we must beg your Excuse this time, for we are both engag'd.

Mal. Whoo! prithee, that's all one, I am sure I know the Company; I'll go along at a venture.

Val. No, but *Malagene*, to make short of the Business, we are going into Company that are not very good Friends of yours, and will be very uneasie if you be there.

Mal. What's that to the purpose? — I care as little for them as they do for me; tho' on my Word, Sparks, of honest Fellows, you keep the oddest Company sometimes that ever I knew!

Trum. But, Sir, we are resolv'd to reform it, and in order thereunto desire you would leave us to our selves to Day.

Mal. No — but I'll tell you, go along with me; I have discover'd a Treasure of pale Wine — I'll assure you 'tis the same the King drinks of — What say you,

Fack?

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 223

Jack? I am but for one Bottle or two; for faith I have resolv'd to live sober for a Week.

Trum. Prithce, Tormentor, leave us! Do not I know the Wine thou drink'st is as base as the Company thou keep'st? To be plain with you, we will not go with you, nor must you go with us.

Mal. Why, if one should ask the question now, whether are you going? Hah?

Val. How comes it, *Malagene*, you are not with your two Friends, *Caper* and *Saunter*? — you may be sure of them; they'll eat and drink, and go all over the World with you.

Mal. How canst thou think that I would keep such loathsome Company? a Brace of silly, talking, dancing, singing Rascals: 'Tis true, I contracted an Acquaintance with 'em, I know not how; and now and then when I am out of humour, love to laugh at and abuse 'em for an Hour or two — but come what will on't, I am resolv'd go along with you to Day.

Trum. Upon my word, Sir, you cannot — Why should you make so many Difficulties with your Friends?

Mal. Whoo! prithee leave fooling. — You would shake me off now, would you? But I know better things. — The Sham won't pass upon me, Sir, it won't, lock you.

Trum. Death, we must use him ill, or there is no getting rid of him. Not pass, Sir?

Mal. No, Sir!

Trum. Pray, Sir, leave us.

Mal. I shan't do't, Sir.

Trum. But you must, Sir.

Mal. May be not, Sir.

Trum. I am going this way.

[Walking off]

Mal. So am I.

Trum. But, Sir, I must stay here a little longer.

Mal. With all my Heart! 'tis the same thing, I am not in haste.

Val. Have a care, *Malagene*, how you provoke *Trum* — you'll run the hazard of a scurvy Beating, my Friend, if you do.

224 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Mal. Beating! I am sorry, Sir, you know no better: Pox, I am us'd to serve him so, Man; let me alone, you shall see how I'll teaze him. Hark you, *Jack*.

Trum. Sir, you are an impudent troublesome Coxcomb.

Mal. No matter for that, I shan't leave you.

Trum. Sir, I shall pull you by the Nose then.

Mal. 'Tis all one to me, do your worst.

Trum. Take that then, Sir.——Now d'ye hear——

[*Tweaks him by the Nose.*]

Go about your Business.

Mal. Nay, Faith, *Jack*, now you drive the Jest too far: What a Pox I know you are not in earnest; prithee let's go.

Trum. Death, Sir, you lie; not in earnest!——let this convince you——

[*Kicks him.*]

How like you the Jest now, Sir?

Mal. Hark you *Truman*, we shan't Dine together then, shall we?

Val. Faith, to tell you the Truth of the Matter; *Truman* had a Quarrel last Night, and we are just now going to make an end on't: 'Tis that makes him so furly. Nevertheless, now I think on't better, if you'll go, you shall; perhaps we may have Occasion for a third Man.

Mal. No, no, if that be the Business I'll say no more; puh——I hate to press into any Man's Company against his Inclination. *Truman*! Upon my Reputation you are very uncivil now, that you are. But hark you, I ran to the Groom-Porter's last Night and lost my Mony——Prithee lend me two Guineas 'till next time I see thee, Child.

Trum. With all my Heart, Sir. I was sure 'twould come to this at last: 'Tis here, you may command what you please from your Servant. *Malagene*, good Morrow.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Mal. Dear *Jack Truman*, your humble--[*Exit Truman.*]

Val. Won't you go along with us then, *Malagene*?

Mal. No, here are two silly Fellows coming; I'll go and divert my self a little with them at present.

Val. Why, those are the very People you rail'd at so But now: You will not leave us for them? At a time when you may be so serviceable?

Mal.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 225

Mal. Hang't, you'll have no occasion for me, Man: Say no more on't, but take my Advice; be sure you stand fast, don't give ground, d'ye hear, push briskly, and I'll warrant you do your Business.

Val. Sir, I thank you for your Counsel, and am sorry we can't have your Company; but you are engag'd?

Mal. Are you sure though it will come to fighting? I have no mind to leave your Company, methinks.

Val. Nay, nothing so certain as that we shall fight: I wish you would go, for I fancy there will be three in the Field.

Mal. A pox on't, now I remember, I promis'd to meet these People here, and can't avoid 'em now; I'd go with you else with all my Heart Faith and Troth, but if you'd have me send a Guard, I'll do't.

Val. No, Sir, — there's no danger — Nothing but the Rogues Cowardise could have rid us of him. [*Exit Val.*]

Mal. How now Bullies, whither so fast this Morning? I parted just now with *Jack Truman* and *Ned Valentine*: They would fain have had me to Dinner with 'em, but I was not in a Humour of Drinking, and to speak the Truth on't, you are better Company ten to one. They ingross still all the Discourse to themselves: And a Man can never be free with them neither.

Caper. Oh Lord, *Malagene*! we met the delicatest Creature, but now as we came round; I am a Rascal, if I don't think her one of the finest Women in the World: I shan't get her out of my Mind this Month.

Saum. 'Twas *Victoria*, my Lady *Fairfield's* Daughter, that came to Town last Summer when *Goodvile* was marry'd. He in love with her, poor Soul! — I shall beg his Pardon there, as I take it — [*Sings.*]

Mal. That's *Truman's* blowing: She's always lingering after him here, and at the Play-house: She heats her self here every Morning against the general Course at Night, where she comes as constantly as my Lady *Squeamish* her self.

Saum. I vow that's a fine Person too: don't you think she has abundance of Wit, *Malagene*? She and I did so rally *Caper* t'other Day.

226 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION,

Caper. Ay, it may be so.

Saum. But did you never hear her sing? She made me sit with her 'till Two a Clock t'other Morning to teach her an *Italian Song*.

I have, and I vow she sings it wonderfully.

Mal. Dam her, she's the most affected amorous Jilt, and loves young Fellows more than an old Kite does young Chickens: There is not a Coxcomb of eighteen in Town can escape her, we shall have her draw one of you into Matrimony within this Fortnight.

Caper. *Malagene*, thou art the most Satyrical Thief breathing: I'd give any thing thou didst but love Dancing, that I might have thee on my side sometimes.

Saum. Well *Malagene*, I hope to see thee so in love one Day, as to leave off drinking as I have done, and set up for a Shape and a Face: Or what is all one, write amorous Sonnets, and fight Duels with all that do but look like Rivals. I would not be in love for all the World, I vow and swear. *[Walks up and down with an affected Motion]*

Caper. Nor I.

— *Ab Phillis, if you would not love*

The Shepherd, &c.

[Sings.]

But d'ye hear, *Malagene*, they say *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night, is it true?

Mal. Yes, I intend to be there, if I do not go to Court.

Caper. I am glad of it with all my Heart—*Saumter*—There's my Lady, to be sure, she'll not fail.

Saum. But will you go, *Malagene*? *Goodvile* and you are at a Distance.

Mal. Whoo! pox that's nothing, I'll go for all that: But faith, I should meet my Lord—at Court to Night. Besides, I han't been in the Drawing-Room these three Days; the Company will wonder what's become of me.

Enter Lady Squeamish.

She here! nay then—

Caper. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

[Congees affectedly.]

L. Squeam.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 227

L. Squeam. Mr. *Caper*! your most Devoted. — Oh dear Mr. *Sawnter*! a thousand Thanks to you for my Song.

Sawn. Your Ladyship does your Servant too much Honour. *[Sings, As Cloe full of, &c.]*

L. Squeam. Mr. *Caper*, you are a Stranger indeed; I have not seen you these two Days: Lord, where d'ye live?

Caper. I should have waited on your Ladyship, but was so tired at the Masquerade at my Lord *Flutter's* t'other Night.

Sawn. Madam, Madam, Mr. *Goodvile* gives a Ball to Night: Will your Ladyship be there?

L. Squeam. Yes; I heard of it this Morning; *Victoria* sent me word.

Caper. Oh, Madam, d'ye hear the News? *Goodvile* makes a Ball to Night: I hope I shall have the Honour of your Ladyship's Company.

L. Squeam. Oh, by all means: Mr. *Caper*, pray don't you fail us.

Oh Lord, Mr. *Malagene*, I beg your Pardon, upon my Honour I did not see you, I was so engaged in the Civilities of these Gentlemen.

Mal. Your Wit and Beauty, Madam, must command the Honour and Admiration of all the World. But when did your Ladyship see Mr. *Valentine*?

L. Squeam. Oh, name him not, Mr. *Malagene*; he's the unworthy'st basest Fellow——besides he has no Principles nor Breeding: I wonder you Gentlemen will keep him Company. I'll swear he's enough to bring an Odium on the whole Sex.

Mal. The truth on't is, Madam, I do drink with him now and then, because the Fellow has some Wit, but it is when better Company is out of the way; and faith he's always very civil to me as can be: I can rule him.

L. Squeam. Oh Lord, 'tis impossible. Wit! why he was abroad but two Years, and all that time too in an Academy; he knows nothing of the Intrigues of the French Court, and has the worst Mien in the World: He has a sort of an ill-natur'd way of talking indeed, and they say makes bold with me sometimes, but I'll assure you I scorn him.

Mal.

228 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Mal. Truly he has made very bold with you, or he is foully bely'd: Ha, ha, ha.

L. Squeam. They say, he's grown a great Admirer of Madam *Camilla* of late, who passes for a Wit forsooth. 'Tis true; she's well enough, but I suppose is not the first that has been troubled with his impertinent Addresses.

Mal. Indeed he would not let me alone, 'till I brought him acquainted there: He owes that Happiness to me. But methinks your Ladyship speaks with something of Heat-----By Heav'n she's Jealous!

L. Squeam. No, I assure you, Sir, I am not concern'd at it in the least.

But did you ever hear 'em discourse any thing of me?

Mal. Never any ill, Madam; only a little idle Raillery now and then; but *Truman* and he are wont to be something lavish when they have been drunk in my Company.-----'Twill work.

L. Squeam. Nay, I know he has spoken dishonourably of me behind my back, because he fail'd in his filthy Designs. Madam *Camilla* may deserve better of him, I doubt not: But if I am not reveng'd on his Falshood [*Aside*]----- Mr. *Caper*.

Caper. }
Saum. } Madam.

L. Squeam. Where do you go to Day?

Caper. Will your Ladyship be at the new Play?

L. Squeam. No, I saw it the first Day, and don't like it.

Mal. Madam, it has no ill Character about the Town.

L. Squeam. O Lord, Sir, the Town is no Judge. 'Tis a Tragedy, and I'll assure you there's nothing in it that's moving.

I love a Tragedy that moves mightily.

Saum. Does your Ladyship know who writ it?

L. Squeam. Yes, the Poet came and read it to me at my Lodgings: He is but a young Man, and I suppose he has not been a Writer long: Besides, he has had little or no Conversation with the Court, which has been the reason he has committed a great many Indecorums in the Conduct of it.

Saum.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 229

Samm. I did not like it neither for my part; there was never a Song in it, ha?

Caper. No, nor so much as a Dance.

Mal. Oh, it's impossible it should take, if there were neither Song nor Dance in it.

L. Squeam. And then their Comedies now-a-days are the filthiest Things, full of Bawdy and nauseous Doings, which they mistake for Railery and Intrigue; besides they have no Wit in 'em neither; for all their Gentlemen and Men of Wit, as they stile 'em, are either silly conceited impudent Coxcombs, or else rude ill-mannerly drunken Fellows.—fogh—I am ashamed any one should pretend to write a Comedy, that does not know the nicer Rules of the Court, and all the Intrigues and Gallantries that pass, I vow.

Mal. Who would improve in those things, must consult with your Ladyship.

L. Squeam. I swear, Mr. *Malagene*, you are an obliging Person: I wonder the World should be so malicious to give you so undeserving a Character as they do: I always found you extremely generous, and a Person of worth.

Mal. In troth, Madam, your Ladyship and my self are the Subjects of abundance of Envy: for I love to be malicious now and then, and faith, am the very scourge of the Court, they all stand in awe of me; for I must speak what I know, tho' sometimes I am used a little scurvily for it; but Faith I can't help it, 'tis my way.

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, ha, really I love Scandal extremely too sometimes, so it be decently manag'd—But as I was saying, there is not a Person in the World understands the Intrigues of the Court better than my self: I am the general Confident of the Drawing-Room, and know the Loves of all the People of Quality in Town.

Caper. Dear Madam, how stands the Affair between my Lord *Supple* and Madam *Lafix*?

L. Squeam. Worse then ever: 'Tis very provoking to see how she uses the poor Creature: But the truth is, she can never be at rest for him; he's more troublesome than an old Husband, continually whispering his Softnesses and making

230 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

making his Vows, 'till at last she is forc'd to fly to me for shelter, and then we do so laugh——which the good-natur'd Creature takes so patiently——I swear, I pity him.

Saun. But my Lady *Colt*, they say, is kinder to the Sparkish Mr. *Primeis*.

L. Squeam. O Lord, Mr. *Saunter*, that you should understand no better; to my Knowledge it is all false: I know all that Intrigue from the beginning to the ending, it has been off this Month——besides he keeps a Player again——Oh, Mr. *Saunter*! whatever you do, never concern your self with those Players?

Saun. Madam, I have left the Folly long since: When first I came to Town, I must confess I had a Gallantry there: But since I have been acquainted with your Ladyship's Wit and Beauty, I have learn'd to lay out my Heart to better advantage——I think that was finely said!

L. Squeam. I'll swear, Mr. *Saunter*, you have the most Court-like way of expressing your self——

Saun. Oh Lord, Madam! [*Bows and cringes.*]

L. Squeam. Mr. *Malagene*, these are both my intimate Acquaintance, and I'll swear I am proud of 'em. Here is Mr. *Saunter* sings the *French* manner better than ever I heard any *English* Gentleman in my Life: Besides he pronounces his *English* in singing with a *French* kind of a Tone or Accent, that gives it a strange beauty——Sweet Sir, do me the Favour of the last new Song.

Saun. Let me die! your Ladyship obliges me beyond Expression——*Malagene*, thou shalt hear me.

[*Sings a Song in a French Tone.*]

Mal. What a Devil was this! I understand not a Word on't.

Saun. Ha, *Malagene*, ha?

L. Squeam. Did you ever hear any thing so fine?

Mal. Never, Madam, never: I swear, your Ladyship is a great Judge.

L. Squeam. But how plain and distinctly too every Word was pronounc'd?

Mal.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 231

Mal. Oh, to Admiration, to Admiration.

[*Makes Mouths aside.*]

L. Squeam. Well, Mr. *Saunter*, you are a charming Creature——O sad, Mr. *Caper*, I long 'till Night comes: I'll dance with no Body but you to Night, for I swear I believe I shall be out of Humour.

Mal. That's more than she ever was in her Life, so long as she had a Fool or a Fiddle in her Company.

L. Squeam. 'Tho' really I love Dancing immoderately——But now you talk of Intrigues, I am mistaken if you don't see something where we are going to Night.

Mal. What, *Goodvile* is to commence Cuckold, is it not so?

L. Squeam. Oh, fie, Mr. *Malagene*, fie: I vow you'll make me hate you, if you talk so strangely:——but let me die, I can't but laugh——ha, ha, ha.——Well, Gentlemen, you shall Dine with me to Day——What say you, Mr. *Malagene*, will you go?

Mal. Your Ladyship may be sure of me, I hate to break good Company.

L. Squeam. And pray now let us be very severe, and talk maliciously of all the Town. Mr. *Caper*, your Hand: Oh, dear Mr. *Saunter*, how shall I divide my self——I'll swear, I am strangely at a loss——Mr. *Malagene*, you must be Mr. *Saunter's* Mistress I think at present.

Mal. With all my Heart, Madam,——Sweet Mr. *Saunter*, your Hand: I swear, you are a charming Creature, and your Courtship is as extraordinary as your Voice.——Let me die, and I vow I must have t'other Song after Dinner, for I am very humersom and very whimsical I think: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

232 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE the Ordinary

Enter Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice.

Mrs. Good. DID you deliver the Billet?

Let. Yes, Madam, faithfully.

Mrs. Good. But are you sure you did?

Let. Can your Ladyship think I would be guilty of the least neglect in a Concern of such moment?

Mrs. Good. And are you sure he Dines here to day?

Let. Madam, they are now at Dinner below: Mr. Valentine's there too. Oh, I'll swear he's a fine Man, the most courteous Person!

Mrs. Good. What, because he hunts and kisses you when he's Drunk? No, Lettice; Truman, Truman, Oh that Truman!

Let. I wonder your Ladyship should be so taken with him: Were I to chuse, I should think my Master the more agreeable Man.

Mrs. Good. And you may take him if you will; he is as much a Husband as one would wish: I have not seen him this Fortnight; he never comes home till Four in the Morning, and then he sneaks to his separate Bed, where he lies till Afternoon, then rises and out again upon his Parole: Flesh and Blood can't endure it.

Let. But he always visits your Ladyship first.

Mrs. Good. That's his Policy, as great Debtors are always very respectful and acknowledging where they never mean to pay. 'Tis true, he gives me what Freedom I can desire, but God knows that's all.

Let. And where's the Pleasure of going abroad and getting a Stomach, to return and starve at home?

Mrs. Good. I laugh though to think what an easie Fool he believes me; he thinks me the most contented, innocent, harmless Turtle breathing, the very Pattern of Patience.

Let. A Jewel of a Wife.

Mrs. Good.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 233

Mrs. Good. And as blind with Love as his own good Opinion of himself has made him.

Let. And can you find in your Heart to wrong so good a natur'd compleat well-meaning harmless Husband, that has so good an Opinion of you?

Mrs. Good. Ha, wrong him! what say you, *Lettice*? I wrong my Husband! such another word forfeits my good Opinion of thee for ever.

Let. What meant the Billet to Mr. *Truman* then this Morning?

Mrs. Good. To make him my Friend perhaps, and discover if I can who it is that wrongs me in my Husband's Affection: For I am sure I have a Rival. And I am apt to believe *Victoria* deserves no better than ordinary of me, if the truth were known.

Let. Why, she is his near Kinswoman, and lives here in the House with you; besides, he would never dishonour his own Family surely.

Mrs. Good. You are a Fool, *Lettice*, the Nearness of Blood is the least thing considered. Besides, as I have heard 'tis almost the only way Relations care to be kind to one another now-a-days.

Let. Yet, Madam, you never meet, but you are as kind and fond of him, as if you had all the Joys of Love about you. Lord! How can you dissemble with him so? Besides, Mr. *Truman*, Madam, you know is his Friend.

Mrs. Good. Oh, if I would ever consent to wrong my Husband (which Heav'n forbid, *Lettice*!) it should be, to chuse, with his Friend. For such a one has a double Obligation to Secrecy, as well for his own Honour as mine. But I'll swear, *Lettice*, you are an idle Girl for talking so much of this, that you are: 'Tis enough to put ill Thoughts into ones Head, which I am the most averse to of all things in the World.

Let. But, Madam, Thoughts are free; and it is as hard not to think a little idly sometimes, as it is to be always in good Humour. But it would make any one laugh, to think Mr. *Truman* should be in love with Madam *Victoria*, if all be real which your Ladyship suspects.

Mrs. Good. Ay, and with a design of Marriage too:
But

234 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

But a ranging Gallant thinks he fathoms all, and counts it as much beneath his Experience to doubt his Security in a Wife, as Success in a Mistress.

Let. Besides, after a little time, he is so very industrious in Cuckolding others, that he never dreams how swimmingly his own Affairs are manag'd at home.

Enter Victoria.

Mrs. Good. But hush——she's here.

Vict. A happy Day to you, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Dear Cousin, your humble Servant: Have you heard who are below?

Vict. Yes, young *Truman* and his inseparable Companion *Valentine*.

Mrs. Good. Well, what will you do Cousin? *Truman* comes resolv'd on Conquest; for with the Advantages he has in your Heart already, 'tis impossible you should be able to hold out against him.

Vict. Yes, powerful Champaign as they call it may do much; a Spark can no more refrain running into love after a Bottle, than a drunken Country Vicar can avoid disputing of Religion when his Patron's Ale grows stronger than his Reason.

Mrs. Good. Come, come, dissemble your Inclinations as artfully as you please, I am sure they are not so indifferent, but they may be easily discerned.

Vict. Truly, Madam, you may be mistaken in your guess.

Mrs. Good. How! I doubt it is some other Man then has caused this Alteration in you.—Lord, *Lettice*, is she not extremely alter'd?

Vict. Alter'd, Madam, what do you mean?

Mrs. Good. Nay, *Lettice*, fetch a Glass and let her see her self; Lord, you are paler than you use to be.

Let. Ay, and then that Blueness under the Eyes.

Mrs. Good. Besides, you are not so lively as I have known you: Pardon me, Cousin.

Let. Well, if there be a fault, Marriage will cure all.

Vict. I'll assure you, I have none that I know of stands in need of so desperate a Remedy. Marriage! fault! What can all this tend to?

Enter

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION 235

Enter Page.

Mrs. Good. Well, what now?

Page. Madam *Camilla* is coming to wait upon your Ladyship.

Mrs. Good. Ha, *Camilla*! Tell her I'll attend her: Won't you go with me, *Victoria*?

Vict. I'll but step into my Chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Ex. Mrs. Good. and Page.*]

Whither can all this drive? Surely she has discovered something of *Goodvile's* Love and mine: If she has, I am ruin'd.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. *Victoria*! your Cousin is not here, is she? What, in Clouds? I stole this Minute from my Friends on purpose to see thee, and must not I have a Look? Not a Word?

Vict. Oh, I am ruin'd and lost for ever. I fear your Wife has had some knowledge of our Loves: And if it be so, what will then become of me?

Good. Prithee no more: My Wife! she has too good an Opinion of her self, to have an ill one of me; and would as soon believe her Glass could flatter her, as I be false to her: My Wife! — ha, ha.

Vict. Yes, I am sure it must be so; it can be no otherwise: But you are satisfy'd, and now have nothing more to do, but to leave me to be miserable.

Good. Leave thee! By Heav'n I'd sooner renounce my Family, and own my self the Bastard of a Rascal: Come, quiet thy Doubts; *Truman* is here; and take my Love for thy Security, he shall be thine to Night.

Vict. I have great Reason to expect it indeed, that you would hazard your Interest in so good a Friend for the Reparation of my Honour, that so little concerns you, and which you have already made your best of.

Good. No more of that, Love's my Province; and thine is too dear to me to be neglected. 'Tis true, I have made him my Friend, and I hope he will deserve it, by doing thee that Justice which I am incapable of.

Vict. You can promise easily.

Good. Ay, and as resolutely perform: When I have heated him with Wine, prepare to receive him.

Enter

236 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Ha, she here!

Mrs. Good. So, so, Mr. Goodvile, are you there indeed? I thought I should catch you.

Good. Faith, my Dear, I have been speaking a good Word for *Jack Truman*; my Cousin *Victoria*'s too cruel.

Mrs. Good. Oh, fie, *Victoria*! Can you be so hard-hearted to deny any thing, when Mr. Goodvile is an Advocate?

Vict. I must confess it is with some difficulty; but should I too easily comply upon Mr. Goodvile's Intercession, who knows but your Ladyship might be jealous? For he that can prevail for another, may presume there's hopes for himself.

Mrs. Good. Ay, but Cousin, I know you are my Friend, and would not, though but in regard of that, do me such injury: Besides, Mr. Goodvile knows I dare trust him. Don't you, Love?

Good. Trust me! yes, for if you don't, 'tis all one — Credulous Innocence! [*Aside.*

Alas, my Dear, were I as false as thou art good, thy generous Confidence would shame me into Honesty.

Enter Camilla running and squeaking. Truman and Valentine after her.

Cam. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, save me! — Mr. Goodvile, 'tis safer travelling through the Deserts of *Arabia*, than ent'ring your House: Had I not ran hard for it, I had been devour'd, that's certain.

Val. Oh, Madam, are you herded? It will be to little purpose; I am stanch, and never change my Game.

Cam. But when you have lost it, if fresh start up, you can be as fully satisfied, who hunt more for the love of the Sport, than for the sake of the Prey.

Val. But, Madam, should you chance to be taken, look to't; for I shall touse and worry you most unmercifully, till I have reveng'd my self severely, for the pains you cost me catching.

Cam. Therefore I am resolv'd to keep out of your reach; Lord! what would become of such a poor little Creature as I am, in the Paws of so ravenous an Animal?

Truman.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 239

Trum. But are you too, Lady, so wild as Mrs. *Camilla*?

Viſt. Oh, Sir, to the full! But I hope you are not so unmerciful as Mr. *Valentine*.

Trum. No, Madam, quite on the contrary, as soft and pliant as your Pillow; you may mould me to your own ease and pleasure, which way you will.

Viſt. 'Tis strange two of such different Tempers should so well agree: Methinks you look like two as roaring, ranting, tory rory Sparks as one would wish to meet withall.

Val. Yes, Madam, at the Play-house in a Vizor, when you come dress'd and prepar'd for the Encounter; there indeed we can be as unanimously Modish and Impertinent as the pertest Coxcombs of 'em all, till like them too, we lose our Hearts, and never know what becomes of 'em.

Cam. But the comfort is, you are sure to find 'em again in the next Bottle.

Mrs. Good. Then drink 'em down to the Ladies Healths, and they are as well at ease as ever they were.

Trum. Why, you would not be so unconscionable as to have us two such whining crop-sick Lovers, as sigh away their Hours, and write lamentable Ditties to be sung about the Town by Fools and Bullies in Taverns.

Good. Till some *Smithfield* Doggerel taking the hint, swells the Sonnet to a Ballad, and *Chloris* dwindles into a Kitchen-Wench.

Viſt. 'Tis presum'd then you are of that familiar Tribe that never make Love but by contraries, and rally our Faults when you pretend to admire our Perfections.

Cam. As if the only way to raise a good Opinion of your selves, were to let us know how ill a one you have of us.

Trum. Faith, Madam, 'tis a hard world, and when Beauty is held at so dear a rate, 'tis the best way to beat down the Market as much as we can.

Val. But you shall find, Ladies, we'll bid like Chapmen for all that.

Viſt. You had best have a care though, lest you overreach you selves, and repent of your Purchase when 'tis too late.

Cam.

238 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Cam. Besides, I hate a Dutch Bargain that's made in heat of Wine; for the Love it raises is generally like the Courage it gives, very extraordinary, but very short-liv'd.

Good. How, Madam! have a care what you say; Wine is the Prince of Love, and all Ladies that speak against it, forfeit their Charter. I must not have my Favourite traduc'd.

Boy, bring some Wine, you shall prove its good effects, and then acknowledge it your Friend. We'll drink—

Cam. Till your Brains are afloat, and all the rest sink.

Val. I find then, Ladies, you have the like Opinion of our Heads, as you have of our Hearts.

Cam. Really, Sir, you are much in the right.

Trum. But if your Ladyship should be in the wrong.—Tho' Love, like Wine, be a good Refresher, yet 'tis much more dangerous to be too busie withal. And though now and then I may over-heat my Head with drinking; yet confound me, I think I shall have a care never to break my Heart with loving.

Mrs. Good. But, Sir, if all Men were of your cruel Temper, what would become of those tender-hearted Creatures that cannot forbear saluting ye with a Billet in a Morning, though it comes without a Name, and makes you as unsatisfy'd as they poor Creatures are themselves?

Trum. Hah, this concerns me! Blockhead, dull leaden Sot that I was, not to be sensible it must be she, and none but she, could send mine this Morning. Well, poor *Jack Truman* look to thy self, Snares are laid for thee;—but the Virtuous must suffer Temptation: And Heav'n knows all Flesh is frail.

Enter Boy with Wine.

Good. Now Boy, fill the Glasses. But before we proceed, one thing is to be consider'd: My Dear, you and I are to be no Man and Wife for this Day, but be as indifferent, and take as little notice one of another, as we may chance to do seven Years hence: But at Night—

Val. A very fair Proposal.

Mrs. Good. Agreed, Sir, if you will have it so.

Good. The Wine—now each Man to his post.

[*They separate, Good. to Cam. Val. to Vict. Trum. to*

Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 239

The Word. *[All take Glasses.]*

Trum. Love and Wine.

Good. Pass—— *[They drink.]*

Enter Lettice.

Now that nothing may be wanting, *Lettice* you must sing the Song I brought home t'other Morning; for Musick is as great an Encouragement to drinking, as fighting.

Lettice sings.

How blest'd he appears,

That revels and loves out his happy Years,

That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race:

And knowing Life's short, chuses living apace.

To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it,

Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.

II.

Each day we grow older;

But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder.

The joys of Love with our Youth slide away,

But yet there are Pleasures that never decay:

When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow cold,

Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w're old.

Good. So, now shew me an Enemy to divine harmonious Drinking!

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Squeamish* is below, just alighted out of her Coach.

Good. Nay then drinking will have the major Vote against it: She is the most exact Observer of Decorums and Decency alive. But she is not alone, I hope?

Boy. No, Sir, there is Mr. *Malagene* with her, and three more Gentlemen; one they call Sir *Noble Clumsey*, a full portly Gentleman.

Trum. That's a hopeful Animal, an elder Brother, of a fair Estate, and her Kinsman, newly come up to Town, whom her Ladyship has undertaken to polish and make a fine Gentleman.

Val. 'Tis such a fulsome over-grown Rogue! yet hopes to be a fine Spark, and a very Courtly Youth; he has been this half Year endeavouring at a Shape, which he loves eating and drinking too well ever to attain to. The other,

240 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

I'll warrant you, are the nimble Mr. *Caper*, and his polite Companion Mr. *Saunter*.

Good. She's never without a Kennel of Fools at her heels; and we may know as well when she is near by the noise her Coxcombs make, as we know when a certain Spark of this Town is at hand by the new-fangled gingle of his Coach. She comes—and wo be to the Wretch whom she first lights upon.

Enter L. Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey, Malag. Caper, and Saunter.

L. Squeam. Dear Madam *Goodvile*, ten thousand Happinesses wait on you! Fair Madam *Victoria*, sweet charming *Camilla*, which way shall I express my Service to you.— Cousin your honour, your honour to the Ladies.

Clum. Ladies, as low as Knee can bend, or Head can bow, I salute you all: And Gallants, I am your most humble, most obliged, and most devoted Servant.— That I learn'd at the end of an Epistle Dedicatory.

Good. Sir *Noble Clumsey* is too great a Courtier.

Clum. Yes, Sir, I can compliment upon an occasion; my Lady knows I am a pretty apt Scholar.

L. Squeam. Gallants, you must pardon my Cousin here; he is but as it were a Novice yet, and has had little Conversation but what I have had the honour to instruct him in.

Mal. But let me tell you, he is a Man of Parts, and one that I respect and honour: Pray Gentlemen know my Friend.

Val. Hark you *Malagene*, how durst you venture hither, knowing that *Goodvile* and *Truman* care so little for your Company?

Mal. O Sir, your Servant, your Servant, Sir; I guess'd this was the Duel you were going about: I should not have left you else, faith *Ned*, I should not.

Good. But, Madam, can the worthy Knight your Kinsman drink? What think you, Sir *Noble*, of the Ladies Healths?

Clum. In a Glass of small Beer, if you please.

L. Squeam. Oh sweet Mr. *Goodvile*, don't tempt him to drink, don't! I'll swear, I am so afraid he should spoil himself

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 241

himself with drinking. Lord, how I should loath a Fellow with a red Nose!

Val. See, *Truman*, the two Coxcombs are already boarding our Mistresses.

Trum. Oh, 'twere pity to interrupt 'em: a Woman loves to play and fondle with a Coxcomb sometimes as naturally, as with a Lap-dog; and I could no more be jealous of one than of the other.

Val. I am not of your Opinion; they are too apt to love any thing that but makes 'em sport: And the familiarity of Fools proceeds oftentimes from a Privilege we are not aware of. For my part, I shall make bold to divert. — *Mr. Saunter*, a word: Have you any Pretences with that Lady? Hah?

Saum. Some small Encouragement I have had, Sir; but I never make my boast of those Favours, never.

Val. No, Sir, 'twere not your best course.

Saum. Oh Lord, you are pleas'd to be merry: Sure he takes me for a Fool; but no matter for that. — *Sings.* —
Would Phyllis be mine, and for, &c.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, the Fiddles are below; shall I call 'em up?

Mrs. Good. No, let 'em stay a little, we'll dance below.

Caper. Hah, the Fiddles! Boy, where are you? [*Cap. capers.*]

Boy. Here, Sir.

Caper. Have you brought my Dancing-shoes?

Boy. No, Sir, you gave me no order: But your Fiddle is below under the Seat of the Coach.

Caper. Rascal, Dog, Fool; when did you ever know me go abroad without my Dancing-shoes? Sirrah, run home and fetch 'em quickly, or I'll cut off both your Ears, and have 'em fasten'd to the Heels of those I have on.

Trum. It is an unpardonable fault, Sir, that your Boy should forget your Dancing-shoes.

Caper. Ay, hang him, Blockhead, he has no sense; I must get rid of him as soon as I can: I would no more dance in a pair of shoes that we commonly wear, than I would ride a Race in a pair of Gambado's.

242. FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

L. *Squeam*. Mr. *Valentine* I hope is a better bred Gentleman, than to leave his Mistress for Wine. I hear, Sir, there is a Love between you and Madam *Camilla*? Thou Monster of Perjury. [To Val.]

Val. Faith, Madam, you are much in the right; there is abundance of love on my side, but I can find very little on hers: If your Ladyship would but stand my Friend upon this occasion. — I think this is civil.

L. *Squeam*. I'll swear, Sir, you are a most obliging Person — Ladies and Gallants, poor Mr. *Valentine* here is fallen in love, and has desired me to be his Advocate: Who could withstand that Eye, that Lip, that Shape and Mein; besides a thousand Graces in every thing he does? Oh lovely *Camilla*! guard, guard your Heart; but I'll swear, if it were my own case, I doubt I should not — ha, ha, ha!

Val. Madam? What means all this?

Good. Poor Ned *Valentine*!

Trum. 'Tis but what I told him he must look for: but stay, there is more yet coming.

L. *Squeam*. Nay, this is not half what thou art to expect; I'll haunt thee worse than thy ill Genius, take all opportunities to expose thy Folly and Falshood every where, 'till I have made thee as ridiculous to our whole Sex, as thou art odious to me.

Val. But has your Ladyship no Mercy? Will nothing but my Ruin appease you? Why should you chuse by your Malice to expose your decay of Years, and lay open your poor Lovers Follies to all, because you could improve 'em to your own use no longer? [Approaches.]

L. *Squeam*. Come not near me, Traytor, — Lord, Madam *Camilla*, how can you be so cruel? See, see, how wildly he looks: For Heav'n sake have a care of him; I fear he is distemper'd in his Mind: What pity 'tis so hopeful a Gentleman should run mad for Love, — ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Good. Dear Madam, how can you use Mr. *Valentine* so? 'Tis enough to put him out of humour, and spoil him for being good Company all the day after it.

L. *Squeam*. Oh Lord, Madam, 'tis the greatest pleasure

to

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION 243

to me in the World; Let me die, but I love to railly a
bashful young Lover, and put him out of Count'nance, at
my Heart.

Saunt. Ha, ha, ha! and I'll swear the Devil and all's
in her Wit, when she sets on't. Poor *Ned Valentine!*
Lord, how filily he looks!

Caper. Ay, and would fain be angry if he knew but how.

Val. Hark you Coxcomb, I can be angry, very angry.
d'ye mark me?

Clum. No, but Sir, don't be in a Passion: my Lady
will have her humour; but she's a very good Woman at
the bottom.

Val. Very likely, Sir.

Mrs. Good. Now, Madam, if your Ladyship thinks fit,
we'll withdraw and leave the Gentlemen to themselves a
little; only Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* must do us the
honour of their Company.

Saunt. Say you so, Madam? I faith and you shall have
it. Come *Caper*, we are the Men for the Ladies, I see
that, — Hey Boys!

L. Squeam. Oh dear! and sweet Mr. *Saunter* shall ob-
lige us with a Song.

Saunt. O Madam, ten thousand, ten thousand if you
please: I'll swear, I believe I could sing all Day and all
Night, and never be weary. [Sings.]

When Phyllis watcht her harmless Sheep,

Not one poor Lamb, &c.

[Ex. *Saunter*, *Caper* and *Ladies*.]

Good. A happy riddance this: Now Gentlemen, for one
Bottle to entertain our noble Friend and new Acquaint-
ance, Sir *Noble Clumsey*.

Clum. Really Gallants, I must beg your Pardon, I dare
not drink, for I have but a very weak Brain, Sir, and
my Head won't bear it.

Trum. Oh, surely that honourable Bulk could never be
maintain'd with thin regular Diet and small Beer.

Clum. I must confess, Sir, I am something plump; but
a little fat is comely; I would not be too leazn.

Mal. No, by no means my Dear, thou hast an heroick
Face, which well becomes the noble Port and fulness
of thy Body.

244 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Val. Goodwill, we have a Suit to you: Here is *Malagene* has been some time in a Cloud; for this once receive him into good Grace and Favour again.

Mal. Faith, *Goodwill* do, for without any more Words, I love thee with all my Heart——Faith and Troth——give me thy Hand.

Good. But Sir should I allow you my Countenance, you would be very drunk, very rude, and very unmannerly, I fear.

Mal. Drunk, Sir, I scorn your Words, I'd have you know I han't been drunk this Week; no, I am the Son of a Whore if I won't be very sober: This noble Knight shall be security for my good Behaviour. Wilt thou not, Knight?

Clum. Sir, you are a Person altogether a Stranger to me; and I have sworn never to be bound for any Man.

Trum. Oh but Sir Noble, you are oblig'd in Honour to serve a Gentleman and your Friend.

Clum. Say you so, Sir? oblig'd in honour? I am satisfy'd. Sir, this Gentleman is my Friend and Acquaintance, and whatsoever he says I'll stand to.

Mal. Hark thee Son of *Mars*, thou art a Knight already, I'll marry thee to a Lady of my Acquaintance, and have thee made a Lord.

Good. Boy, the Wine, give Sir Noble his Glass,——Gentlemen, Sir Noble's Lady's Health.

Clum. Od's my Life, I'll drink that tho' I die for't. Gallants, I have a Lady in this Head of mine, and that you shall find anon. By my Troth, I think this be a Glass of good Wine!

Val. Say you so? Take the other Glass then, Sir Noble.

Clum. Fore *George*, and so I will. Pox on't, let it be a Brimmer: Gentlemen, God save the King.

Mal. Well said my lovely Man of Might: His Worship grows good Company.

Trum. Sir Noble, you are a great Acquaintance with Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter*; they are Men of pretty Parts.

Clum. Oh Sir, the finest Persons——the most obliging well-bred complaisant modish Gentlemen: They are acquainted with all the Ladies in Town, and are Men of fine Estates.

Trum.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 245

Trum. This Rogue is one of those Earthly Mongrels that knows the value of nothing but a good Estate, and loves a Fellow with a great deal of Land and a Title, though his Grandfather were a Blacksmith.

Clum. How say you Sir, a good Estate? od's heart, give me the other Glass, I have two thousand Pounds a Year.

Mal. Say'st thou so? Boy, bring more Wine; Wine in abundance, Sirrah d'ye hear? *Frank Goodville*, thou see'st I am free, for Faith I hate Ceremony, and would fain make the Knight merry.

Good. *Malagene*, it shall be your Task; drink him up lustily, and when that's done, we'll bring him to my Lady his Cousin, it may make some sport.

Val. A very good Proposal.

Mal. Say no more; thy word's a Law, and it shall be done: Come, bear up my lusty Limb of Honour, and hang Sobriety.

Clum. Ay, so say I, hang Sobriety — drink, whore, rant, roar, swear, make a noise, and all that: But be honest, do'st hear, be honest.

Trum. I would very fain be so if I could: But the damn'd Billet this Morning won't out of my head. Well, *Madam Goodville*, if any mischief comes on't, 'tis your own fault, not mine. I did not strike first, and there's an end on't.

[*Musick within.*]

Enter Lettice.

Let. Sir, the Fiddles are ready, and the Ladies desire your Company. — *Mr. Trum*, my Lady wants you.

Trum. Say'st thou so? I thank thee for thy news with all my Heart. The Devil I see will get the better on't, and there is no resisting.

Let. Sir Noble, my Lady *Squeamish* sent me to tell you, she wants your Company to dance.

Clum. Tell her, I am busie about a grand Affair of the Nation, and cannot come. — Dance? I look like a Dancer indeed! but these Women will be always putting us on more than we can do. — Boy, give me more Wine.

Good. *Malagene*, remember, and use expedition.

[*Ex. Good. Trum. Val. Lettice.*]

246 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

Clum. Sirrah, do you know me? I am a Knight: And here's a Health to all the Whores in Christendom.

Mal. Not forgetting all the Ladies within. Now we are alone I may talk. [Drinks.

Clum. So, there's for you, do you see? [Breaks a Glass.
Sirrah, don't you look scurvily; I have Mony in my Pocket, you must know that. — Bring us more Wine. —

Malagene, thou art a pretty Fellow; dost thou love me? Give me thy Hand: I will salute thy under Lip. [Staggers.

Mal. Ha, what's the meaning of this? I doubt I shall almost be drunk as soon as the Knight. Sir Noble, canst thou whore?

Clum. How, whore! what a question's there? Thou shalt be my Pimp, and I'll prefer thee.

Mal. What a Rascal this Knight is? I have known as worthy a Person as himself a Pimp, and one that thought it no blemish to his Honour neither.

Enter Lady Squeamish at the Door.

Clum. Hah, my Lady Cousin? — Faith, Madam, you see I am at it.

Mal. The Devil's in't, I think; we could no sooner talk of Whores, but she must come in, with a Pox to her. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

L. Squeam. Oh, odious! insufferable! Who would have thought, Cousin, you would have serv'd me so — fough, how he stinks of Wine, I can smell him hither. — How have you the patience to hear the noise of Fiddles, and spend your time in nasty drinking?

Clum. Hum! 'tis a good Creature: Lovely Lady, thou shalt take thy Glass.

L. Squeam. Uh gud; murther! I had rather you had offered me a Toad.

Clum. Then *Valentine*, here's a Health to my Lady Cousin's *Pelion* upon *Offa*. [Drinks and breaks the Glass.

L. Squeam. Lord, dear Mr. *Malagene*, what's that?

Mal. A certain place Madam in *Greece*, much talkt of by the Ancients; the noble Gentleman is well read.

L. Squeam. Nay he is an ingenious Person I'll assure you.

Clum. Now Ladybright I am wholly thy Slave: Give me thy hand, I'll go strait and begin my Grandmother's
kissing

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 247

Kissing Dance; but first design me the private honour of thy Lip.

L. Squeam. Nay, fie Sir Noble! how I hate you now! for shame be not so rude: I'll swear you are quite spoiled. Get you gone, you good-natur'd Toad you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Goodvile a little heated.

Good. **W**HAT a damn'd Chicken-brain'd Fellow am I grown? If I but dip my Bill I am giddy. Now am I as hot-headed with my bare two Bottles, as a drunken Prentice on a Holiday. *Truman* marries *Victoria*, that's resolv'd on; and so one Care is over. But then *Camilla*! how I shall get Possession of her.-----Well, my Mind misgives me, I shall do something may call my Discretion in question; and yet I can't avoid it. *Camilla* I do love and must have her, come what will on't: And no time so fit to begin the Enterprize as this; she may make a good Wife for *Valentine* for all that.

Enter Truman and Valentine. Musick.

Fie, Gentlemen, without the Ladies! Did you quit Champaign for this? Faith I begin to despair of you, and doubt you are grown as weak Lovers as Drinkers.

Trum. *Goodvile* thou hast no Conscience: A decay'd Cavalier Captain that drinks Journey-work under a Deputy-Lieutenant in the Country is not able to keep thee Company. Two Bottles, as I take it, is no such trifling Matter.

Good. Oh but I hate to be baulk'd, and a Friend that leaves me at two Bottles, is as unkind as a Mistress that jilts me when I thought I had made sure of the Business. But Gallants, how stand the Affairs of Love? *Truman*, is *Victoria* kind? I question not your Friendship in the Matter, but trust the Honour of my Family in your Hands.

248 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Val. He little thinks *Truman* is inform'd of all, and no longer a Stranger on what score he is so wondrous Civil. But I am mistaken, if he be behind with him in Kindness long. [Aside.]

Trum. A pox on't, I am afraid this Marriage will never agree with me; methinks the very thought on't goes a little against my Stomach: Like a young Thief, though I have some itching to be at it, yet I am loth to venture what may follow.

Good. Well, I'll go in and better prepare *Victoria*; in the mean time believe it only my Ambition to be as well ally'd in Blood, as Friendship, to so good and generous a Person as *Truman*. [Exit.]

Trum. What a damn'd Creature Man is! *Valentine*, didst thou believe this Fellow could be a Villain?

Val. I must confess, it something surprizes me; he might have found out a fitter Person to put his Mistress upon, than his Friend: But how the Devil got you the Knowledge of it?

Trum. Faith I'll tell thee; for I think I am no way oblig'd to conceal it----his Wife, even his very Wife told me all.

Val. I begin to suspect that Mrs. *Goodville* has no ill Opinion of you; I observ'd something but now very obliging towards you: Besides, when a Woman begins to betray her Husband's Secrets, 'tis a certain sign she has a Mind to communicate very important ones of her own.

Trum. *Valentine*, no more of that; though it would be a rare Revenge to make a Cuckold of this smiling Rogue.

Val. 'Tis fifty times better than cutting his Throat: that were to do him more Honour than he deserves.

Enter Malagene.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Sport-----*Jack Truman*, *Ned Valentine*.

Trum. Why, what's the Matter? Where?

Mal. Yonder's my Rogue of a Knight, as drunk as a Porter; and faith *Jack* I am but little better.

Val. Dear Sir, and what of all this?

Mal. Why with a Bottle under his Arm, and a Beer-glass in his Hand, I set him full drive at my Lady *Squeamish*;

misb; for nothing else but to make mischief, Ned — nothing else in the World; for every Body knows I am the worst-natur'd Fellow breathing: 'Tis my way of Wit.

Val. Do you love no Body then?

Mal. No not I: Yes, a pox on't I love you well enough, because ye are a Rogue I have known a good while. Though should I take the least Prejudice against you, I could not afford you a good Word behind your Back for my Heart.

Trum. Sir, we are much oblig'd to you: 'Tis a sign the Rogue is drunk that he speaks Truth.

Mal. I tell you what I did t'other Day: Faith 'tis as good a Jest as ever you heard.

Val. Pray, Sir, do.

Mal. Why walking alone, a lame Fellow follow'd me, and ask'd my Charity, (which by the way was a pretty Proposition to me:) Being in one of my Witty merry Fits, I ask'd him how long he had been in that Condition? The poor Fellow shook his Head, and told me he was born so. — But how d'ye think I serv'd him?

Val. Nay, the Devil knows.

Mal. I show'd my Parts, I think; for I tripp'd up both his Wooden Legs, and walk'd off gravely about my Business.

Trum. And this you say is your way of Wit?

Mal. Ay altogether, this and Mimickry: I am a very good Mimick; I can act *Punchinello*, *Scaramouchie*, *Harlequin*, *Prince Prettyman*, or any thing. I can act the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Val. The rumbling of a Wheel-barrow!

Mal. Ay, the rumbling of a Wheel-barrow, so I say — Nay, more than that, I can act a Sow and Pigs, Sausages a broiling, a Shoulder of Mutton a roasting: I can act a Fly in a Honey-pot.

Trum. That indeed must be the Effect of very curious Observation.

Mal. No, hang it, I never make it my Business to observe any thing, that is Mechanick. But all this I do, you shall see me if you will: But here comes her Ladyship and Sir Noble.

250 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Enter Lady Squeamish and Sir Noble Clumsey.

L. Squeam. Oh, dear Mr. *Truman* rescue me. Nay, Sir *Noble*, for Heav'n's sake.

Clum. I tell thee Lady, I must embrace thy lovely Body. Sir, do you know me! I am Sir *Noble Clumsey*: I am a Rogue of an Estate, and I live——Do you want any Mony? I have fifty Pounds.

Val. Nay good Sir *Noble*, none of your Generosity we beseech you. The Lady, the Lady, Sir *Noble*.

Clum. Nay, 'tis all one to me if you won't take it, there it is.——Hang Mony, my Father was an Alderman.

Mal. 'Tis pity good Guineas should be spoil'd: Sir *Noble*, by your leave. [Picks 'em up.]

Clum. But, Sir, you will not keep my Mony?

Mal. Oh, hang Mony, Sir, your Father was an Alderman.

Clum. Well, get thee gone for an Arch-wag——I do but sham all this while:——But by Dad he's pure Company.

Trum. Was there ever such a Blockhead! Now has he nevertheless a mighty Opinion of himself; and thinks all this Wit and pretty Discourse.

Clum. Lady, once more I say be civil, and come kiss me; I shall ravish else, I shall ravish mightily.

Val. Well done Sir *Noble*, to her, never spare.

L. Squeam. I may be even with you though for all this, Mr. *Valentine*: Nay, dear Sir *Noble*: Mr. *Truman*, I'll swear he'll put me into Fits.

Clum. No, but let me salute the Hem of thy Garment. Wilt thou marry me? [Kneels.]

Mal. Faith Madam do, let me make the Match.

L. Squeam. Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are a strange Man, and I'll swear have a great deal of Wit. Lord, why don't you write?

Mal. Write? I thank your Ladyship for that with all my Heart. No, I have a Finger in a Lampoon or so sometimes, that's all.

Trum. But he can act.

L. Squeam.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 251

L. Squeam. I'll swear and so he does better than any one upon our Theatres; I have seen him. Oh the *English* Comedians are nothing, not comparable to the *French* or *Italian*: Besides we want Poets.

Clum. Poets! why I am a Poet. I have written three Acts of a Play, and have nam'd it already. 'Tis to be a Tragedy.

L. Squeam. Oh Cousin, if you undertake to write a Tragedy, take my Counsel: Be sure to say soft melting tender things in it that may be moving, and make your Lady's Characters virtuous what e'er you do.

Clum. Moving? Why, I can never read it my self but it makes me laugh: well, 'tis the pretty'st Plot and so full of Waggener.

L. Squeam. Oh ridiculous!

Mal. But, Knight, the Title; Knight, the Title.

Clum. Why let me see; 'tis to be call'd, The merry Conceits of Love; or, The Life and Death of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, with the Humours of his Dog *Bobadillo*.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha!

Val. But Sir *Noble*, this sounds more like a Comedy.

Clum. Oh, but I have resolv'd it shall be a Tragedy, because *Bobadillo's* to be kill'd in the Play. Comedy! no, I scorn to write Comedy. I know several that can-squirt Comedy. — I'll tell you more of this when I am sober.

L. Squeam. But dear Mr. *Malagene*, won't you let us see you act a little something of *Harlequin*? I'll swear you do it so naturally, it makes me think I am at the *Louvre* or *Whitehall* all the time. [*Mal. acts*] Oh Lord, don't, don't neither: I'll swear you'll make me burst. Was there ever any thing so pleasant?

Trum. Was ever any thing so affected and ridiculous? Her whole Life surely is a continued Scene of Impertinence. What a damn'd Creature is a decay'd Woman with all the exquisite Silliness and Vanity of her Sex; yet none of the Charms. [*Malagene speaks in Punchinello's Voice.*]

L. Squeam. O Lord, that, that; that is a Pleasure intolerable. Well, let me die if I can hold out any longer. Pray Mr. *Malagene*, how long have you been in love with Mrs. *Tawdry* the Actress?

Mal.

252 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Mal. Ever since your Ladyship has been off from the Hooks with Mr. *Valentine*. [In his own Voice aloud.]

L. Squeam. Uh! gud, I always thought Mr. *Malagene* had been better bred than to upbraid me with any such base thing to my Face, whatever he might say of me behind my Back: But there is no Honour, no Civility in the World, that I am satisfy'd of.

Val. Can your Ladyship take any thing ill from Mr. *Malagene*? A Woman should bear with the unlucky Jerks of her Buffoon or Coxcomb, as well as with the ill Manners of her Monkey sometimes: The Fools and Rascals your Sex delights in, ought to have the Privilege of saying, as well as they have of doing, any thing.

L. Squeam. Which you Men of Wit (as you think yourselves!) are very angry you should be debarr'd of: Lord, what pity 'tis your good Parts should be your Misfortune.

Val. Ay Madam, I feel the Curse of it: I who had just Sense enough to fall in love with so much Beauty and Merit, yet could not be able to keep the Paradise I was so happily possess'd of.

L. Squeam. This Malice and Ill-nature shall not serve your turn; I shall know all your Proceedings and Intrigues with *Camilla*, and be reveng'd on your Love to her, for all the Affronts and Injuries you have done to mine.

Enter Caper and Saunter.

Caper. Oh dear Madam, w're utterly undone for want of your Ladyship's Company I'll vow. Madam *Goodwill* is coming with the Fiddles to wait on you here.

[Cuts backward.]

Clum. Sir, are you a Dancing-Master? you are very nimble methinks.

Caper. Ay Sir, I hate to stand still. But Sir Noble, I thought you had known me, I doubt you may be a little over-taken; Faith, dear Heart, I am glad to see thee so merry.

Clum. Yes, I do love dearly to be drunk once a Year or so, 'tis good for my bodily Health. But do you never drink?

Caper.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 253

Caper. No, Sir Noble, that is not my Province you know: I mind dancing altogether.

Clum. Nor you? can't you drink, hah?

Saum. No, I make love and sing to Ladies.

Clum. Whores to my knowledge, errant rank common Whores. A Pox on your Woman of Quality that you carry'd me to in the Mall.

Trum. Why, what was the matter, Sir Noble?

Clum. By yea and by nay, a foul over-grown Strumpet, with a running Bawd instead of a Waiting-woman, a great deal of Paint, variety of old Cloaths, and nothing to eat.

L. Squeam. O dear, let me die, if that was not extravagantly pleasant.

Trum. I believe Sir Noble is much in the right; for I never came near these giddy intriguing Blockheads, but they were talking of Love and Ladies; nor ever met with a hackney stripping Whore that did not know 'em.

Caper. Ned Valentine, I have a Kindness to beg of you.

Val. Sir, you may command me any thing.

Caper. Why, you must know I am in love with Camilla.

Val. Very good.

Caper. Now I would have you speak to Frank Goodvile not to make love to her as he does, i'faith I can't bear it; for to tell you the truth on't, I intend to marry her; I catch'd him at it but now: Faith it made my Heart ache, never stir if it did not.

Val. Introth, Sir, 'tis very uncivil: *Truman*, this *Goodvile* has a mind to oblige us both; he's providing a Wife for me too as fast as he can. *Camilla's* his Quarety now I understand, and by that time he has plaid as fair a Game with her as he has done with your Mistress *Victoria*, I may stand fair to put in for the Rubbers.

Trum. *Valentine*, thou art upon too sure grounds for him there; *Camilla* has both too much Wit and Virtue, and each with as little Affectation as the other.

Val. *Jack*, after this I cannot but be very free with you; I know there is some love hatching between you and his Wife: Both our Revenge lies in thy Hands, and

if

254 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

if thou dost not thy self and me Justice, I'll disown thee for ever.

Trum. See where he comes, with a Heart as gay and light, as if there were nothing but Honesty in it.

Enter Goodvile singing.

*When Beauty can't move, and our Passions grow cold,
Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when w're old.*

Good.—*Jack Truman*, yonder have I and *Victoria* been laughing at thee 'till we were weary. She swears thou art so very modest, she would not for all the world marry thee for fear of spoiling that Virtue.

Trum. Nay, then I doubt I have lost her for ever; for if she complains of my Modesty, she has found a Fault which I never thought I had been guilty of before.

Good. But that is a quality which though they hate never so much in a Gallant, they are apt for many Reasons to value in a Husband: Fear not, Dissimulation is the natural Adjunct of their Sex; and I would no more despair of a Woman, tho' she swore she hated me, than I would believe her tho' she swore she lov'd me.

Enter Lady Squeamish, and the rest of the Company, with the Fiddles.

L. Squeam. Oh a Country Dance, a Country Dance! *Mr. Caper*, where are you? you shall dance with *Madam Camilla*. *Mr. Saunter* wait on *Victoria*, *Mr. Goodvile* your humble Servant. Dear *Mr. Truman* won't you oblige me? *Madam Goodvile*—ha, ha, ha: I'll swear I had utterly forgotten *Mr. Valentine*.

Val. Your Ladyship knows me to be a civil Person, if you please, I'll keep good Orders. [*All take out the Women.*]

Mal. Faith *Ned* do, and I'll keep the Musick in tune: Away with it; [*Musick plays.*] Hold, hold—what insufferable Rascals are these? why ye scurvy thrashing scraping Mongrels, ye make a worse noise then cramp't Hedgehogs. An old gouty Dancing-Master that teaches to dance with his Spectacles on, makes better Musick on his crack'd Kit—'Sdeath ye Dogs can't you play now as a Gentleman sings? hah—

Good.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 255

Good. Sir, will you never leave this nauseous Humour of yours? I can never be with you but I must be forc'd to use you ill, or indure the perpetual torment of your Impertinence.

Mal. Well Sir, I ha' done Sir, I ha' done: But 'tis very hard a Man can't be permitted to shew his Parts. 'Sdeath *Frank*, do'st thou think thou understand'st Musick?

Good. Sir, I understand it so well, that I won't have it interrupted in my Company by you.

Mal. I am glad on't with all my Heart; I never thought you had understood any thing before.----I think there I was pretty even with you.

Good. Sauciness and Ill-manners are so much your Province, that nothing but kicking is fit for you.

Mal. Sir, you may use your Pleasure; but I care no more for being kickt, than you do for kicking. But prithee *Frank* why should you be out of humour so? The Devil take me, if I shall not give thee such a Jerk presently will make thee angry indeed.

L. Squeam. Lord, Mr. *Goodvile*, how can you be so Ill-natur'd? I'll swear Mr. *Malagene* is in the right. These People have no Manners in the least, play not at all to dancing: But I vow he himself sings a Tune extream prettily.

Good. Death, Hell and the Devil, how am I teaz'd? I shall have no opportunity to pursue my Business with *Camilla*: I must remove this troublesome Coxcomb, and that perhaps may put stop at least to her Impertinence.

L. Squeam. Mr. *Truman*, Mr. *Goodvile*, and Ladies, I beseech you do me the Favour to hear Mr. *Malagene* sing a *Scotch* Song: I'll swear I am a strange Admirer of *Scotch* Songs, they are the pretty'st soft melting gentle harmless Things-----

Saum. By Dad, and so they are.-----In *January* last-----

[Sings.

Val. Deliver us! A *Scotch* Song! I hate it worse than a *Scotch* Bagpipe, which even the Bears are grown weary of, and have better Musick. I wish I could see her Ladyship dance a *Scotch* Jigg to one of 'em.

Mal.

256 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Mal. I must needs beg your Ladyship's Pardon, I have forgotten the last new *Scotch* Song: But if you please, I'll entertain you with one of another nature, which I am apt to believe will be as pleasant.

L. Squeam. Let me die, Mr. *Malagene*, you are eternally obliging me.

Malagene sings an Irish Cronon.

Mal. Well, Madam, how like you it Madam, hah?

L. Squeam. Really it is very pretty now—the pretty't odd out of the way Notes. Don't you admire it strangely?

Mal. I'll assure your Ladyship I learnt it of an *Irish* Musician that's lately come over, and intend to present it to an Author of my Acquaintance to put it in his next Play.

L. Squeam. Ha, ha, Mr. *Valentine*, I would have you learn it for a Serenade to your Mistress,—ha, ha, ha.

Val. My Page, Madam, is docible, and has a pretty Voice, he shall learn it if you please; and if your Ladyship has any further Service for him—

L. Squeam. Ah Lord, Wit, Wit, Wit, as I live! Come let's dance.

Trum. Valentine, thou art something too rough; I am afraid her Ladyship will be reveng'd; I see Mischief in her Eyes; 'tis safer provoking a *Lancashire* Witch, than an old Mistress; and she as violent in her Malice too.

Good. Malagene, a word with you—hark ye, come hither.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

Mal. Well *Frank*, what's the business now? I am clearly for Mischief: shall I break the Fiddles, and turn the Rascals out of doors?

Good. No, Sir; but I'll be so civil to turn you out of doors. Nay, Sir, no struggling, I have Footmen within.

Mal. Whoo, prithee what's all this for? What a pox, I know my Lady well enough for a silly affected fantastical Gipsy: I did all this but o' purpose to shew her—Let me alone, I'll abuse her worse.

Good. No, Sir; but I'll take more care of your Reputation, and turn you out to learn better Manners. No Resistance as you tender your Ears; but be gone. [*Exit Mal.*]

So, he's gone, and now I hope I may have some little

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 257

little time to my self. — Fiddles strike up. [Dance.

Trum. Thus, Madam, you freely enjoy all the Pleasures of a single Life, and ease your self of that wretched formal Austerity which commonly attends a married one.

Mrs. Good. Who would not hate to be one of those surprising Saints that enter into Marriage as they would go into a Nunnery, where they keep very strict to their Devotion for a while, but at last turn as errant Sinners as ever they were.

Trum. Marriages indeed should be repair'd to as commonly Nunneries are, for handsome Retreats and Conveniences, not for Prisons, where those that cannot live without 'em may be safe, yet sometimes venture too abroad a little.

Mrs. Good. But never Sir without a Lady Abbess or a Confessor at least.

Trum. Might I, Madam, have the honour to be your Confessor, I should be very indulgent and lavish of Absolution to so pretty a Sinner.

Mrs. Good. See, Mr. Goodwill and Madam Camilla I believe are at Shrift already.

Trum. And poor Ned Valentine looks as pensively as if all the Sins of the Company were his own.

Mrs. Good. See Mr. Caper, your Mistress.

Caper. Ha Camilla! Sir your Servant, may I have the honour to lead this Lady a Coranto?

Good. No Sir. Death! surely I have Fools that rest and harbour in my House, and they are a worse Plague than Buggs and Mothes: Shall I never be quiet?

Val. Sir Noble, Sir Noble, have a care of your Mistress! do you see there?

Clum. Hum---ha---where? oh — [Wakes and rises.

Sara. Nay, faith Madam, Harry Caper's as pretty a Fellow! 'Tis the wittiest Rogue: He and I laugh at all the Town. Harry, I shall marry her.

Clum. Marry Sir! whom will you marry, Sir? you lye. Sweet Heart come along with me, I'll marry thee my self presently.

Val. You, Sir Noble! — what d'ye mean? [She squeaks.

Clum. Mean! honourably, honourably, I mean honourably.

258 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

bly. These are Rogues my Dear, arrant Rogues. Come along—— [Ex. Sir Nob. and Vict.

Cap. Ha, Saunter.——

Saun. Ay Caper, ha! Let us follow this drunken Knight.

Cap. I faith, and so I will—— I don't value him this!

[Cuts. [Ex. Cap. and Saunt.

L. Squem. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll swear my Cousin Sir Noble is a strange pleasant Creature. Dear Madam, let us follow and see the sport. Mr. Truman, will you walk? Oh-dear, 'tis violent hot. [Exeunt.

Val. I'll withdraw too, and at some distance observe how matters are carried between Goodvile and Camilla.

[Exit.

Good. Are you then, Madam, resolv'd to ruin me? Why should all that stock of Beauty be thrown away on one that can never be able to deserve the Gleanings of it? I love you——

Cam. And all the Sex besides. That ever any Man should take such pains to forswear himself to no purpose!

Good. Nay, then there's hopes yet: if you pretend to doubt the truth of my Love, 'tis a sign you have some Inclinations at least that are my Friends.

Cam. This Goodvile I see is one of those spruce polisht Fools, who have so good an Opinion of themselves, that they think no Woman can resist 'em, nor Man of better Sense despise 'em. I'll seem at present to comply, and try how far 'twill pass upon him.

Good. Well Madam, have you consider'd on't? Will the Stone in your Heart give way?

Cam. No, Sir, 'tis full as firm and hard as ever 'twas.

Good. And I may then go hang or drown, or do what I will with my self? Hah?

Cam. At your own discretion Sir, though I should be loth to see so proper a handsom Gentleman come to an ill end.

Good. Good charitable Creature! But Madam, know I can be reveng'd on you for this; and my Revenge shall be to love you still; gloat on and loll after you where-e'er I see you; in all publick meetings haunt and vex you; write lamentable Sonnets on you, and so plain, that every Fop that sings 'em shall know 'tis you I mean.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION 259

Cam. So Sir, this is something: Cou'd not you as well have told me you had been very ill-natur'd at first? you did not know how far it might have wrought upon me; besides, 'tis a thousand times better than vowing and bowing, and making a deal of love and noise, and all to as little purpose as any thing you say else.

Good. Right exquisite Tyrant! I'll set a Watch and Guard so strict upon you, you shall not entertain a well-dress'd Fool in private, but I'll know it; then in a lewd Lampoon publish it to the Town; till you shall repent and curse the hour you ever saw me.

Cam. Ah would I could, ill-natur'd cruel Man!

Good. Hah, how's that? am I then mistaken? and have I wrong'd you all this while? I ask ten thousand Pardons; curst damn'd Sot that I was! I have ruin'd my self now for ever.

Cam. Well Sir, should I now forgive you all, could you consent to wrong your Lady so far? you have not yet been married a full Year: How must I then suspect your Love to me, that can so soon forget your Faith to her?

Good. Oh Madam, what do you do? The name of a Wife to a Man in love is worse than cold Water in a Fever: 'Tis enough to strike the Distemper to my Heart and kill me quite: my Lady quoth a!

Cam. Besides, *Valentine* you know is your Friend.

Good. I grant it, he is so; A Friend is a thing I love to eat and drink and laugh withall: Nay more, I would on a good occasion lose my Life for my Friend; but not my Pleasure. Say where and when it shall be?

Cam. Never, I dare not.

Good. You must by and by when 'tis a little darker, in the left-hand Walk in the lowest Garden.

Cam. I won't promise you; can't you trust my good nature?

Good. Charming Creature! I do: Now if I can but make up the Match between *Truman* and *Victoria*, my hopes are compleated.

Cam. Haste! haste! away Sir, I see *Valentine* coming.

[*Ex. Good.*

Enter

260 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Enter Valentine

Val. Madam, you are extremely merry; I am glad Mr. Goodwill has left you in so good a humour.

Cam. Ay Sir, and what may please you more, he is parted hence in as good a humour as he has left me here.

[Enter Lady Squeamish, Bridget at the Door.]

L. Squeam. Valentine and Camilla alone together! Now for an opportunity to be reveng'd! ah how I love Malice!

Val. Ungratefulst of Women!

Cam. Foolishest of Men! Can you be so very silly to be jealous? for I find you are so: What have you ever observ'd since first your knowledge of me that might persuade you I should ever grow fond of a Man, as notoriously false to all Women, as you are unworthy of me!

L. Squeam. Has Valentine been false to her too? nay, then there is some pleasure left yet, to think I am not the only Woman that has suffer'd by his Baseness. *[Aside.]*

Val. What then, I'll warrant you were alone together half an hour only for a little harmless Raillery or so? an honour I could never obtain without hard suit and humble supplication.

Cam. Alas! how very Politick you are grown! you would pretend Displeasure to try your Power. No — I shall henceforth think you never had a good Opinion of me, but that your Love was at first as ill grounded as your fantastical Jealousie is now.

Val. What specious Pretence can you urge? (I know a Woman can never be without one;) come, I am easie and good-natur'd, willing to believe and be deceiv'd: — What, not a Word?

Cam. Though I can hardly descend to satisfy your Distrust, for which I hardly value you, and almost hate you; yet to torment you farther, know I did discourse with him, and of love too; nay more, granted him an Appointment, but one I never meant to keep, and promised it only to get rid of him. This is more than I am oblig'd to tell you, but that I wanted such an opportunity as this to check your Pretences, which I found grew too unruly to be kept at a distance.

Val.

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. 261

Val. Tho' I had some reason to be in doubt, yet this true Repentment and just Proceeding has convinc'd me: For *Goodwill* is a Man I have little reason to trust, as will appear hereafter, and 'twas my knowledge of his Baseness made me run into so mean a Distrust of you: But forgive me this, and when I fail again discard me for ever.

Cam. Yes: But the next time I shall happen to discourse with a Gentleman in private, I shall have you listening at the Door or eves-dropping under the Window. What, distrust your Friend, the honourable worthy Mr. *Goodwill*! — sic, how can you be so ungenerous?

Val. There is not such another Hypocrite in the World: He never made Love but to delude, nor Friendship but for his ends: — Even his own Kinswoman and Charge, *Victoria*, he has long since corrupted, and now would put her on his best Friend *Truman* for a Wife.

Cam. I cannot but laugh to think, how easily he swallow'd the Cheat: He could not be more transported at Possession, than he was with Expectation, and he went away in a greater Triumph than if he had conquer'd the *Indies*.

Val. Where did you promise him?

Cam. In the left hand Walk in the lower Garden.

L. Squeam. So, in the left hand Walk in the lower Garden: I heard that, [Aside.] But Mr. *Valentine* you may chance to meet another there: Let me die, this is pleasant.

Val. And when?

Cam. Anon, when it begins to grow dark.

L. Squeam. Enough, I know the Time and Place; and Madam *Camilla*, I shall make bold to cheat you of your Lover to Night. Alas poor inconsiderable Creature, how this makes me loath her!

Cam. Now would this News be more welcome to her Ladyship Madam *Squeamish*, than a new Fashion, a new Dance, or a new Song: How many Visits would she make on the occasion! not a Family in Town would be at rest for her, till she had made it a Jest. From the Mother of the Maids, to the Attorney's Wife in *Holkorn*.

Val. But for some private Reasons I would have it kept from her, and from Madam *Goodwill* too. These are As-

fairs

262 FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION.

fairs to be carry'd on to Night, which the least Accident may interrupt. — Besides, I have thought upon't, and will so contrive the matter, that *Goodvile* shall keep his Assignment, and her Ladyship her self supply the place of the much-expected charming *Camilla*.

Cam. But would you Sir do me such an Injury as to make me break my Word with Mr. *Goodvile*? that were inhumane.

Val. Good Conscionable Creature have Patience, and don't you think of paying Debts too fast; there's an Account yet between you and I which must be made even; and I think I had best secure it, now I have you in my custody.

Cam. Ay but Sir, if I part with any thing, I shall expect to have something to shew for't.

Val. Nay, if I don't offer as lusty security and conditions as any Man, let me lose all I lay claim to, that's fair. [Exeunt.

L. Squeam. So, are they gone? Now let me but live if this Intrigue be not extreamly surprizing. *Bridget* go home, and fetch me the Morning-Gown I had last made in imitation of *Camilla*'s, for perhaps I shall go a Masquerading to Night, or it may be not, but fetch it nevertheless.

Brid. Madam, won't the other serve? you may remember you left it at my Lady *Foplove*'s t'other Night; that's nearer.

L. Squeam. Impertinent Creature! and would'st thou have me appear in it twice? Do as I bid you, I say; and d'ye hear, bring me a Mask with an Amber-Bead, for I fear I may have Fits to Night.

Brid. I never knew her without fantastical ones I am sure, for they cost me many a weary Errand. [Ex.

Enter *Victoria*.

L. Squeam. Oh my dear *Victoria*! the most unlookt for Happiness! the pleasant'st Accident! the strangest Discovery! the very thought of it were enough to cure Melancholy. *Valentine* and *Camilla*, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, ha, ha, ha.

Vict. Dear Madam, what is it so transports you?

L. Squeam. Nay 'tis too precious to be communicated: Hold me, hold me, or I shall die with laughter — ha, ha, ha,

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 263

ha, *Camilla* and *Valentine*, *Valentine* and *Camilla*— ha ha ha.— O dear, my Heart's broke.

Vict. Good Madam refrain your Mirth a little, and let me know the Story, that I may have a share in it.

L. Squeam. An Affignation! an Affignation to Night in the lower Garden.— By strong good Fortune I overheard it all just now—but to think on the pleasant Consequence that will happen, drives me into an excess of Joy beyond all sufferance.

Vict. Madam, in all probability the pleasant'st Consequence is like to be theirs if any Bodies, and I cannot guess how it should touch your Ladyship in the least.

L. Squeam. Oh Lord, how can you be so dull? Why, at the very hour and place appointed will I meet *Valentine* in *Camilla*'s stead, before she can be there her self; then when she comes expose her Infamy to all the World, till I have thoroughly reveng'd my self for all the base Injuries her Lover has done to me.

Vict. But Madam, can you indure to be so malicious?

L. Squeam. That, that's the dear Pleasure of the thing; for I vow I'd sooner die ten thousand Deaths, if I thought I should hazard the least Temptation to the prejudice of my Honour.

Vict. But why should your Ladyship run into the mouth of Danger? Who knows what scurvy lurking Devil may stand in readiness and seize your Virtue, before you are aware of him?

L. Squeam. Temptation? No I'd have you know I scorn Temptation: I durst trust my self in a Convent amongst a Kennel of Cramm'd Friars: Besides that ungrateful ill-bred Fellow *Valentine* is my mortal Aversion: More odious to me than foul Weather on a *May-Day*, or ill smell in a Morning.

Vict. Nay, now Madam you are too violent.

L. Squeam. Too violent! I would not keep a Waiting-woman that should commend any one thing about him: Dear *Victoria* urge nothing in his behalf, for if you do, you lose my Friendship for ever: Tho' I swear he was a fine Person once, before he was spoil'd.

Vict. I am sure your Ladyship had the best share in his spoiling then. ‡ [Aside.

264 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

L. Squeam. No, were I inclin'd to entertain Addressees, I assure I need not want for Servants: For I swear I am so perplext with *Billet Deux* every Day, I know not which way to turn my self: Besides there is no Fidelity, no Honour in Mankind: Oh dear *Victoria*! whatever you do, never let Love come near your Heart: Tho' really I think true Love is the greatest pleasure in the World.

Viç. Would I had never known Love: My Honour had not then lain at the mercy of so ungrateful a Wretch as *Goodvile*, who now has certainly abandon'd and forgotten me.

L. Squeam. Well, certainly I am the most unsteady restless humourfom Woman breathing: Now am I so transported at the thoughts of what I have design'd, that I long till the hour comes, with more Impatience than — I'll swear I know not what to say — Dear *Victoria* ten thousand Adieus — Wish me good Success — Yet now I think on't I'll stay a little longer — I'll swear I must not neither — Well! I'll go — No, I'll stay — Well, I am resolv'd neither to stand still — sit still — nor lie still — nor have one thought at rest — till the business be over — I'll swear I am a strange Creature. [Ex. *L. Squeam.*

Viç. Farewel Whirligig.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. *Victoria* here! To meet with an old Mistress when a Man is in pursuit of a fresh one, is a worse Omen than a Hare in a Journey. — I'll step aside this way till she's past me; so, farewell Fubb. [Makes mouths. [Exit *Viç.* Now for the lovely kind yielding *Camilla*! How I long for the happy hour! Swelling burning Breasts, dying Eyes, balmy Lips, trembling Joints, millions of Kisses and unspeakable Joys wait for me.

Enter Truman and Valentine.

Well Gentlemen! Now you have left the Ladies, I hope there may be room near your Hearts for a Bottle or two.

Trum. Dear *Goodvile* thou art too pow'rful to be deny'd any thing. 'Tis a fine cool Evening, and a swift Glass or two now were seasonable and refreshing, to wash away the Toil and Fatigue of the Day.

Val.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 265

Val. After a Man has been disturb'd with the publick Impertinences and Rollics he meets withal abroad, he ought to recompence himself with a Friend and a Bottle in private at Night.

Good. Spoken like Men that deserve the Life you enjoy: I'll in before and put all things in readiness.

[*Ex. Goodvile.*]

Val. This worthy Person, for his Honesty and Sobriety, would have made a very good *Dutch* Burgomaster: But he is as damnable an *English* Friend and Gentleman as one would wish to meet withal.

Trum. *Valentine*, thou art too much concerned at him: Methinks *Camilla's* Justice and the pleasant Cheat she has put upon him, should rather make thee despise and laugh at him as I do.

Val. *Truman*, thou indeed hast reason: And when I shall know the happy Success of the Revenge thou hast in store for him, I may do my self and him that Justice as scorn him, but am too angry yet.

Trum. Then to give thee ease (for I dare trust thee) know this very Night I also have an Assignment with his Wife in the Grotto at the upper End of the Garden, the opposite Walk to that where he expects to meet *Camilla*.

Val. Then I am at rest: let's in. I have nothing else to do but take care so to finish him, as that you shall fear no Interruption: At least he will be so full of his Expectation of *Camilla*, that he'll never dream in what posture his own Affairs stand in another place.

Trum. Away then: And may good Luck attend us: Ever yet two Hours are past, his Wife's my own. Methinks already in that secure dark private Grotto,

*Close in my Arms, and languishing she lyes,
With dying Looks, short Breath, and wishing Eyes;
And the supine dull Cuckold nothing spies.* [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Night-Garden.

Enter Goodvile at one Door, Mrs. Goodvile and Lettice following her at the other.

Good. SO, I think I came off in good time: Hold! now for *Camilla*: by *Jove* I think I am little better than drunk. Hah! who's there, *Victoria* as I live; nay it must be she, as I said before. The poor Gipsie's jealous; has had some Intimation of my Appointment with *Camilla*: I'll loof off, and observe which way she steers.

Mrs. Good. Lettice, I fear that's Mr. Goodvile's Voice; whatever you do, if any cross Accident happens, be sure you call me *Victoria*.

Good. Ay, ay, 'tis *Victoria*! Vigilant Devil! but I'll take this way, and wait at the lower End of the Walk.

Mrs. Good. Lettice, look well round you that no body see us, and then follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Truman.

Trum. Thus far all is well: How I pity poor *Valentine*! yonder is he plying Bumpers as they call 'em, more furiously than a Foreign Minister, that comes into *England* to drink for the Honour of his Country. I have waited something long though; who comes here?

Enter Lettice.

Let. 'Tis I, Sir, your Servant Lettice.

Trum. My little good-natur'd Agent is it you? Where's thy Lady? She's too cruel to let a poor Lover languish here so long in Expectation: It looks as if she rather meant to make a tryal of my Patience, than my Love: Is she coming?

Let. Well, I swear (as my Lady *Squeamish* says) you are a strange Creature. But I'll go and tell her: Though I'll vow I utterly disown having any Hand in this Business; and if any Ill comes of it 'tis none of my Fault.

Trum. No, no, not in the least; prithee dispatch! How's this! more Company! who comes there?

Enter

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION 267

Enter Valentine.

Val. 'Tis I, *Jack Truman*; your Friend *Valentine*.

Trum. My dear Encourager of Iniquity! what News? Where's *Goodvile*?

Val. No matter for *Goodvile*! here comes your Mistress.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile. Valentine retires.

Trum. Now, now, now! what the Devil ails me? how I shall quake and tremble? — Madam, dear Madam, where are you?

Mrs. Good. Mr. *Truman*, is't your Voice? *Lettice*, you may go in again if you will. — *[Ex. Lettice.]*
Well, Sir, I'll vow Sir, had it not been that I hate to break my Word, I would not have ventur'd abroad this cold damp Evening for a World.

Trum. I'll warrant you Madam, whilst you are in my Possession, no Cold shall hurt you: Come, shall we withdraw to the Grotto?

Mrs. Good. Withdraw to the Grotto? bless me, Sir! what do you mean? I'll swear you make my Heart ache.

Trum. Oh Madam! I have the best Cure for the Passion of the Heart in the World. I have try'd it Madam, 'tis *Probatum*: Come, come, let's retire, — do, make a disturbance, and ruin your self and me, do!

Mrs. Good. Nay, I'll swear, Sir, you are insufferably rude; you had best make a Noise and alarm my Husband, you had, for hang me I shall cry out.

Trum. No, no, I'm sure you won't complain before you are hurt; and I'll use you so gently — hark! — don't you hear, there's somebody coming.

Mrs. Good. Where, where, where? If we are seen we are undone for ever: Well, I'll never give you such an advantage again.

Trum. I'm sure you would not, if I should let slip this. Come, come, Delays are dangerous, and I can endure 'em no longer.

Mrs. Good. Ah Lord you kill me! — what will become of me — ah — *[Carries her in.]*

Val. Nay, faith, Madam, your condition is something desperate, that's certain. 'Tis a pretty Employment I am like

268 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

like to have here; but it is for the sake of my Friend and my Revenge: And two dearer Arguments there cannot be to persuade me to any thing.

Enter Malagene at some distance.

Mal. So, *Jack Truman* and *Madam Goodvile* have ordered Matters pretty well; I'll say that for my Kinswoman, she lays about her handsomely. But certainly I hear another Voice this way: I'll withdraw once again, there may be more sport yet.

Val. That should be *Goodvile*: I'll step behind this Tree, and see how he and her Ladyship behave themselves. This is like to be a Night of as civil business, as I have known a great while.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. Death, and the Devil! how that puny Rogue *Valentine* has sours'd me? If I should have overstay'd the time now, and miss'd of my Appointment with *Camilla-Truman* is reel'd home that's certain, and *Valentine* I believe has follow'd him by this time. *Camilla*, dear, lovely, kind, tender, melting *Camilla*, where art thou?

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeam. That must be *Valentine*, nay, I am sure it is he! how sneakingly will he look when he shall find his Mistake? But I'll take care if possible that no such thing shall happen; so mine be the Pleasure, and *Camilla's* the Scandal; I'll rush by him through the Walk into the Wilderness.

[Runs cross the Walk.]

Good. That must be she, how swiftly she flew along, as if she fear'd to be too late, loosely attired and fit for Joys! Now all the power of Love and good Fortune direct me.

[Exit.]

Val. So, thanks to our Stars, he is safe; though a Pox on't, methinks this dry Pimping is but a scurvy Employment: Had I but a Sister or Kinswoman of his to keep doing withal, there were some Comfort in it,—but here comes *Truman* and the Lady; I must not be seen. *[Ex.]*

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. You shall not go: Come but back a little, I have something more to tell you that nearly concerns us both; besides, Mr. *Goodvile's* in the Garden, and if he should chance to meet us, what Excuse could we make to him?

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 269

Mrs. Good. But will you promise me *Victoria* shall never rob me of your Heart? She does not deserve it I am sure half so well as I.

Trum. Kind tender-hearted Creature, I know it: Nor shall she ever come so near it, as to know that I have one: — Alas! we talk too long. [Noise.]
I hear Company coming, we shall be surpriz'd, and disappointed, and then I am undone.

Mrs. Good. I'll swear you make me tremble every Joynt of me: What would you have me do?

Trum. See, see, who are yonder.

[Exeunt Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.]

Enter Goodvile and Lady Squeamish.

Good. What a Feast of Delight have I had! surely she was born only to make me happy! her natural and unexperienced Tenderness exceeded practis'd Charms: — Dear blest lovely *Camilla*, oh! my Joys!

L. Squeam. Ha ha, ha!

Good. How's this? my Lady *Squeamish*! — Death and the Devil.

L. Squeam. Truly sweet Mr. *Valentine* the same. Now, Sir, I hope — Ugh gad! Mr. *Goodvile*!

[They stare at each other.]

Good. Have I been mumbling an old *Kite* all this while, instead of my young *Partridge*? a Pox o' my depraved Palate, that could distinguish no better.

L. Squeam. Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what ails you! — this was an unexpected Adventure; but let me die, it is very pleasant; ha, ha, ha!

Good. A Pox on the Pleasures, and you too, I say.

L. Squeam. This malicious Devil *Camilla* has over-reached me: — Well Mr. *Goodvile*, you are the worthiest Person; — had I an only Daughter, I durst trust her with you, you are so very civil: — Well, Innocence is the greatest Happiness in the World.

Good. Right Madam, it is so, and you know we have been very Innocent; done no harm in the World, not we.

L. Squeam. The Censorious World, if they knew of this Accident, I know would be apt enough to speak Reproachfully;

270 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

proachfully; but so long as I my self am satisfied in the Integrity of my Honour, the World is a thing I defy and scorn.

Good. Very Philosophically spoken:—But, Madam, so long as the World is to be a Stranger to our Happiness, why should we deny our selves the second pleasure of Congratulation?

L. Squeam. Alas, alas, Mr. *Goodvile*, you cannot say that you have had the least advantage over my Frailty: Well, what might have happened, if the strict Severity of both our Virtues had not secured us?

Good. This affected Impudence of hers, is beyond all the Impertinence I ever knew her guilty of.—Virtue with a Pox! I think I have reason to know her pretty well, and the Devil of any Virtue found I about her.

L. Squeam. But dear Sir, let us talk no more of it: Though I am extreamly mistaken if I saw not Mr. *Valentine* enter the Garden before me, and am as much mistaken if a Lady was not with him too.

Good. Hell and Confusion! that must be *Victoria*: I thought indeed I saw her, but being hot-headed, and apprehending she came with a malicious Design of discovering me, avoided her.—False to me with *Valentine*?

L. Squeam. I'll swear Mr. *Goodvile* I have long suspected an Intrigue between you and Madam *Victoria*, and this Jealousie has confirm'd me; and I would not for all the World but have known it. Ha, ha, ha!

Good. Death Madam! this is beyond all sufferance:—disappointed, and jilted by *Camilla*! abused by *Victoria*! and with *Valentine* too, *Truman's* Friend, who I thought should have marry'd her!—Shame and Infamy light up on the whole Sex! may the best of 'em be ever suspected, and the most cautious always betray'd.

L. Squeam. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* be patient: Let me die, you are enough to frighten our whole Sex from ever loving or trusting Men again:—Lord, I would not be poor Madam *Victoria*, to gain an Empire. I'll swear if you are not more Moderate, you'll discompose me strangely:—How my Heart beats!

Good.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 277

Good. Patience! preach it to a galled Lion:—No, I am sure she is not far off, and I will find her; surprize her in the midst of her Infamy and Prostitution;—
'Sdeath Madam, let me go.

L. Squeam. I will not part with you, you ill-natur'd Creature; you shall not go:—I vow, I'll cry a Rape if you offer to stir:—Oh my Heart, here's *Malagene*.

Enter Malagene Singing Frank, Frank, Frank, &c.

Mal. Why how now *Frank*, what a Pox, out of humour? Why Madam, what have you done to him; what have you done to him, Madam? Lord how he looks!—why *Frank* I say, prethee bear up.

Good. Hark you Dog, Fool, Coxcomb, hold that impertinent impudent Tongue of yours, or I'll cut it out; 'Sdeath you Buffoon I will.

Mal. No, but hark you dear Heart, good Words, good Words do you hear, or I shall publish; by my Soul Joy, I shall.

Good. How am I continually plagu'd with Rogues and Owles! I'll set my House o' fire, rather than have it haunted and pester'd by such Vermine.

Mal. Faith *Frank* do: I have not seen a House o' fire this great while; it would be a pretty Frolick, prethee let us about it presently.

L. Squeam. Dear Mr. *Goodvile* you shall be perswaded: Don't run your self into danger thus rashly.

Good. Do you hear then, Monsieur *Pimponio*; as you expect to live a quiet hour, run in and call for some Lights, and return with 'em instantly.

Mal. Say no more dear Heart, I'll do't: If mischief comes not of this, the Devil's in't---but dear *Frank* stay till I come again, I'll be back in a Trice; take't other turn with her Ladyship into the Wilderness; or any thing.

[*Ex. Malagene.*]

L. Squeam. Let me not live, this Mr. *Malagene* is a very obliging Person, and methinks Mr. *Goodvile* you use him too severely.

Good. I wish Madam he may deserve that Character of you: He is one of those Worldlings you were speaking of, that are apt to talk reproachfully: And I believe knows

272 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

all that has pass'd between us to Night, for he has a shrewd discerning Judgment in these matters.

L. Squeam. Lord Mr. *Goodvile*, what can he say of me? I defy even Envy it self to do me or my Honour any Prejudice: Though I wish I had let this Frolick alone to Night.

Good. Frolick with a Pox! — if these be her Frolicks, what the Devil is she when she is in earnest? O he returns with the Lights: — Look who are these? by Heav'n the same.

Enter Truman and Mrs. Goodvile.

Trum. Gently, gently Madam, for fear of an Ambuscade; I wonder I hear nothing from *Ned Valentine* since?

Mrs. Good. See, see Sir, here's Mr. *Goodvile*: Haste, haste down the other Walk, or we are ruin'd.

Trum. Fear not, trust all to my Conduct. [*Ex.*

[*As Mrs. Goodvile is going away, Goodvile catches hold of her Gown — she claps on her Masque.*

Good. Stay Madam *Victoria*; nay you may stay, 'tis in vain to flee, I have discovered all your Falshood, I have: Was mine a Passion to be thus abused? I who have given you all my Heart! perfidious false Woman! — is your Lover too ashamed or afraid to shew himself? where is he? why comes he not forth?

Enter Truman.

Trum. Here I am, Sir.

Good. Hah! *Truman*! [*Mrs. Good. gets loose and Ex.*

Trum. Yes Sir, the same: Ready both to acknowledge and justify my being here with *Victoria*, which I thought, Sir, might have been allowed without any Offence to Mr. *Goodvile*. That she is Innocent as to any thing on my part, I am ready with my Sword to make good; but Sir, I wear it too to do my own Honour Justice, and to demand of you on what Grounds you appear so highly concern'd for a Woman you were pleas'd to commend to your Friend for a Wife?

Good. Concern'd Sir! have I not reason to be concern'd for the Honour of my Family? for a Kinswoman under my charge to be abroad and alone with a Gentleman at this unseasonable Hour, might alarm a Man less tender of his Reputation than I am.

Trum.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 273

Trum. Sir, this Excuse won't serve my turn; nor am I so blind as not to be sensible (which I before suspected,) that *Victoria* has been long your Mistress: — A pox of the Honour of your Family; you had given her all your Heart, you said; and your Passion was not a thing to be thus abused: Nor, Sir, is my Honour.

Good. No, but dear *Jack Truman*, thou art my Friend.

Trum. You would have made me believe so indeed; but the daubing was too coarse, and the Artificial Face appeared too plain: — One would have thought, Sir, that you who keep a general Decoy here for Fools and Coxcombs, might have found one to have recompensed a Cast Mistress withall, and not have endeavour'd the betraying the Honour of a Gentleman and your Friend: But Sir, I am glad I have heard it from your own Mouth: I hope it will not be esteemed much Ill-nature in me, if worthy Mr. *Malagene* and I joyn Forces to publish a little, as he calls it.

Mal. Faith *Jack Truman*, with all my Heart; now I have him on my side, I dare say any thing — *Frank Goodvile* — pugh.

Good. Sir, I shall require a better account of this hereafter.

L. Squeam. Lord Mr. *Truman*, what ails Mr. *Goodvile*? how happen'd this Difference? — I'll swear I am strangely surprized.

Trum. Your Ladyship, I suppose, can best give an account how Matters are with him: I am apt to believe he has been very free with you.

L. Squeam. Dear Sir, what do you mean? I'll swear you are a scandalous Person.

Good. Sir, since you are so rough, be-pleased not to concern your self with the Honour of this Lady; you may have enough to do if you dare justify your own to-morrow.

Trum. If I dare? — nay Sir, since you question it, I'll convince you presently; — Draw. [They fight.]

Enter Valentine.

Val. Hold, hold, what's the matter here? — *Jack Truman*, *Frank Goodvile*, for shame put up.

274 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile.

Mrs. Good. Where is this perfidious false Man? where is Mr. *Goodvile*? So Sir, I have found now the Original of all my Misfortunes: I have a Rival it seems; *Victoria*, the happy *Victoria* possesses all my Joys: What, have you been fighting too for the Honour of your Mistress?—here, come kill me; Would I had been laid in my Grave, e'er I had known thy odious polluted Bed.

Good. 'Sdeath, I thought she had been in her Chamber this hour at least:—'Tis true, my Dear, I must own a Kindness for *Victoria*, as my Kinswoman; but—

Mrs. Good. How! dare you own it? and to my face too? matchless Impudence! let me come at him, that I may tear out those hor lascivious glowing Eyes that wander after every Beauty in their way:—Oh! that I could blast him with a look!—Was my Love so despicable, to be abandon'd for *Victoria's*? The thought of it makes me mad: I'll endure it no longer, I will have Revenge, or I will die! Oh!

Trum. Delicate Diffimulation! How I love her!

Good. Dear Madam hear me speak—Madam, I say that—

Mrs. Good. I know you cannot want an Excuse; Diffimulation and Falshood have been your Practice:—But that you should wrong me with *Victoria*, a Woman that for the sake of your Relation I had made my Friend, (for every thing that was ally'd to you was dear to me,) is an Injury so great, that it distracts my Reason:—I could pardon any thing but my wrong'd Love.—Let me be gone; send me to a Nunnery; confine me to a charnel House; vile ungrateful Wretch, any thing but thy Presence I can endure.

Good. Is there every way so damn'd a Creature as a Wife?—Lord Madam, do you know what you do?

Mrs. Good. I'll warrant it, you would persuade me I am mad:—Would I had been born a Fool! I might then have been happy: Patiently have pass'd over the many tedious Nights I have endured in your Absence: Contented my self with Prayers for your Safety.

Mal. Oh Lord! Prayers!

Mrs. Good.

Mrs. Good. When you, in the very instant, were languishing in the Arms of a Prostitute.

Good. Lord, Madam, I thought you had been in your Chamber now: — Curse on her, what shall I do!

Mrs. Good. 'Tis a sign you believed me safe enough; you would not certainly else have had the Impudence to have brought a new Mistress under my Nose: — I see there how guilty she stands; — have you a Stomach so hot that it can digest Carrion, that has been buzz'd about and blown upon by all the Flies in the Town? Or was it the fantasticalness of your Appetite, to try how so course a Dish would relish, after being cloyed with better feeding? — Nay, Sir, I have been informed of all. —

Val. Has then your virtuous Ladyship been taking a little Love and Air with Mr. Goodvile this Evening?

[To Lady Squeamish.

Good. Well, she has dealt with the Devil, that's certain: — A Pox on't, I see there's no living for me in this side of the World: — Go, let the Coach be made ready; I'll into the Country.

Mrs. Good. Nay, Sir, I know my Presence has always been uneasy to you; Day and Night you are from me, or if ever you come home, 'tis with an aking Head, and heavy Heart, which *Victoria* only has Charms enough to Cure. This in the first Year of our Marriage! Nay and to own it! Proclaim your own Falshood and my disgraceful Injury in the Face of the World, when *Malagene* too, the Trumpet of all the Scandal in Town, was by to be a Witness: 'Twas very discreetly done, and doubtless will be a Secret long.

Good. Whirr, — Nay since it is so, why the Devil should I strive to smother my good Actions? — Well, if you will have it so, Madam *Victoria* has been my Mistress, is my Mistress, and shall be my Mistress, and what a Pox would you have more? and so God b'ye to you.

Enter Sir Noble Clumsey, Caper, and Saunter.

Clum. How's this! who's that speaks dishonourably of my Love, and Lady that shall be, *Victoria*? Before *George* she's a Queen, and whoever says to the contrary, I'll first make him eat my Sword, and then beat out his Teeth with the Hilt of it.

Caper.

276 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Caper. Oh! dear Madam, yonder's all the Town in Masquerade; won't you walk in? they'll be gone if they see no Company: *Jack Truman*, dear *Jack*, prithee go and take one frisk:—As I hope to be saved, there are three or four the finest Ladies, the delicatest shaped Women; I am sure I know 'em all.

Trum. Sir, I wish you good Fortune, but I dare not venture, you know my Temper; I shall be very boisterous and mistake 'em for Whores, though if they be of your Acquaintance, I know they must be of Quality.

Caper. I Gad, and so they are; but Mum for that:—One of 'em is she that gave me this Ring; and the other presented me with a Gold enamelled Watch could not cost less than Thirty Guineas:—Trifles *Jack*, which I have the Fortune to meet withal sometimes.

Saum. Nay Sir, you must not come off so — *Victoria* your Mistress!

Good. Yes Sir, and how are you concern'd at it?

Saum. Nay Sir, I can be as civil as any body — *Victoria* your Mistress!

Good. 'Sdeath you Coxcomb, mind your Singing, do you hear? And play the Fool by your self, or —

Saum. Sing Sir? so I can, *Fa La Da La La*, &c. *Victoria* your Mistress!

Good. Yes Sir, I say my Mistress.

Clum. Ounds, then Draw.

Val. Hold Sir Noble, you are too furious; what's the Matter?

Caper. Why how now *Sawnter*? How dost do dear Heart — Sir, this Gentleman's my Friend, and —

Good. Was ever Man so overwhelm'd with Fools and Blockheads? Why you ill-order'd Addle-pated wadling Brace of Puppies: — You Fool, in the first Place sing and be safe — and you slight Grasshopper dance and divert me: Dance Sirrah, do you hear?

Caper. Dance Sir? and so I think I can Sir, and Fence, and play at Tennis, and make Love, and fold up a Billet Doux, or any thing better than you Sir: Dance quoth a — there Sir.

Mrs. Good. Nay Sir Noble, not only so, but own'd and boasted of it to my Face: Told me — *Clump.*

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 277

Clum. Soul of my Honour, 'tis unpardonable: And I'll eat his Heart for it.

Good. Dear Raw-head and Bloody-bones be patient a little: — See, see you Beagles, Game for you, fresh Game; that great Towser has started it already; on, on, on, halloo, halloo, halloo.

[Thrusts 'em at his Wife, and Exit.]

L. Squeam. But Dear Mr. *Caper*, Masqueraders did you say! I'll swear I'll among 'em: shall I not have your Company? Oh! Dear Masqueraders! I'll vow I can stay no longer.

[Exit hastily.]

Val. Curse on her, she's gone and has prevented me: — *Caper, Saunter*, did you not hear my Lady call you? She's gone to the Masqueraders, for shame follow her; she'll take it ill you did not wait on her.

Saun. Faith *Caper*, and so she will. Well, I am resolved to marry *Victoria* for fear of the worst: — Madam, your most Devoted Servant: I hope our Difference with Mr. *Goodwile* to Night——

Mrs. Good. Dear Sir, it needs no excuse.

Caper. My Resentments, Madam——

Trum. You are too Ceremonious, Gentlemen, and my Lady will fear she has lost you.

Caper. Dear *Jack*, as I told thee before, I must bring thee acquainted with those Ladies.

Saun. Prithee put on a Masque and come among us, *Jack*, Faith do.

Trum. Sirs, I'll wait on you in a Moment.

Both. Dear Soul Adieu.

[Embracing him.]

[Exeunt Singing and Dancing.]

Trum. These Coxcombs, Madam, came in a good time; they were never seasonable before.

Mrs. Good. Diseases and Visitations are necessary sometimes to sweep away the noisome Crowds that infest and incumber the World.

Mal. As I have often said I must publish, I must spread; and so God b'ye to you.

[Exit.]

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh! Madam, yonder's my Master raving for his Coach: Says he'll into the Country presently: Has given order to disperse the Company; what will you do?

Mrs. Good.

278 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

Mrs. Good. Let him go, 'twere pity to hinder him:—
Ha! ha! ha! into the Country? I'd as soon believe he
would turn Capuchin.

Trum. But Madam, 'twas inhumanly done, to come
your self upon him: One would have thought that I had
used him bad enough, for the wise Mistake he made of
Victoria.

Mrs. Good. I would not have miss'd it for the World:
Now would he come on his Knees for Composition;
and if I do not bring him to it within these four Hours—

Trum. Why Madam, what will you do?

Mrs. Good. Put on all the notorious Affectations and
ridiculous Impertinencies that ever the most eminent of
our Sex have study'd, or the Coxcombs of your Sex ad-
mired; then of a sudden seem to grow fond of both those
Clingant Fools, which I am sure he of all things loaths;
yet do it too so forc'dly, that he himself shall find it only
intended to give him Vexation.

Trum. Have you then maliciously design'd, in spite of
Nature, to keep me constant?

Mrs. Good. Which you will be sure to be!—

Trum. A dozen new fresh young unseen Beauties, and
the Devil himself in the Rear of 'em, cannot make me
otherwise: I never really lov'd or liv'd 'till now:
There is nothing I'd not wish to be, except the very
Husband himself, rather than lose you.

Enter Valentine and Camilla.

Val. Jack Truman!

Trum. Well Ned, what's the Matter?

Val. Treason, *Truman*; your being here with *Mrs. Good-
vile* I fear is discover'd; I heard some such thing whi-
sper'd among the Masqueraders, and *Goodvile* himself
seems suddenly alter'd; I would advise you to come and
shew your self, and make the best on't.

Mrs. Good. Let me alone; I'll secure all, I'll warrant
you: I'm sure he can have no positive Proofs: I'll instant-
ly go and put all things in a Confusion, contradict all the
Orders he has giving for going into the Country; shut
up my self in my Chamber, and not hear a Word of him
'till he comes upon Submission:— *Lettice*, follow me to
my Chamber presently.

[Exit.

Trum.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 279

Trump. Right exquisite Woman and Wife, good Luck attend thee. [Exit.]

Let. Well, my Lady certainly of a young Lady knows her Business, and understands the managing of a Husband the best of any Woman in the World: I'll swear she is an ingenious Person: Forty Ladies now, at such an Accident, would have been hurry'd and afraid, and the poor Waiting-woman must have been sent forward and backward, and backward and forward to hearken and inquire; but she shews all her Changes in a Motion.

Enter Goodvile.

Good. How now *Lettice*? Where's your Lady?

Let. Within Sir, in her Chamber.

Good. Are you sure of it?

Let. Sir, she commanded me to follow her thither but now.

Good. Is she alone there?

Let. Ay Sir, I'll assure you she seldom desires Company:-----But I must hasten and follow her.

Good. Stay a little, are you sure she was in the House, before this disturbance happened in the Garden?

Let. Sure Sir! why I my self was at the Chamber-window with her, when first she heard you exclaim against *Madam Victoria*! Poor Creature, I was afraid she would have fallen down dead on the Floor: I catch'd her in my Arms, beg'd of her on my Knees not to run out; but she would hear nothing, but spight of force broke from me, and came hither with all that Impatience and Rage, the too sensible Resentment of your Unkindness had rais'd in her.

Good. Get you in presently, do you hear? and take no notice of what I have said to you, as you tender your well-being.

Let. Yes Sir:-----But if I conceal a Word of it, may I never serve *London* Lady again, but be condemn'd to be a Country-Chamber-Maid, and kill Fleas as long as I live. [Ex.]

Good. If I should have been in the wrong all this while, and mistaken my own dear Wife for *Victoria*!-----Ah! Curse on this hot Head of mine! Pox on't, it is impossible! Yet that mischievous Rogue *Malagene* was all the while

280 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION

while in the Garden, and he has been at his Doubts and Ambiguities, and may-be's with me:----By this Light I am a Cuckold, an arrant rank stinking Cuckold.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. What will become of me! whither shall I fly to hide my Misfortune? Oh! that I might never see the Light again, but be for ever conceal'd in these Shades.

Good. Dear *Victoria* is it you? be free with me; were you really in the Garden before, to Night, or no?

Vict. I have not been out of the House since it was dark, 'till this Minute, nor had I come hither now, but that I am destitute where to conceal my self from the malicious Eyes and Tongues of those, to whom your Baseness has given an Opportunity of Triumphant over my Misfortune and ruin'd Honour.

Good. Be not so outrageous; I'll reconcile all yet.

Vict. Which way is it possible? By to morrow Morning your very Footmen will have it in their Mouths; and *Malagene*, that keeps an Office of Intelligence for all the Scandal in Town, will be spreading it among his Coffee-House Companions, and at the Play whisper it to the Orange Women, who shall make a fulsome Jest of it to the next Coxcomb that comes in half drunk, to Loll and Play, and be nauseously lewd with 'em in publick.

Good. I tell thee it shall not be; *Malagene's* my Creature, or at least henceforth I'll make him so; I have reasons for it, and to believe also that my Wife, my own delicate damn'd Wife, was the same I mistook for you in the Garden to Night.

Vict. 'Tis true, I was at the same time to see for her in her Chamber, and she was not there; but cannot believe her in the least guilty of what you seem to accuse her of.

Good. Confound her: — She's an exquisite Jilt, thorough pac'd, and practis'd in all the cunning Arts and Sights of Falshood: 'Sdeath how I could mince her! But here comes *Malagene*, he knows all, and I'll make him confess all, or I'll murder him.

Enter Malagene.

Well, Sir, what say you to this Matter?

Mal. Faith Bully, I think my dear Kinswoman has mau'd you to some purpose; I'll say this for her, she has the

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 281

the true blood of the *Malagene's* in her: To lol. dara
lal, &c.

Good. What is't you mean, Fool? Be plain, and unfold
your self.

Mal. Why you must know *Frank*, having a particular
esteem for my Family, (the nearest Relation of which
I would go Fifty Miles to see hang'd) I do think her as
very a——But no more,——Mum dear Heart, Mum, I
say.

Good. What's that you say, Sir? what do you think
my Wife?

Mal. Ay, what, *Frank*? what? now.

Good. Nay, Sir, that you must resolve me.

Mal. Why then I'll thee *Frank*; dost thou really think
I love thee?

Good. I know you'll say so Sir, because you fear me.

Mal. Then prithee do so much as lend me ten Guineas
for a day or two.

Good. Oh Sir to the purpose, to the purpose; be brief.

Mal. Nay then, Mum I say again.

Good. Will you never leave vexing me with your Im-
pertinence? Must I be always forc'd to use you ill, to
bring you to good Manners?

Mal. Faith Child, I am loath to make Mischief; I have
been a very wicked ill-natur'd impudent Fellow, that's
the truth on't: But I find I lose my self by it: The very
Poets themselves, that were wont to stand in awe of me,
care not a louse for me now; and there's not a common
Whore in Town, but calls me Rogue and Rascal to my
Face, as impudently as if I were her Pimp.

Good. Therefore Sir resolve to turn honest, and be just
to your Friend.

Mal. The Devil take me *Frank*, if thou art not a very
impertinent Fellow:——Know! why who should know
better than your self? Hah!

Good. Here are Five Guineas for you, upon Condition
you make a full and true Relation of all you have dis-
cover'd this Night.

Mal. I'll do't; down with your Dust.

Good.

282 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Good. What will not this Rakehell do to borrow Money? I knew him make Love to a Chamber-Maid 'till he had borrow'd Five Pounds of her at half a Crown a time.

Mal. Well *Frank Goodvile*, you may think as you please of me; but hang me like a Dog if I am not a very honest Fellow in my Heart:—You would have me deal freely with you, you say, in this Business?

Good. I would so Sir, or I shall deal very roughly with you.

Mal. And you lent me these five Guineas to that purpose?

Good. You are much in the right, Sir.

Mal. Then to make short of the Matter; thou art as arrant a poor silly Cuckold as one would wish to drink withal, and confound me if I shall not be ashamed of thy Company.

Good. Confounded Whore!—Oh for a Legion of Devils to hurry her to Hell, and that I had but the driving of 'em!

Mal. Nay, nay, Man, since 'tis so, never be angry for the Matter: What a Pox, you thought to put the Mistress upon *Truman*! *Truman* has put the Cuckold upon you; *Valentine* has been Pimp in the Business; and the Devil take me if I don't think my self the honestest Fellow amongst you.

Vic. Now, Sir, consider what a wretched thing you have made me.

Good. No more; I'm thine, and here I seal my Heart to thee for ever.

Mal. Well *Frank*, can I serve thee any further in this Business?

Good. That Sir, is as time shall try: And to convince you how fit I think you for my Purpose, I know you are a Rascal not to be trusted: Therefore observe it, if you offer to stir beyond the Limits I set you, at that very instant I'll murder you.

Mal. Prithee talk not to me of Limits and Murdering. I hope you take me Sir (under the Rose) for no Fool: And what a Pox do you think to make of me?

Good.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION 283

Good. A Spaniel to Hunt and Set the Game I mean to take: Oh! *Malagene*, there will be mischief, *Malagene*, and new ripe fresh Scandal to treat of: I know it is an Office thou lov'st, and therefore do it to oblige thee.

Mal. I'Faith, and so I do with all my Heat: But *Frank*, I don't know how this Business will be brought about well: I have promis'd to meet two or three hearty old Souls to Morrow at Dinner, to Swear and Drink, and talk Baudy and Treason together for an Hour or two; they are all Atheists, and very honest Fellows.

Good. O Sir you may be hang'd in good time: But for this present occasion I must use you: *Victoria*, do you with all your utmost Art dissemble but the least Knowledge of what has happen'd to Night: And Sir, do you keep still that lying sneering ugly merry Face which you always wear when you design Mischief: I'll pretend this Morning to pursue my Design of going into the Country; then when they are in the height of their Pleasures and Assurance of their Safety, return and surprize 'em.

Vict. But do you believe, Sir, that you can utterly abandon all Sense of your past Love and Tenderness for a Woman, who has been so dear to you? You will be apt to relapse again.

Good. I will sooner return to my Vomit: I am rather glad of the occasion to be rid of so troublesome uneasie a burden: A Wife after a Year, like a Garment that has been worn too long, hangs loose and awkwardly on a Man, and grows a Scandal to him that wears it.

Vict. But can you then resolve to quit and disown her for ever?

Good. For ever, my *Victoria*! — No more, but straight go to thy Chamber, and wait for the happy Issue: — You Sir keep close to me. — Quit her! as chearfully as I would a Shoe that wrings me. Then how loosely shall I move,

Free and unbounded, taste the Sweets of Life!

Love where I please, and know no more the Strife

That's bred by that Domestick Plague, call'd a Wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE Victoria's Chamber.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. **N**OW I am satisfy'd I must be wretched! Oh Love! Unhappy Womens Curse, and Mens flight Game to pass their idle time at: I find too in my self the common Companion of Infamy, Malice. Has *Goodvile's* Wife ever wrong'd me? Never. Why then should I conspire to betray her? No, let my Revenge light wholly on that false perjurd Man; as he has deceiv'd and ruin'd me, I'll play false with him, make my self privy to his whole Design of surprizing *Truman* and his Wife together: Then like a true Mrs. betray his Counsels to her, that she like a true Wife may spight of his Teeth deceive him quite, and so I have the pleasure of seeing him a seal'd stigmatiz'd fond believing Cuckold: 'Twill at least be some ease to me. Here he comes equipp'd and prepar'd for the pretended Journey.

Enter Goodvile and Boy.

Good. Go bid the Coachman hasten, and get all things ready: I am uneasy 'till I am gone. 'Tis time we were set out.

*The Wolves have prey'd, and look the gentle Day
Before the Wheels of Phœbus all about.*

Dapples the Drousie East with Spots of Gray.

Wife! adieu dear Wife. Ah my *Victoria*, up already? so diligent to wish me a happy Journey? Certainly my good Angel is like thee, and whensoever I err must meet me in thy shape, and with such Softness smile and direct me.

Vict. *As those whom Will with the Wisp bewitches
Through Bogs, through Hedges and Ditches.*

Good. No: Thou hast led me out of the crooked forward Road of Matrimony, into the pleasant easie Path of Love, where I can never lose my way, and must be always happy: But where's *Malagene*?

Vict.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 285

Viſt. Below with Sir Noble. Whilst the Buttlér was asleep they ſtole the Key from him: And there they are with the Fat red-fac'd Fiddler that plays upon the Baſe, fitting Croſs-leg'd upon the Floor, ſtrip'd to their Shirts, and drinking Bawdy Healths.

Good. That fulſome Rogue will ruin all our Buſineſs. See here what I have diſcover'd juſt now in the private Corner of a Window, (a place I ſuppoſe appointed for the purpoſe!) I found this Billet to my ſweet Wife.

Reads. *If Goodvil goes out of Town this Morning, let me know it, that I may wait on you, and tell you the reſt of my Heart, for you do not know how much I love you yet.* Truman.

Now if I am not a Cuckold let any honeſt Wittall judge, ha, ha, ha. How it pleaſes me! Blood! Fire! and Daggers!

Viſt. But Sir! what do you reſolve on?

Good. As I told thee, inſtantly to pretend a Journey out of Town, and return and ſurprize 'em; for I am ſure they'll not be long aſunder when I am out of the way: Oh! this Billet is a very honeſt Billet, and I know won't lie. But why ſhould I ſpend my Time in talking of what but vexes me, when Pleaſures are ſo near me? Come my *Victoria* take me to thy Arms, a Moment's Joy with thee, would ſweeten Years of Cares. The Devil—

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, and Lettice.

Mrs. Good. Good Morning to you, Sir.

Good. Good Night to you, Madam.

Mrs. Good. How ſo Sir?

Good. Why good Night or good Morrow, 'tis all one; Ceremony is the leaſt thing I take care of: You ſee I am buſie.

Mrs. Good. I muſt confeſs, conſidering the humble Duty of a Wife, 'tis ſomething rude in me to interrupt you; but I hope when you know my Intentions, you'll pardon me. They were only to take a civil Leave of you: I find you are preparing for the Country, Sir.

Good. Ay! A little Air will be very ſeaſonable at preſent Madam; I ſhall grow rank elſe, and all the Company I keep will ſmell me out.

Mrs. Good.

286 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Mrs. Good. Oh what joy will fill each neighbouring Village! to hear our Landlords Honour's coming down. The Bells shall jangle out of Tune all Day; and at Night the Curate of the Hamlet comes in the name of the whole Parish to bid his Patron welcome into the Country, and invite himself the next Lords Day to Dinner.

Good. I am glad to see you so pleasant, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Then the next Morning our Tenant's dainty Daughter is sent with a Present of Pippins of the largest Size, cull'd by the good old Drudge her Mother, which she delivers with a Curt'sie, and blushes in expectation of what his Worship will bestow upon her.

Good. Oh Madam, let not any thoughts of that Nature disturb you; I shall leave all my wanton Inclinations here, and only please my self when I am there sometimes to contemplate your Ladyship's Picture in the Gallery.

Mrs. Good. Then come the Country Squires, and their Dogs, the cleaner sort of Creatures of the Two: Straight w're invited to the noble Hunt, and not a Deer in all the Forest's safe.

Good. No Madam: No horned Beast shall suffer for my Pleasure: I am lately grown a Philosopher, Madam; and find, we ought not hurt our Fellow Creatures.

Mrs. Good. What is the reason that you use me thus?

Good. What is't I would not do to purchase Quietness? Your injurious Suspicions of me were tolerable, but the Wrongs your Jealousie has done *Victoria*—

Mrs. Good. I jealous of *Victoria*! No. Tho' my Passion last Night made me extravagant, when I discover'd you with that naughty Lady *Squeamish* which I can easily forgive, if you'll but promise to forget her: For I am confident it was your first Transgression.

Good. Very quaint and pretty.

Mrs. Good. Yet I am too well satisfy'd of *Victoria*'s Virtue, for she's my Friend, and though I should see her in your Arms I could not harbour such a Thought. No, *Victoria*, you must love me, and I'll love you; you shall call me your Love, and I'll call you my Dear, and we'll always go to the Play together, and to the Park together, and every where together; and when Mr. *Goodvile*'s out of Town, we'll lie together.

Enter

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 287

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Coach is ready.

Good. You think, Madam, you have a fine easie Fool to play withal, but the gayness of your Face is too thin to hide the rancour of your Heart; and so my Dear jocund witty Devil Wife, I take my leave of you, never more from this minute to look on you.

Mrs. Good. Are you then inexorable? Relentless, cruel Man!

Good. Good easie melting kind-hearted Woman farewell.
[*Exit.*

Mrs. Good. Ah wretched me!

Let. My Lady swoons, Dear Madam *Victoria* hasten, and bring my Master back again; you can do any thing with him.
[*Ex. Victoria.*

Mrs. Good. No, no, *Lettice*! Let him alone, art thou sure he's gone?

Let. I hope so, Madam.

Mrs. Good. Then so soon as I am return'd to my Chamber, be sure you go your self to Mr. *Truman*, and tell him if he has nothing else to do he may come hither to Day.

Enter Victoria.

Vict. There is no prevailing with him, he cries aloud his House is infected, and that no Man that values his Health will stay in it. My Lady *Squeamish* too is arriv'd just as he left the Door; I am sure she'll come in; will you see her, Madam?

Mrs. Good. Oh I am sick at the very name of her: Let all the Doors be barr'd against her, and Gunpowder under each Threshold-place, ready to blow her up, if she but offer an entrance. *Lettice*, lend me your Hand a little: I'll to my Chamber instantly: Oh my Head! [*Ex. with Let.*

Vict. This Management of hers so charms me, that I can almost forget all the Mischief she has done me: 'tis true she reproacht me, but 'twas done so handsomely that I had doubly deserv'd it to have taken Notice of it.

Enter Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeam. Oh Dear *Victoria*, what will become of me! I am lost and undone for ever: Oh I shall die, I shall die; the Lord of my Heart, the Jewel of my Soul is false to me.
Vict.

288 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Vict. What ails your Ladyship? Surely she's distracted?

L. Squeam. Oh *Goodvile*, *Goodvile*! the false, cruel, remorseless *Goodvile*! I came just as his Coach was parting from the Door, yet he would not speak to me, would hardly see me, but away he drove, and smiling mockt my Sorrows.

Vict. Alas! Her Ladyship is Passionate, as I live very Passionate.

L. Squeam. So *Theseus* left the Wretched *Ariadne* on the Shoar, so fled the false *Æneas* from his *Dido*.

Vict. What could you expect less of him, Madam? Falshood is his Province: Your Ladyship should have made choice of a civil sober discreet Person; but *Goodvile* you know is a Spark, a very Spark.

L. Squeam. That, that has been my Ruin; it was therefore I ador'd him: What Woman would doat on a dull melancholly Ass, because she might be sure of him? No, a Spark is my Life, my Darling, the joy of my Soul; Oh how I doat on a Spark? I could live and die with a Spark. *Victoria*, I make you a Confident, and you must pardon me for robbing you of Mr. *Goodvile*: Come come, I know all.

Vict. Your Ladyship knows more than all the World besides.

L. Squeam. And as I was saying, A Spark is the Dearest thing to me in the World; I have had acquaintance I think with all the Sparks. Well; one of 'em that you know was a sweet Person: Oh he danc'd, and sung, and dress'd to a Miracle, and then he spoke *French* as if he had been bred all his life-time at *Paris*, and admir'd every thing that was *French*: Besides he would look so languishingly, and lisp so prettily when he talk'd; and then never wanted Discourse: I'll swear he has entertain'd me two Hours together with the description of an *Equipage*.

Vict. That must needs be very charming.

L. Squeam. But Mr. *Goodvile* was a Wit too: Oh I never had a Wit before, for to speak the Truth, now I think on't better, all my Lovers have been a little Foolish I'll swear, ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Noble and Mal. at the Door drunk.*]

Mal. Scour, scour, scour.

Clam.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION. 289

Clum. Down goes the Main-Mast, down, down, down.
[They enter.] Malagene roar, roar, and ravish, there are
 Punks in beaten Sattin, Sirrah; Termagant, triumphant,
 first-rate Punks, you Rogue.

Viç. How came these Ruffians here?

Clum. Ruffians! do you know who you talk to Madam?
 I am a civil, sober, discreet Person; and come particular-
 ly to embrace thy lovely Body.

Mal. Look you Madam, make no noise about this mat-
 ter. This is a Person of Quality and a Friend of mine,
 therefore pray be civil.

L. Squeam. Has Mr. Goodvile left no Footmen at home
 to cudgell such Fops? Fogh---how like drunken Journey-
 men Taylors they look?

Mal. Journey-men, Madam! hold there! none of your
 Ladyship's Journey-men, that's one comfort! Woe to the
 poor Devil that is, I say.

L. Squeam. Were Mr. Goodvile at home you durst not
 talk thus, you scandalous Fellow.

Mal. Goodvile say you --- hark you my Dear, were he
 here in Person, I would first of all decently kick him out
 of Doors, then turn up thy Keel and discover here to thy
 Kinsman what a leaky Vessel thou art.

Clum. Why, what is that Goodvile? Will he Wrestle?
 or will he Box for 50*l.* Look you, this fellow is my Pimp.
 'Tis true his Countenance is none of the best: But he's a
 neat Lad, and keeps good Company.

Mal. Hark you, Knight! you'll bear me out in this Busi-
 ness, Knight? For under the Rose I have apprehension, that
 this Carcase of mine may suffer else.

Clum. No more of that Rogue! no more. Take notice
 good People, this civil Person shall marry my Sister; she
 is a pretty hopeful Lady---Truly she is not full thirteen---
 but she has had two Children already, Odd's heart.

Viç. Ridiculous Oaf!

Clum. Come, let us talk Baudy.

Viç. I'll call those shall talk with you presently.

[Ex. Viç.]

Clum. Wheugh---she's gone.

L. Squeam. Beast! Bruit! Barbarian! Sot!

290 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Clum. Oh law! my Aunt! what have I done now? Madam, as I hope to be—

[Runs against her, and almost beats her backward.]

L. Squeam. Oh help! I am murdered! oh my Head!

Clum. Nay Lady that was no fault of mine: You shall see I'll keep my distance, and (as I was saying) if I have offended—

[Reels against a Table and throws down a China Jar, and several little China Dishes.]

L. Squeam. Oh insufferable! quickly, quickly, a Porter and Basket to carry out this Swine to a Dunghill.

Clum. Look you Madam, no harm! no harm! you shall see me behave my self notably yet—as for example—suppose now—suppose this the Door. *[Goes to the Door.]* Very well; thus then I move.—

[Steps forwards and leaves his Peruke on one of the Hinges.] Hah, who was that? Rogues! Dogs! Sons of Whores!

[Enter Servants.]

I Serv. Such as we are Sir, you shall find us at your Service.

Clum. Murder, Murder, Murder.—

Mal. Where there is such odds, a Man may with Honour retire and steal off. *[Ex. Mal.]*

[Enter Caper and Saunter.]

Cap. Where is this Rascal? this Coxcomb? this Fop? how dare you come hither, Sir, to affront Ladies and Persons of Quality?

Clum. Sir, your humble Servant; did you see my Perriwig?

Caper. Sir, you are an Ass; and never wore Perriwig in your Life: Jernie what a Bush of Briers and Thorns is here? The Main of my Lady Squeamish's Shock is a Chedrenz to it.

Clum. Why, Sir, I know who made it. He was an honest Fellow and a Barber, and one that lov'd Musick and Poetry.

Saun. How Sir!

Caper. But, Sir, come close to the Business: How durst you treat Ladies so rudely as we saw you but now? Answer to that, and tell not us of Musick and Poetry.

Clum.

FRIENDSHIP *in* FASHION 291

Clum. Why, he had all *Westminster* Drollery and *Oxford* Jest at his Fingersends. And for the Cittern, if ever *Troy Town* were a Tune, he master'd it upon that Instrument, when he was our Butler in the Country: An old Maid of my Grandmother's took great delight in him for it.

Saum. But, Sir, this is nothing to our Business.

Clum. Business! hang Business! I hate a Man of Business: If you'll Drink or Whore, break Windows, or commit Murther, I am for you.

Caper. Sir, will you fight?

Clum. Fight! with whom? for what?

Caper. With me.

Saum. With me.

Clum. Ay Sir, with all my Heart; I love fighting Sir.

Saum. But will you Sir, dare you?

Caper. Ay Sir, will you fight? do you think you dare fight?

Clum. Why, you sweet perfum'd *Jessimine-Knaves!* you Rogues in *Buckram!* were there a Dozen of you I'd beat you out of your Artificial Sweetness into your own natural Rankness; you Stinkards! shall I draw my *Cerberus* and cut you off, you gaudy *Popinjaies?*

Caper. This Fellow's mad, *Sawnter!* stark mad, by *Ferico:* Dear Knight, how long hast thou been in this Pickle? this Condition, Knight? hah?

Clum. What Pickle? what Condition, you Worms?

Saum. Ay, ay, 'tis so, the Poor Devil must to *Bedlam:* *Bedlam,* Knight, the Mad-man's Hospital.

Clum. What will become of you then, you Vermin? There's never a Hospital for Fools yet; Mercy on me if there were! how many Handsome Fellows in this Town might be provided for? [Fiddles play within.]

Caper. Hey day! Fiddles!

Saum. Madam *Goodvile* hearing we were here, hath sent for 'em on purpose to regale us.

292 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Enter Mrs. Goodvile, Lady Squeamish with the Fiddles playing, Saunter falls to sing the Tune with 'em, and Caper Dances to it. Lettice.

Mrs. Good. Let my Servants take care that all the Doors stand open: I'll have Entrance deny'd to no one Fool in Town. Mr. Caper and Mr. Saunter here? then we can never want Company. Come, Madam, let us begin the Revels of the Day; I long to enjoy the Freedom I am Mistress of. Lettice, try your Vow.

L. Squeam. Oh Madam! this gallant Spirit ravishes me. Dear Mr. Caper, you and Mr. Saunter were born to be happy! Madam Goodvile has resolv'd to Sacrifice this Day to Pleasure——what shall we do with our selves?

Cap. Do, Madam! We'll dance for ever.

L. Squeam. Oh ay Dance.

Saum. And Sing.

L. Squeam. And Sing.

Both. And Love.

L. Squeam, Oh ay, Love! but Madam Goodvile, have you resolv'd to wear the Willow, and be very Melancholly——ha, ha, ha——Fiddles! where are you? I cannot endure you out of my sight.

Mrs. Good. Willow! hang it, give it to Country Girls that sigh for Clowns; and Melancholy is a Disease for Bankrupt Beauty: I have yet a stock of Youth and Charms, unfully'd by the hands of Age or Care,

And whilst that lasts what Woman would despair?

Clum. In the mean time I'll scout out for a Doxy of my Acquaintance hard by, return in Triumph, and let Victoria go hang and despair.

Sings.

*To love is a pleasure Divine,
Yet I'll never sigh or be sad;
They are Coxcombs that languish and pine,
So long as Whores are to be had.——To daroll, darolda.*

L. Squeam. Oh secure that deform'd Monster, that Rebel of mine: Fellows take care of him, and keep him up till I talk with him, and make him sensible of his Enemities

Clum

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 293

Clum. Slaves! Avaunt! if my Lady will have it so, I'll walk soberly into the Garden and consider of what is past.
To love is a Pleasure, &c.
[Ex. Clum.]

Mrs. Good. Lettice!

Let. Madam.

Mrs. Good. Is Mr. *Truman* come?

Let. He'll be here presently Madam.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. A Letter for your Ladyship.

Mrs. Good. Who brought it?

Page. A Porter brought it to the Door, Madam: But said, he had no Orders to stay for an Answer. *[Ex. Page.]*

Mrs. Good. A Woman's Hand!

Reads. Mr. Goodvile's *Journey out of Town* is but a Pretence: He is jealous of you and Mr. Truman, you will find him anon return'd in hopes to surprize you together. Though he has trusted me with the Secret, and oblig'd me to assist him in it; yet I would endeavour by this Discovery to perswade you that I am your real Servant,
Victoria.

Postscript, Beware of *Malagene*, for he's appointed the Spy to betray you.

This is generously done, *Victoria*, and I'll study to deserve it of Thee: Now, if I plague not this wise jealous Husband of mine, let all Wives curse me, and Cuckolds laugh at me! Fiddles! lead in! Mr. *Caper* and Mr. *Saunter* pray wait on my Lady, and entertain her a little: I'll follow you presently.

L. Squeam. Come Mr. *Caper*, will you walk?

Caper. A Coranto Madam?

L. Squeam. Ay ten thousand, ten thousand, Mr. *Saunter*, I would be always near you Two! Oh for a Grove now, and a purling Brook with that delightful charming Voice of yours! Come, let us walk and study which way to divert our selves.

Caper. Allons! for Love and Pleasure: By these Hands----

Saum. By those Eyes——

L. Squeam. Oh no more! no more: I shall be lost in Happiness!

[Exeunt.]

Mrs. Good.

194 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Mrs. Good. So: This Comfort of Fools shall be the Chorus to my Farce: Now all the Malice, Ill-nature, Falshood and Hypocrisie of my Sex inspire me. *Lettice!* see *Camilla* be sent for instantly, she shall join with me in my Revenge, she has Reason; *Mr. Valentine*, I suppose, will be here with *Mr. Truman*.

Enter Mr. Truman.

Trum. And think you, Madam, he durst not answer a fair Lady's Challenge without a Second?

Mrs. Good. You would pretend, I'll warrant you, to be very stout. You Hectors in Love are as arrant Cheats as Hectors in fighting, that bluster, rant, and make a noise for the present; but when they come to the Bus'ness, prove errant Dastards, and good for nothing.

Trum. But, Madam, you should find I dare do something, would you but be civil and stand your Ground.

Mrs. Good. What think you though of a Cut-throat Husband now behind the Hangings? what would become of you then?

Trum. Whilst I have such Beauty on my Side, nothing can hurt me.

Mrs. Good. Then, Sir, prepare your self; *Mr. Goodvile* is really jealous, and mistrusts all or more than has past between us. His Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, but we shall see him instantly in Expectation to catch us together.

Trum. Fear him not Madam; these Moles that work under Ground are as blind as they are busie: Let him run on in his dull Jealousie, whilst we still find new Windings out, and lose him in the Maze.

Mrs. Good. Then if you wish to preserve me yours, join with me to Day in my Design, which is, if possible, to make him Mad, work him up to the height of furious Suspicion, and at that Moment when he thinks his Jealousie most just, baffle him out of it: And let the World know how dull a Tool a Husband is, compar'd with that triumphant thing a Wife, and her Guardian Angel Lover.

Trum. But *Mr. Goodvile*, Madam, has Wit, and so good an Opinion of it too—

Mrs. Good.

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 295

Mrs. Good. 'Tis that shall be his Ruine: Were he a Fool, he were not worth the Trouble of deceiving.

Trum. Dear Jewel of my Soul, proceed then and prosper. But what must be my Part?

Mrs. Good. To secure *Malagene*: That ill-natur'd Villain has betray'd us, and is appointed by *Goodville* chief Instrument in the Discovery: He has Cowardize enough to sell his Soul to buy off a Beating: He never told Truth enough to be believ'd once so long as he lives. Get him but in your Power, and he shall own more Villanies than ever were in his Thoughts to commit, or the Necessity of our Affair can invent to put upon him.

Trum. And I'll be sure of him, or may I never taste those Lips again, but be condemn'd to cast Mistress in the Side-box at the Play-house, or what is worse, take up with a Sempstress, and drudge for Cuffs and Cravats.

Enter Malagene.

Mrs. Good. Here he comes!

Trum. Oh Monsieur *Malagene* welcome!

Mal. *Jack Truman*, your humble Servant.

Trum. Whither so fast I beseech you Sir! a word with you, a word with you.

Mal. Why! can I do any thing for thee? Hast thou any Business for me? Prithce what is it?

Trum. Sir! You must lie for me.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha. Is that all?

Trum. Nay Sir you must!

Mal. Any thing in a civil way or so, *Jack*! but nothing upon Compulsion, Lad! Prithce, let me do nothing upon Compulsion, prithce now!

Trum. Then Sir to be brief, this is the Business! *Goodville* I hear has been inform'd by you of what pass'd in the Garden last Night; how durst you be so impudent as to pry into my Secrets, where I was concern'd?

Mal. Why look you *Jack*, Curiosity you know! and a natural Inclination which I have

Trum. To Pimping.

Mal. Confound me *Jack* thou art much in the right: I believe thou art a Witch. I knew as well Man

Trum. What did you know?

296 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Mal. Why I knew thee to be an arch Wagg and an honest Fellow! Ah Rogue, prithee kiss me! the Rogue's out of Humour.

Trum. No Sir! I dare not use you so like a Friend, you must deserve it better first.

Mal. Look you *Jack*, the truth of the Business is, I am bespoken: But the Love I have to see the Business go forward, may persuade me to much.

Trum. Then presently resolve entirely to disown and abjure all the Intelligence you gave *Goodvile*, or promise to your self that where-ever next I meet you, I'll cut your Throat upon the spot.

Mal. But hark you, *Jack*, how shall I come off with the Business? I shall be kick'd and us'd very scurvily: For the Truth is, I did tell——

Trum. What did you tell?

Mal. Why I told him, you Knave. I won't tell! you little cunning Curr, I told him all, Man!

Trum. All, Sir!

Mal. Ay hang me like a Dog, all. But Madam you must pardon me, there was not a Word of it true.

Trum. And what do you think to do with your self?

Mal. Do? why I'll deny it all again, Man, every Word of it, as impudently as ever I at first affirm'd it: May be he'll kick me, and beat me, and use me like a Dog, Man——That's nothing, nothing at all, Man, I do not value it this!

[Pulls out a Jew's Trump, and plays.

Trum. And this Sir, you'll stand to.

Mal. If I do not, hang me up for a Sign at a Bawdy-house-door: In the mean time I'll retire and peruse a young Lampoon, which I am lately the happy Father of.

Trum. Nay Sir! you are not to stir from me!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam! shift for your self. Madam *Victoria* sent me to tell you that my Master is return'd, and that he pretends to come a Masquerader.

Mal. Well! since it must be so, I'll deny all indeed! what an excellent Fellow might I have been? Some Men now with my stock of Honesty, and a little more Gravity, would have made a Fortune. Well: I have been a

lazy

lazy Rogue; and never knew 'till now that I was fit for Business.

Mrs. Good. Mr. Goodvile in Masquerade; say you?

Let. Yes, Madam, and two Women with him; Madam, they are just now alighted.

Mrs. Good. Women with him! nay then he comes triumphantly indeed. Mr. Truman, do you retire with Malagene. I'll stay here and receive this *Machiavel* in Disguise. Now, once more let me invoke all the Arts of Affectation, all the Revenge, the counterfeit Passions, pretended Love, pretended Jealousie, pretended Rage, and in sum the very Genius of my Sex to my Assistance.

Enter Goodvile and others Masqued.

So! here they come: Now this Throw for all my future Peace. Who waits there?

Good. Madam! you'll excuse this Freedom. *[Enter Servants.]*

Mrs. Good. You oblige me by using it: Let all the Company know that these Noble Persons of Quality have honour'd me with their Presence: Let the Fiddles be ready, and see the Banquet prepar'd; and let Mr. Truman come to me instantly, I cannot live a Minute, a Moment without him.

Good. Delicate Devil!

Mrs. Good. Sir! let me beg your Patience for a Moment, whilst I go and put things in Order fit for your Reception. *[Exit.]*

Good. Footmen! take care that the Engines which I have order'd be ready when I call for 'em. Truman, I see, is a Man of punctual Assignation; and my Wife is a Person very adroit at these Matters; some hot-brain'd, Horn-mad Cuckold now would be for cutting of Throats; but I am resolv'd to turn a civil, sober, discreet Person, and hate blood-shed: No: I'll manage the Matter so temperately that I'll catch her in his very Arms; then civilly discard her Bag and Baggage, whilst you my dainty Doxies take Possession of her Privileges, and enter the Territories with Colours flying.

1 Wom. And shall I keep my Coach, Mr. Goodvile?

Good. Ay and Six, my lovely Rampant. Nay, thou shalt every Morning swoop the Exchange in Triumph, to

298 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION.

see what gawdy Bawble thou canst first grow fond of: And after Noon at the Theatre exalted in a Box, give Audience to ev'ry trim amorous twirling Pop of the Corner, that comes thither to make a noise, hear no Play, and show himself; thou shalt, my *Bona Roba*.

2 *Wom.* But Mr. *Goodvile*, what shall I do then?

Good. Oh! thou! Thou shalt be my more peculiar Punk, my House-keeper, my Necessary Sin; manage all th' Affairs of my Estate and Family, ride up and down in my own Coach attended by my own Footmen; Nose my Wife where-e'er you meet, and if I had any, breed my Children. Oh what a delicious Life will this be!

1 *Wom.* Hear you Sir; the Fiddles? [*Fiddles without.*

Good. Oh the Procession's coming, put on your Visors, and observe the Ceremony.

Enter Truman, Mrs. Goodvile, Caper, Saunter, L. Squeamish, Camilla, with Fiddles, & a Letter.

Mrs. Good. Mr. *Caper*, Mr. *Saunter*, you are the Life and Soul of all good Company; command me any thing, command my House, that and all Freedom are yours.

Caper. Masques, my Life, my Joy, my Top of Happiness! Sir your humble Servant, by your leave, Madam shall you and I touse and tumble together in the Drawing-room hard by for half an Hour or so? Hah? [*Cats.*

Saun. Fa toldara, toldara, &c. Ah Madam what do you wear a Masque for? Have you never a Nose, or but one Eye? Let me see how you are furnish'd?

2 *Wom.* Sir, if I want any thing 'tis to be doubted you cannot supply me.

Good. So! sure this must come to something anon!

Mrs. Good. Ah were but Mr. *Goodvile* here now, what a happy Day might this be! But he is melancholy and forlorn in the Country, summoning in his Tenants and their Rents, that shining Pelf that must support me in my Pleasures.

Good. Is he then, Madam, so kind a Husband?

Mrs. Good. Oh the most indulgent Creature in the World! what Husband but he, Mr. *Truman*, would have so seasonably withdrawn and left me Mrs. of such Freedom? To spend my Days in Triumph as I do, to Sacrifice

face my Self, my Soul, and all my Sense to you, the Lord of all my Joys, my Conqueror and Protector?

Cam. Heavens, Madam, you'll provoke him beyond all Patience.

Mrs. Good. Who, Mr. Goodvile! which way shall it reach his Knowledge? no, we'll be as secret —

Trum. As we are happy. So subtilly lay the Scene of all our Joys, that Envy or Malice, nay the very Husband himself and *Malagene* to boot, well hir'd to the Business, shall ne'er discover us.

Mrs. Good. Oh discover us! a Husband discover us! were he indeed as jealous as he has Reason, I could no more apprehend Discovery than a Kindness from him.

Good. This Impudence is so rank, that I can hold no longer. Say you so, Madam? *[He unmasks.]*

Mrs. Good. Oh a Ghost! a Ghost! save me, save me. *Mr. Truman,* see see Mr. Goodvile's Spirit? sure some base Villain has murder'd him, and his angry Ghost is come to revenge it on me.

Good. No Madam, fear nothing. I am a very harmless Goblin, though you are a little shock'd at the sight of me.

Caper. Ha, ha, ha, Goodvile return'd? Dear Frank!

Saun. Honest Goodvile, thou scst dear Soul we are free here in thy Absence.

Good. I see you are Gentlemen, and shall take an opportunity to return the Favour. Footmen be ready.

Mrs. Good. But is it really Mr. Goodvile then? let me receive him to my Arms; welcome ten thousand, thousand, thousand times. Dear Sir, how does my Picture in the Gallery do?

Good. Oh Madam, it look'd so very charmingly, that I had no power to stay longer from the dear loving Original.

Mrs. Good. So now begins the Battel.

Good. Well Madam, and for your Set of Fools here; to what End and Purpose have you decreed them in this new Model of your Family? I hope you have not design'd 'em for your own Use?

Mrs. Good. Why Sir, methinks you should not grudge me a Coxcomb or two to pass away the time withal, since you had taken your dearer Conversation from me.

Good.

300 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

Good. No Madam, I understand your Diet better: a Fool is too squib and tender a Bit for your fierce Appetite: you are for a substantial Dish, a Man of Heat and Honour, such as Mr. *Truman* I know is, and I doubt not will do me Reason.

Trum. Ay Sir, when ever you'll demand it.

Mrs. Good. Nay Sirs, no quarrelling I beseech you; what would you be at, Sir?

Good. At rest Madam, like an honest Snail shrink up my Horns into my Shell, and if possible hold a quiet Possession of it.

Mrs. Good. I hope I have done nothing that may disturb your Quiet, Sir.

Good. Nothing Madam, nothing in the least; how is it possible that any thing should disturb me! a Sot, a Beetle, a Droan of a Husband, a meer Utensil, a Block for you to fashion all your Falschood on, whilst I must still be stupid, bear my Office and never be disturb'd, I.

Mrs. Good. So, now your Heart is opening; and for your Ease I'll give it a little Vent my self: You are jealous, alas! jealous of *Truman*, are you?

Good. And I have no reason Madam, tho' I come and catch you in his Arms, rowling and throwing your wanton Eyes like Fire-balls at his Heart? oh what an indulgent Creature's Mr. *Goodwill*! so seasonably to withdraw and leave you Mistress of such Freedom. To spend your Days in Triumph as you do, to sacrifice your Self, your Soul, and Sense to him; the Lord of all your Joys, your Conqueror and Protector.

Mrs. Good. I am glad to find my Plot so well succeed; I knew of your Jealousie last Night; knew too your Journey out of Town was but a Pretence, in hope to return and surprize me with *Truman*. I was inform'd too of your Return but now, and your Disguise; I knew you through it so soon as I saw you, and therefore I acted all that Fondness to *Truman* before your Face. It was all the Revenge I had within my Power.

Good. Can you deny your being with *Truman* in the Garden last Night? were you not there so openly, that even the broad Eyes of Fools might see?

Mrs. Good.

FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION. 301

Mrs. Good. What Fool? What Villain have you, dares accuse me?

Good. One, who though he rarely told Truth before, will be sure to do it now; *Malagene*, your Kinsman *Malagene*, a hopeful Branch of your own Stock.

Trum. The Rascal dares not own it.

Good. But he shall Sir, though you protect him.

Trum. 'Twas basely done to set a Spy upon your Friend; after the Trick you had plaid me with *Victoria*.

Good. Basely done!

Trum. Yes, basely Sir.

Good. Death, you lie Sir! why do I trifle thus when I have a Sword by my Side?

Caper. Nay, look you *Frank*! you had better be patient. Here shall be nothing done, therefore pray put up.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What, again quarrelling? *Goodvile*, this must not be. *Truman* is my Friend, and if he has done you wrong, I'll engage shall make you Satisfaction.

Saum. Ay, ay, prithee Man, take some other time, and don't quarrel now and spoil good Company.

Good. Death! you dancing, talking, metled, frisking Rogues stand off! Oh I had forgot—Footmen, where are ye?

Enter Footmen.

Here, take away these Butterflies, and do speedy Execution upon em as I order'd; do it instantly.

[They seize them.]

Caper. Nay *Frank*! what's all this for?

Saum. Nay *Goodvile*, prithee now, as I hope to live.

Enter Malagene.

Good. Away with 'em—*[Ex. with Caper and Saunter.]* Now for *Malagene*.—Oh, here he comes Madam, who will refresh your Memory! Speak Sir, as you tender Life and Limb, whom did you see together in the Garden last Night?

Mal. Ha!—no body!

Good. Were not *Truman* and my Wife there, to your Knowledge, privately?

Mal. Ha, ha, ha—Child! no.

Good.

302 FRIENDSHIP IN FASHION

Good. Did you not tell me that you overheard 'em whispering in the Grotto together?

Mal. No, I blot your eyes, I thought I saw you.

Good. Hell and Devils! this Fellow has been tamper'd withal and instructed to abuse me. This is all Contrivance, a study'd Scene to fool me of my Reason.

Enter Footmen.

Here, take him hence and harness him with the other two, 'till he confess the Truth.

Mrs. Good. He shall not go, touch him who dares: Must People then be forc'd and tortur'd to accuse me falsely? Ah Mr. Goodvile, how have I deserv'd this at your Hands? Let not my good Name be ravish'd from me: if you have resolv'd to break my Heart, kill me now quickly, and put me out of pain—— [*Mal. runs away.*]

Good. Nay Madam, here is that shall yet convince—— see here a Letter from your Lover left for you in a private Corner; hear me read it. And if you have Modesty enough left, blush.

Reads. If Goodvile goes out of Town this Morning, let me know of it, that I may wait on you and tell you the rest of my Heart. For you do not know how much I love you yet.

Truman.

Mrs. Good. Death and Destruction! it was all my own Contrivance: madd'd with your Jealousie, I sought all ways to vex you. I counterfeited it with my own Hand, and left it in a Place where you might be sure to find it. To convince you farther, see here a Caution sent me just before by one whom you have trusted and loved too much for my Quiet: Peruse it, and when you have done, consider how you have used me, and how I have deserv'd it. Oh!

[*Gives Victoria's Letter.*]

Good. Reads. *Journey out of Town*—— is a Pretence—— return and surprize—— believe by this Discovery—— Your Servant Victoria.

Victoria, has she betray'd me? nay then, I pronounce there is no Trust nor Faith in the Sex. By Heav'n in every Condi-

FRIENDSHIP in FASHION. 303

Condition they are all Jilts, all false from the Bawd to the Babe.

Mrs. Good. Now Sir, I hope I may withdraw; from this Minute never expect I'll see your Face again: No, I'll leave you to be happy at your own Choice. Love where you please, and be as free as if I ne'er had had Relation to you. I shall take care to trouble you no more, but wish you may be happier than ever yet I made you.

Good. Stay Madam.

Mrs. Good. No Sir, I'll be gone; I will not stay a moment longer; inhuman, cruel, false Traitor! wert thou now languishing on thy Knees, prostrate at my Feet, ready to grow Mad with thy own Guilt, I would not stop nor turn my Face to save thee from Despair.

Good. You shall.

Mrs. Good. For what?

Good. To let the World see how much a Fool I can be: Art thou Innocent?

Mrs. Good. By my Love I am; I never wrong'd you; but you have undone me, ruin'd my Fame and Quiet: What Mouth will not be full of my Dishonour? Henceforth let all my Sex remember me, when they'd upbraid Mankind for Baseness: Oh that I could dissemble longer with you, that I might to your Torment perswade you still all your Jealousies were just, and I as infamous as you are cruel.

[Exit in a Rage.]

Good. Get thee in then and talk to me no more; there's something in thy Face will make a Fool of me, and there's a Devil in this Business, which yet I cannot discover. Truman, if thou hast enjoy'd her, I beg thee keep it close, and if it be possible let us yet be Friends.

Trum. 'Tis not my Fault if we be Foes.

Good. But now to my Fools; bring 'em forth and let us see how their new Equipage becomes 'em. Oh dear Valentine! how does the fair Camilla?

Val. Faith Sir, she and I have been dispatching a trifling Affair this Morning, commonly call'd Matrimony.

Good. Marry'd! nay, then there is some Comfort yet, that thou art fallen into the Snare — Valentine! look to her,

304 FRIENDSHIP in FASHION.

her, keep her as secret as thou wou'dst a Murder, hadst thou committed one: Trust her not with thy dearest Friend; she has Beauty enough to corrupt him.

Enter Caper and Saunter, their Hands ty'd behind 'em, Fools Caps on their Heads. Caper with one Leg ty'd up, and Saunter gagg'd.

See here these Rogues how like themselves they look. Now, you poultry Vermin, you Rats that run squeaking from House to House, up and down the Town; that no Man can eat his Bread in quiet for you. Take warning of what you feel, and come not near these Doors again on peril of Hanging. Here, discharge them of their Punishment, and see 'em forth the Gates.

Enter Lady Squeamish, Sir Noble Clumsey and Victoria.

L. Squeam. Oh Gallants your humble Servant. Dear Mr. Goodvile be pleas'd to give my Kinsman, Sir Noble, Joy: He has done himself the Honour to marry your Cousin Victoria, whom now I must be proud to call my Relation, since she has accepted of the Title of my Lady Clumsey.

Clum. Ay Sir, I am marry'd, and will be drunk again too before Night, as simply as I stand here.

Good. Sir Noble marry'd? to Victoria too? nay then in spite of Misfortunes—

This Day shall be a Day of Jubilee. But first,

Good People all that my sad Fortune see,

I beg you to take warning here by me;

Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny.

Especially you gay Young marry'd Blades,

Beware and keep your Wives from Balls and Masquerades.

[Ex. omnes.]

EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

WELL Sirs, if now my Spouse and I should part,
To which kind Critick shall I give my Heart?
Stay, let me look; not one in all the Place
But has a scurvy froward damning Face.
Have you resolv'd then on the Poet's Fall?
Go ye're ill-natur'd, ugly Devils all.
The Marry'd Sparks, I know, this Play will curse
For the Wife's sake; but some of 'em have worse.
Poets themselves their own ill luck have wrought,
You ne'er had learnt, had not their Quarrels taught.
But as in the disturbance of a State,
Each factious Maggot thinks of growing great:
So when the Poets first had jarring Fits,
You all set up for Criticks, and for Wits:
Then straight there came, which cost you Mother's Pains,
Songs and Lampoons in Litters from your Brains:
Libels, like spurious Brats, run up and down,
Which their dull Parents were ashamed to own;
But vented 'em in others names, like Whores
That lay their Bastards down at honest Doors.
For shame leave off this higling way of Wit,
Railing abroad, and roaring in the Pit.
Let Poets live in Peace, in Quiet write,
Else may they all to punish you unite;
Join in one Force, to study to abuse ye,
And teach your Wives and Misses how to use you.



EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. Barry.

WELL Sir, if now my speech and I should part,
To which kind Critics shall give my Heart?
But me look, not one in all the Town
But a few forward dancing Town
I have you told, I have you told, I have
Go to all nations, say I have
The many a speech, I know, that play will
For the light's sake, but none of your own
But the world, their own ill luck have
You are a good heart, but not their own
But as in the distance of a State
Each nation is a sort of a great
So when the Poet has said, I have
You all be for Critics, and for
Then the great cause which you have
So you have done in London your own
Like, like the famous Poet, who has done
Which their own heart is to own
But which you in other names, like the
That say their hearts are in your own
For I have seen off this bigging way of
Feeling abroad, and coming in the
Let me live in Peace, in quiet
Else may they all to peace, you
You in one voice to say to all
And hence your lives and suffer from to life you



T H E
Soldiers Fortune.
A
COMEDY.

*Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, libellus,
Sed male cum recitas incipit esse tuus.*



Printed in the YEAR 1712.

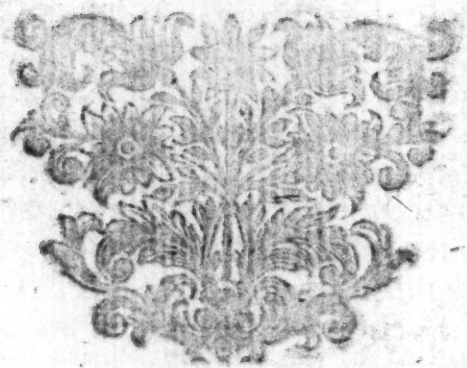
THE

Soldiers Fortunes.

A

COMEDY.

As acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, on the 17th of December, 1711.



Printed in the Year 1711.

THE DEDICATION.

Mr. BENTLEY,



Have often (during this Play's being in the Press) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I suppose, would have speak something in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to please you, Mr. Bentley, I will as briefly as I can speak my Mind upon that Occasion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your self, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little Proud, that it has happen'd into my Thoughts to be the first who in these latter Years has made an Epistle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as Reasonable as it is Just. For, Mr. Bentley, you pay honestly for the Copy; and an Epistle to you is a sort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Person of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praises, which he knows he does not deserve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Mony for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, between Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is possible, that as much may be said in its behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others. But of all the Apish Qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Issue; nay, I must confess my self a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat shift for it self, I say.

The

The DEDICATION.

The Objections made against the Merit of this poor Play, I must confess, are very grievous.

First, says a Lady that shall be nameless, because the World may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh *Sherren*, 'tis so filthy, so bawdy, no modest Woman ought to be seen at it: Let me die, it has made me sick: When the World lies, Mr. *Bentley*, if that very Lady has not easily digested a much ranker Morsel in a little Ale-house towards *Paddington*, and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chastest Sense, as easily as a Spider can Poison out of a Rose: They know true Bawdy, let it be never so much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falstaff* did the true Prince by Instinct. They will separate the true Metal from the Alloy, let us temper it as well as we can; some Women are the Touch-stones of Filthiness. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more Modesty than any of those She-Criticks, and I am sure more Wit) say, She wonder'd at the Impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to understand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady mistaken in pretending to the Knowledge of a Mystery above her; though, to speak honestly, she has had besides her Wit a liberal Education; and, if we may credit the World, has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I can say in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms; make the best of it you can; praise it to your Customers; Sell Ten Thousand of them, if possible, and then you will compleat the Wishes of

Your Friend and Servant,

THE OTWAY

PROLOGUE, by the Lord Falkland.

Forsaken Dames, with less concern, reflect
On their inconstant Herne's cold neglect,
Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)
Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;
With Grief we see you ravish'd from our Arms,
And curse the feeble Virtue of our Charms:
Curse your false Hearts, for none so false as they,
And curse the Eyes that stole those Hearts away.
Remember, Faithless Friends, there was a time,
(But oh the sad Remembrance of our Prime!)
When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,
And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true
As e'er was Nymph of ours to one of you:
But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now; * Pope Joan.
Fraught with sweet Sins and Absolutions too:
To her are all your pious Vows address'd,
She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Test,
The fairest Prelate of her Time, and best.
We own her more deserving far than we,
A just Excuse for your Inconstancy.
Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us so:
First to betray with Love and then undo,
A horrid Crime y^e are all addicted to.
Too soon, alas! your Appetites are cloy'd,
And Phillis rules no more, when once enjoy'd:
But all rash Oaths of Love and Constancy,
With the too-short forgotten Pleasures die;
Whilst she, poor Soul, robb'd of her dearest Ease,
Still drugges on, with vain Desire to please;
And restless follows you from place to place,
For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:
Deserted thus by such ungrateful Men,
How can we hope you'll e'er return agen?
Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,
Wit now's our only Treasure left in store,
And that's a Coyn will pass with you no more:
You who such dreadful Bullies would appear,
(True Bullies! Quiet when there's Danger near.)
Shew your great Souls, in damning Poets here.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Captain <i>Beaugard</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
<i>Courtine</i> .	Mr. <i>Smith</i> .
Sir <i>Davy Dunce</i> .	Mr. <i>Nokes</i> .
Sir <i>Folly Fumble</i> .	Mr. <i>Leigh</i> .
<i>Fourbin</i> , a Servant to <i>Beau-</i>	} Mr. <i>Jeon</i> .
<i>gard</i> .	
<i>Bloody-Bones</i> .	Mr. <i>Richards</i> .
<i>Vermin</i> , a Servant to	} A Boy.
Sir <i>Davy</i> .	

W O M E N.

Lady <i>Dunce</i> .	Mrs. <i>Barrey</i> .
<i>Sylvia</i> .	Mrs. <i>Price</i> .
Maid.	

A Constable and Watch.

SCENE LONDON.

THE



THE
Soldiers Fortune.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

BEAUGARD.



Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune; Thou risest in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; nay, never eatest a Dinner, but thou sighest two Hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, since the World's so wide.

Cour. As wide as it is, 'tis so throng'd and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honest Man can hardly get a living in it.

Beau. Do, rail, *Courtine*, do; it may get thee Employment.

Cour. At you I ought to rail; 'twas your fault we left our Employment abroad, to come home and be Loyal: and now we as Loyally starve for it.

Beau. Did not thy Ancestors do it before thee, Man? tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one. The old

314 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cavaliers got such a trick of it in the King's Exile, that their Posterity could never thrive since.

Cour. 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to; I shall be ere long as greasie as an *Alsatia* Bully; this a flopping Hat, pinn'd up on one side, with a sandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linnen, and to compleat the Figure, a long scandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels; like a —

Beau. Snarling, thou meanest, like its Master.

Cour. My Companion's the worthy Knight of the most Noble Order of the Post: Your Peripatetick Philosophers of the Temple-walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honest: Villains that undervalue Damnation, still forswear themselves for a Dinner, and hang their Fathers for half a Crown.

Beau. I am asham'd to hear a Soldier talk of starving.

Cour. Why, what shall I do? I can't steal! —

Beau. Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other Vices enough for any Industrious young Fellow to live comfortably upon.

Cour. What, wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his nauseous Nonsense in hopes to get him, than I would be a Druge to an old Woman, with rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking Breath, for a Pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

Beau. How well this Niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee e'en turn Parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those Vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: Why surely an old Lady's Pension need not be so despicable in the Eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go, Friend.

Cour. I am glad, *Beaugard*, you think so.

Beau. Why thou shalt think so too, Man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good Company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where Formality's a scandal, and Pleasure is the bus'ness; where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men are all Witty, you Rogue.

Cour. What some of your Worship's *Wapping* Acquaintance, that you made last time you came over for Recruits, and

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 315

and Spirited away your Landlady's Daughter, a Volunteer-
ing with you into France.

Beau. I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in
credit, and Lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow
in Pleasures and Preferments, revel all Day, and every
Night lie in the Arms of melting Beauty, sweet as Roses,
and as Springs refreshing.

Cour. Prithee don't talk thus; I had rather thou would'st
tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd: a Pox of
Whores when a Man has not Mony to make 'em Comfort-
able.

Beau. That shall shower upon us in abundance; and for
instance, know to thy everlasting Amazement, all this
dropt out of the Clouds to day.

Cour. Ha! Gold by this light! —

Four. Out of the Clouds! —

Beau. Ay, Gold! does it not smell of the sweet Hand
that sent it? smell — smell you Dog — [To Fourbin.
[*Fourbin smells to the handful of Gold, and gathers up
some pieces in his Mouth.*

Four. Truly, Sir, of Heavenly Sweetness; and very re-
freshing.

Cour. Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in
thee; if thou would'st not have me hang my self before
my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee
to this, that I may go make a Bargain with him present-
ly: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

Beau. Why thou must know this Devil which I have
given my Soul to already, and must I suppose have my
Body very speedily, lives I know not where, and may for
ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be, 'tis the best
natur'd Devil under *Beelzebub's* Dominion, that I'll swear to.

Cour. But how came the Gold, then?

Beau. To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately hap-
pen'd into the Acquaintance of a very Reverend Pimp,
as fine a discreet, sober, grey-bearded old Gentleman as
one would wish; as good a natur'd publick-spirited Per-
son as the Nation holds; one that is never so happy as
when he is bringing good People together, and promo-
ting civil Understanding betwixt the Sexes: Nay, rather

316 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

than want Employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other, to procure my Lord's little Dog to be civil to my Lady's little languishing Bitch.

Cour. A very worthy Member of the Common-wealth!

Beau. This noble Person one day——but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular Account of the matter. Sweet Sir, if you please tell us the Story of the first Encounter betwixt you and Sir *Folly Fumble*; you must know that's his Title.

Four. Sir, it shall be done——Walking one Day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i' th' Afternoon, to get me a Stomach to my Dinner, I chanc'd to encounter a Person of goodly Presence, and worthy Appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his Countenance ruddy, plump, smooth and chearful; who perceiving me also equipt, as I am, with a Mein and Air which might well inform him I was a Person of no inconsiderable Quality, came very respectfully up to me, and after the usual Ceremonies between Persons of Parts and Breeding had past, very humbly enquired of me what it was a Clock——I presently understood by the Question, that he was a Man of Parts and Business, told him, I did presume it was at most but nicely turn'd of Three.

Beau. Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new, I think.

Four. The freedom of Commerce encreasing, after some little inconsiderable Questions *pour passer le temps*, and so; he was pleas'd to offer me the courtesie of a Glafs of Wine: I told him I very seldom drank, but if he so pleas'd, I would do my self the honour to present him with a Dish of Meat at an Eating-House hard by, where I had an Interest.

Cour. Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beaugard*, is as accomplish'd a Person as any of the Employment I ever saw.

Beau. Let the Rogue go on.

Four. In short we agreed and went together: As soon as we entered the Room, I am your most humble Servant, Sir, says he——I am the meanest of your Vassals, Sir, said I——I am very happy in lighting into the Acquaintance of so worthy a Gentleman as you

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 317

you appear to be, Sir, said he again — Worthy, Sir *Folly*, then came I upon him again on t'other side (for you must know by that time I had groap'd out his Title) I kiss your Hands from the bottom of my Heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

Cour. Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

Four. Nothing, he had nothing to say; his Sense was transported with admiration of my Parts; so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what Title he was to distinguish the Person that had so highly honour'd him.

Beau. That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

Four. Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please — I told him those that knew me well were pleas'd to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of that ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity, and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that Service, one Captain *Beaugard*.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour. What a true-bred Rogue's this! —

Cour. Well, but the Mony, *Fourbin*, the Mony.

Four. *Beaugard*, hum *Beaugard*, says he! — ay it must be so, — a black Man, is he not? — ay, says I, blackish — a dark brown — full Fac'd — yes — a sly subtle observing Eye? — the same — a strong-built well-made Man? — right — a devilish Fellow for a Wench, a devilish Fellow for a Wench, I warrant him; a thundring Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a thundring fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

Cour. But to the Mony, the Mony, Man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withal.

Beau. This civil Gentleman of the Chevalier's Acquaintance comes, yesterday Morning, to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest Extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his Acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me,

318 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

and I gad, says he, she's a Hummer, such a *Bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him 'till Dinner (for we concluded to eat together;) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosopher's Stone.

Cour. Very well.

Beau. At *Locker's* we met again: where (after a thousand Grimaces, to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the Contents aforesaid; and told me the Lady desir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture, which she was much transported withal, as well as with the Original.

Cour. Hah! —

Beau. Now, whereabouts this taking Quality lies in me, the Devil take me *Ned* if I know: But the Fates, *Ned*, the Fates!

Cour. A Curse on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortune's the basest; 'twas Fortune made me a Soldier, a Rogue in Red, the Grievance of the Nation; Fortune made the Peace just when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and lost us two Months Pay: Fortune gave us Debentures instead of ready Mony, and by very good Fortune I sold mine, and lost heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill-natur'd Dog that bought it will never get a Shilling for't. —

Beau. Leave off thy railing for shame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of Bones. Come, Times may mend, and an honest Soldier be in Fashion again —

Cour. These greasie, fat, unweildy wheezing Rogues that live at home, and brood over their Bags, when a fit of Fear's upon 'em, then if one of us pass but by, all the Family is ready at the Door to cry, Heav'ns bless you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

Beau. Ah good Men, what pity 'tis such proper Gentlemen should ever be out of Employment.

Cour. But when the Bus'ness is over, then every Parish Bawd tha goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but Scot and Lot to the Parish, shall roar out, Fough, ye lousie Red-coat rake-hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locusts of the Nation; you are the Dogs that would enslave

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 319

us all, plunder our Shops, and ravish our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

Beau. I must confess ravishing ought to be regulated, it would destroy Commerce, and many a good sober Matron about this Town might lose the selling of her Daughter's Maiden-head, which were a great Grievance to the People, and a particular Branch of Property lost.

Fourbin.

Four. Your Worship's Pleasure.

Beau. Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir Jolly, and desire him to meet me at the *Blue Posts* in the *Hay-Market* about Twelve; we'll Dine together: I must inquire farther into Yesterday's Adventure; in the mean time, *Ned*, here's half the Prize to be doing withal; old Friends must preserve Correspondence; we have shar'd good Fortune together, and bad shall never part us.

Cour. Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this; hast thou no more Grace than to be a true Friend, nay to part with thy Mony to thy Friend? I grant you, a Gentleman may swear and lie for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and so forth; but to part with ready Mony is the Devil.

Beau. Stand aside, either I am mistaken, or yonder's Sir Jolly coming: Now *Courtime*, will I shew thee the Flower of Knighthood. Ah, Sir Jolly!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. My Hero! my Darling! my *Ganimede*! how dost thou? Strong! wanton! lusty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd she's thine, plump, soft, smooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! here's Shoulders, here's Shape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg — Qua-a-a-a-a.

[Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles Beaugard's Legs.]

Cour. What an old Goat's this!

Sir Jol. Child, Child, Child, who's that? A Friend of thine? a Friend o' thine? A pretty Fellow, odd a very pretty Fellow, and a strong Dog I'll warrant him. How dost do, dear Heart? prithee let me kiss thee, I'll swear and vow I will kiss thee; ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, a Toad, oh Toa-a-a-ad —

320 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cour. Sir I am your humble Servant.

Beau. But the Lady, Sir *Folly*, the Lady, how does the Lady, what says the Lady, Sir *Folly*?

Sir Fol. What says the Lady! why she says——she says——odd she has a delicate Lip, such a Lip, so red, so hard, so plump, so blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't——and for her Neck and Breasts, and her——odds life; I'll say no more, not a Word more, but I know, I know——

Beau. I am sorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, say you, Sir, and would you put off your mumbled Orts, your Offal upon me——

Sir Fol. Hush, hush, hush! have a care; as I live and breath, not I; alack and well-a-day, I am a poor old Fellow, decay'd and done: All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature; odd I love to know how Matters go tho' now and then, to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow touze and rouze and froaze and mouze; odd I love a young Fellow dearly, faith dearly——

Cour. This is the most extraordinary Rogue, I ever met withal.

Beau. But Sir *Folly*, in the first place, you must know, I have sworn never to marry.

Sir Fol. I would not have thee, Man. I am a Batchelor my self, and been a Whore-Master all my Life; besides she's marry'd already Man, her Husband's an old, greasie, untoward, ill-natur'd, slovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy Jealous.

Beau. Already a Cuckold, Sir *Folly*.

Sir Fol. No, that shall be; my Boy, thou shalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear Heart; and shan't I hold the Door, shan't I peep? hah, shan't I, you Devil, you little Dog, shan't I?——

Beau. What is it I'd not grant, to oblige my Patron?

Sir Fol. And then dost thou hear, I have a Lodging for thee in my own House; dost hear old Soul, in my own House; she lives the very next Door Man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine; and then for a peep-Hole, odds Fish I have a peep-Hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee——

Beau. But when, Sir *Folly*? I am in haste, impatient.

Sir

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 321

Sir Fol. Why this very Night, Man; poor Rogue's in haste, poor Rogue; but hear you —

Cour. The Matter?

Sir Fol. Shan't we dine together?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir Fol. The Maw begins to empty, get you before, and bespeak Dinner at the *Blue-Posts*; while I stay behind and gather up a Dish of Whores for a Desert.

Cour. Be sure that they be lewd, drunken, stripping Whores, *Sir Folly*, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

Sir Fol. I warrant you.

Cour. I love a well-disciplin'd Whore, that shews all the Tricks of her Profession with a Wink, like an old Soldier that understands all his Exercise by beat of Drum.

Sir Fol. Ah Thief, say'st thou so! I must be better acquainted with that Fellow; he has a notable Nose; a hard brawny Carle — true and trusty, and Mettle I'll warrant him.

Beau. Well, *Sir Folly*, you'll not fail us?

Sir Fol. Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'll muster this Evening such a Regiment of rampant, roaring, roysterous Whores, that shall make more Noise than if all the Cats in the *Hay-Market* were in Conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you. Shan't we be very merry, hah! —

Cour. As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us.

Sir Fol. Odd that's well said again, very well said; as merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us: I love a Fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a Spirit in him, there's a sort of a tantara rara, tantara rara, ah, ah-h-h; well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little Sport amongst you? well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da, da, I'll be with you, da, da — [*Exit Beau. and Court.*]

Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.

1 Bul. In the Name of Satan, what Whores are those in their Copper trim, yonder?

322 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

1 *Whore.* Well I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love the Mall mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whore.* Really, and so do I; because there's always good Company, and one meets with such Civilities from every Body.

3 *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye Filthies.

3 *Whore.* Ay, and then I love extreamly to shew my self here, when I am very fine, to vex those poor Devils that call themselves Virtues, and are very scandalous and crapish, I'll swear; O crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Folly Fumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! let's leave the nasty Sows to Fools, and Diseases,

1 *Whore.* Oh Papa, Papa! where have you been these two Days, Papa?

2 *Whore.* You are a precious Father indeed, to take no more care of your Children: We might be dead for all you, you naughty Dady, you.

Sir *Fol.* Dead, my poor Fubses! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whore.* Nay, fie, Papa; I swear you'll make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night; you have promis'd me a Treat this Week, won't you Papa?

2 *Whore.* Ay, won't you, Dad?

Sir *Fol.* Odds so, odds so, well remember'd! get you gone, don't stay talking; get you gone, yonder's a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his 'Coufin the Baron, the Count, the Marquiss, the Lord knows what, 'Monsieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds so,

3 *Whore.* Oh Law, where Dady, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whore.* Well you are the purest Papa; but when be dey mun, Papa-----

Sir *Fol.* I won't tell you, you Gipsies, so I won't-----except you tickle me-----'sbud they are brave Fellows, all tall, and not a Bit small; odd one of 'em has a devilish deal of Mony.

1 *Whore.*

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 323

1 *Whore*. Oh dear, but which is he, Papa?

2 *Whore*. Shan't I be in love with him, Dady?

Sir Jol. What no Body tickle me! no Body tickle me? not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*-----tickle me a little *Fenny*-----do, He he he he he he-----
[*They tickle him*.

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, so so, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'll I'll I'll---

3 *Whore*. What will you do trow?

Sir Jol. Come along with me, come along with me, sneak after me at a distance, that no Body take notice; swinging Fellows *Mally*-----swinging Fellows *Fenny*, a devilish deal of Mony: get you afore then you little Dip-pappers, ye Wasps, ye Wagtails, get you gone; I say swinging Fellows-----
[*Exeunt Sir Jolly, with the Whores*.

Enter Lady Duncce and Sylvia.

L. Duncce. Die a Maid, *Sylvia*: fie for shame! what a scandalous Resolution's that? five thousand Pounds to your Portion, and leave it all to Hospitals, for the innocent Recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell? fie for shame!

Sylv. Indeed such another charming Animal as your Consort, *Sir David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unspeakable Blessing to lie all Night by a Horse-load of Diseases; a beastly, unsavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheezing Wretch, that sinells of the Grave he is going to already. From such a Curse, and Hair-cloth next my Skin, good Heav'n deliver me!

L. Duncce. Thou mistakest the Use of a Husband, *Sylvia*. They are not meant for Bedfellows; heretofore indeed 'twas a fulsom Fashion, to lie o' Nights with a Husband; but the World's improv'd, and Custom's alter'd.

Sylv. Pray instruct me then what the Use of a Husband is.

L. Duncce. Instead of a Gentleman-Usher for Ceremonies sake to be in waiting on set Days, and particular Occasions; but the Friend, Cousin, is the Jewel unvaluable.

Sylv. But, *Sir David*, Madam, will be difficult to be so govern'd; I am mistaken if his Nature is not too jealous to be blinded.

L. Duncce. So much the better; of all, the jealous Fool is easiest to be deceiv'd: For observe, where there's
Jealousie

324 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Jealousie there's always Fondness; which if a Woman, as she ought to do, will make the right use of, the Husband's Fears shall not so awake him on one side, as his Dotage shall blind him on the other.

Sylv. Is your Piece of Mortality such a doting Doodle, is he so very fond of you?

L. Dunc. No, but he has the Vanity to think that I am very fond of him; and if he be jealous, 'tis not so much for fear I do abuse, as that in time I may, and therefore imposes this Confinement on me; though he has other diversifications that take him off from my Enjoyment, which make him so loathsome no Woman but must hate him.

Sylv. His private Divertisements I am a Stranger to.

L. Dunc. Then for his Person 'tis incomparably odious; he has such a Breath, one Kiss of him were enough to cure the Fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Assa foetida*.

Sylv. Oh hideous!

L. Dunc. Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholsome; and to make him more charming, he's continually eating of Garlick and chewing Tobacco.

Sylv. Fogh! this is Love! this is the blessing of Matrimony!

L. Dunc. Rail not so unreasonably against Love, *Sylvia*: As I have dealt freely, and acknowledged to thee the Passion I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Sylvia* need not conceal her good Thoughts of her Friend. Do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your Stomach?

Sylv. If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my Heart. But can you have the Conscience to love another Man now you are married? What do you think will become of you?

L. Dunc. I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I was never married to that Engine we have been talking of; my Parents indeed made me say something to him alter a Priest once, but my Heart went not along with my Tongue, I minded not what it was: for my Thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven Years have been much better employ'd — *Beaugard*! Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France*!

Sylv. Why so, I beseech you?

L. Dunc.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 315

L. Dunce. Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrific'd to the Arms of this Monument of Man; for the Bed of Death could not be more cold, than his has been; he would have deliver'd me from the Monster, for even then I lov'd him, and was apt to think my Kindness not neglected.

Sylv. I find indeed your Ladyship had good Thoughts of him.

L. Dunce. Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has Wit enough to call his Good-nature in question, and yet Good-nature enough to make his Wit suspected.

Sylv. But how do you hope ever to get sight of him? Sir David's Watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he wou'd smell out a Rival if he were in the House, only by natural Instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the Room. Then again, *Beaugard's* a Soldier, and that's a thing the old Gentleman, you know, loves dearly.

L. Dunce. There lies the greatest Comfort of my uneasie Life; he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the Nose by Knaves to rail against the King and the Government, and is mightily fond of being thought of a Party. I have had hopes this twelve-month to have heard of his being in the Gate-House for Treason.

Sylv. But I find only your self the Prisoner all this while.

L. Dunce. At present indeed I am so; but Fortune I hope will smile, wouldst thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia*.

Sylv. In any mischievous design with all my Heart.

L. Dunce. The Conclusion, Madam, may turn to your Satisfaction; but you have no thoughts of *Courtship*?

Sylv. Not I, I'll assure you, Cousin.

L. Dunce. You don't think him well shap'd, straight and proportionable?

Sylv. Considering he eats but once a Week, the Man is well enough.

L. Dunce. And then he wears his Cloaths, you know filthily, and like a horrid Sloven.

Sylv. Filthily enough of all Conscience, with a thread-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day,

326 *The* SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

day, over which a great broad greasie Buff Belt, enough to turn any ones Stomach but a disbanded Soldier; a Per-
 rugue ty'd up in a knot, to excuse its want of Combing;
 and then because he has been a Man at Arms, he must
 wear two Tuffles of a Beard forsooth, to lodge a Dung-
 hil of Snuff upon, to keep his Nose in good humour.

L. Dunce. Nay, now I am sure that thou lovest him.

Sylv. So far from it, that I protest eternally against the
 whole Sex.

L. Dunce. That time will best demonstrate, in the mean
 while to our business.

Sylv. As how, Madam?

L. Dunce. To Night must I see *Beaugard*, they are this
 minute at Dinner in the *Hay-market*; now to make my
 evil Genius, that haunts me every where, my thing call'd
 a Husband, himself to assist his poor Wife at a dead lift,
 I think would not be unpleasant.

Sylv. But 'twill be impossible.

L. Dunce. I am apt to be perswaded rather very easie;
 you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Folly*.

Sylv. Out on him Beast, he's always talking filthily to
 a body; if he sits but at the Table with one, he'll be mak-
 ing nasty Figures in the Napkins.

L. Dunce. He and my sweet Yoke-fellow are the most
 intimate Friends in the World, so that partly out of neigh-
 bourly Kindness, as well as the great delight he takes to
 be meddling in matters of this nature, with a great deal
 of Pains and Industry he has procured me *Beaugard's* Pic-
 ture, and given him to understand how well a Friend of his
 in Petticoats, call'd my self, wishes him.

Sylv. But what's all this to the making the Husband instru-
 mental, for I must confess of all Creatures a Husband's
 the thing that's odious to me.

L. Dunce. That must be done this Night: I'll instantly
 to my Chamber, take my Bed in a pet, and send for Sir
David.

Sylv. But which way then must the Lover come?

L. Dunce. Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him
 the Picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his
 own Honour, and my Quiet, to take some course to
 secure

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 327

secure me from the scandalous Sollicitations of that innocent Fellow.

Sylv. And so make him the Property, the Go-between, to bring the Affair to an issue the more decently.

L. Dince. Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best Office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old Husband; bless us, to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick coughing decrepid Dotrel, to be a dry Nurse all ones life-time to an old Child of sixty five, to lie by the Image of Death a whole Night, a dull Immoveable, that has no sense of Life, but through its pains; the Pidgeon's as happy that's laid to a sick Man's Feet, when the World has given him over; for my part this shall henceforth be my Prayer,

*Curst be the Memory, nay double curst,
Of her that wedded Age for Interest first;
Though worn with Years, with fruitless Wishes full,
'Tis all Day troublesome, and all Night dull.
Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy Lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;
Yet old Men Profit bring, as Fools bring Ease,
And both make Youth and Wit much better please.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T H. S C E N E I.

Enter Sir Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, and Fourbin.

Cour. **S**IR *Jolly* is the Glory of the Age.

Sir Fol. Nay, now Sir, you honour me too far.

Beau. He's the Delight of the young, and Wonder of the old.

Sir Fol. I swear Gentlemen you make me blush.

Cour. He deserves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

Sir. Fol. Out upon't, fie for shame: I protest I'll leave your Company if you talk so; but faith they were Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd — have stript for t'other Bottle.

Beau.

328 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Beau. Truly, Sir *Folly*, you are a Man of very extraordinary Discipline, I never saw Whores under better command in my life.

Sir Foly. Pish, that's nothing Man, nothing; I can send for forty better when I please, Doxies that will skip, strip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the World, any thing old Soul.

Cour. Dear, dear Sir *Folly*, where and when?

Sir Foly. Odd as simple as I stand here, her Father was a Knight.

Beau. Indeed Sir *Folly*, a Knight say you?

Sir Foly. Ay, but a little decay'd; I'll assure you she's a very good Gentlewoman born.

Cour. Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

Sir Foly. Ay, and so she is.

Beau. But Sir *Folly*, how goes my business forward, when shall I have a view of the Quarry I am to fly at?

Sir Foly. Alas-a-day, not so hasty, soft and fair I beseech you. Ah my little Son of Thunder, if thou hadst her in thy Arms now between a pair of Sheets, and I under the Bed to see fair play, Boy, Gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there wou'd be doings, oh Lawd, I under the Bed!

Beau. Or behind the Hangings, Sir *Folly*, would not that do as well?

Sir Foly. Oh no, under the Bed against the World, and then it wou'd be very dark, hah!

Beau. Dark to chuse!

Sir Foly. No, but a little Light would do well, a small glimmering Lamp, just enough for me to steal a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't speak a Word more; there would be a trick! oh rare! you Friend, oh rare! odds so, not a word more, odds so, yonder comes the Monster that must be, the Cuckold Elect; step, step aside, and observe him: if I shou'd be seen in your Company, 'twou'd spoil all.

Beau. For my part I'll stand the meeting of him; one way to promote a good Understanding with a Wife, is first to get acquainted with her Husband.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. Well, of all Blessings a discreet Wife is the greatest that can light upon a Man of Years: Had I been mar-

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 329

married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time; well, I am the happiest old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest Man can keep nothing to himself; if you have a good Estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good Estate dearly my self;) if you have a handsome Wife, every smooth-fac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her; flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the Shambles, as those sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house: But Virtue is a great Blessing, an unvaluable Treasure; to tell me her self that a Villian had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the Inchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in Effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handsome Fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him; such Fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they may not leap into other Mens Pastures; here's a Nose now, I cou'd find in my Heart to cut it off; damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! Bless us what will this World come to! well poor Sir David, down, down upon thy Knees, and thank the Stars for thy deliverance.

Beau. 'Sdeath what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by Sir Folly; if so, by this light I am damnably Jikted.

Sir Dav. But now if —

Beau. Surely he does not see us yet.

Four. See you, Sir, why he has but one Eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb found him.

[*Strikes him on the Shoulder.*]

Sir Dav. Who the Devil's this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you, Sir?

Beau. Ay, ay, 'tis the same; now a pox of all Amorous Adventures; 'sdeath I'll go beat the impertinent Pimp that drew me into this fooling.

Sir Da. Sir, methinks you are very curious.

Beau. Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary Reason to be so.

Sir Da. And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reason neither.

Beau.

330 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Beau. Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you,

Sir Dav. With me, Sir? What's your business with me?

Beau. I wou'd not willingly be troublesome, though it may be I am so at this time.

Sir Dav. It may be so too, Sir.

Beau. But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this Opportunity of tendering you my Service.

Sir Dav. Smooth Rogue, who the Devil is this Fellow? [*Aside.*] But Sir, you were pleased to nominate business, Sir, I desire with what speed you can to know your business, Sir, that I may go about my business.

Beau. Sir, if I might with good manners, I should be glad to inform my self, whose Picture that is, which you have in your Hand; methinks it is very fine Painting.

Sir Dav. Picture, Friend, Picture! Sir, 'tis a Resemblance of a very impudent Fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forsooth, but he is in short a Rakehell, a poor lousie beggarly disbanded Devil; do you know him Friend? —

Beau. I think I have heard of such a Vagabond: the truth on't is he is a very impudent Fellow.

Sir Dav. Ay, a damn'd Rogue.

Beau. Oh a notorious Scoundrel.

Sir Dav. I expect to hear he's hang'd by the next Sessions.

Beau. The truth on't is, he has deserved it long ago; but did you ever see him, *Sir David*?

Sir Dav. Sir — does he know me? [*Aside.*]

Beau. Because I fancy that Mignature is very much like him. Pray Sir, whence had it you? —

Sir Dav. Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it I! —

[*Compares the Picture with Beaugard's Face.*]
bless us! what have I done now? this the very Traitor himself; if he should be desperate now, and put his Sword in my Guts! — slitting my Nose will be as bad as that. I have but one Eye left neither, and may be — Oh but this is the King's Court, odd that's well remember'd, he dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him. Whence had it you?

Beau.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 331

Beau. Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *English* in my Country, Sir.

Sir Dav. Go, Sir, you are a Rascal.

Beau. How!

Sir Dav. Sir, I say, you are a Rascal, a very impudent Rascal, nay I'll prove you to be a Rascal, if you go to that—

Beau. Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Soldier.

Sir Dav. So much the worse, Soldiers have been Cuck-old-makers, from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a——come Sir, did I never see you? answer me to that, did I never see you? for ought I know you may be a Jesuit; there were more in the last Army besides you.

Beau. Of your Acquaintance, and be hang'd.

Sir Dav. Yes to my Knowledge, there were several at *Hounsflow Heath* disguised in dirty Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy; I knew a Serjeant of Foot that was familiar with one of them all Night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a Woman, but the Devil is powerful.

Beau. In short, you worthy Villain of Worship, that Picture is mine, and I must have it, or I shall take an Opportunity to kick your Worship most inhumanely.

Sir Dav. Kick Sir.

Beau. Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a Recreation I can shew you.

Sir Dav. Sir, I am a free-born Subject of *England*, and there are Laws look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a Rascal again, and now how will you help your self? poor Fool.

Beau. Heark you Friend, have not you a Wife?

Sir Dav. I have a Lady, Sir——oh, and she's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, she was so mightily proud of it she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who it was sent it her.

Beau. And has she been long a Jilt? has she practised the Trade for any time?

Sir Dav. Trade! humph, what Trade? what Trade? Friend.

Beau. Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Cat-terwauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest Women in the Flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

Sir Dav.

332 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. Poor Devil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are Laws, there are Laws, but those are things not worthy your Consideration: Beauty's your Business; but dear Vagabond, trouble thy self no further about my Spouse, let my Doxie rest in Peace, she's meat for thy Master, old Boy; I have my Belly full of her every Night.

Beau. Sir, I wish all your Noble Family hang'd from the Bottom of my Heart.

Sir Dav. Moreover Captain Swash, I must tell you my Wife is an honest Woman, of a virtuous Disposition, one that I have lov'd from her Infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this Affair, for that she has discover'd loyalty to me the treacherous Designs laid against her Chastity, and my Honour.

Beau. By this light the Beast weeps.

Sir Dav. Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy I am in a sincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow; she charg'd me too to tell you into the Bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfy'd of the most secret Wishes of your Heart.

Beau. I am glad on't.

Sir Dav. And that 'tis her desire, that you would trouble your self no more about the Matter.

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir Dav. But henceforward behave your self with such Discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

Beau. Oh to be sure most exactly!

Sir Dav. And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent Freedoms I allow her, without putting her Reputation in hazard.

Beau. As how, I beseech you—

Sir Dav. By your impertinent and unseasonable Address.

Beau. And this News you bring me by a particular Commission from your sweet Lady.

Sir Dav. Yea Friend I do, and she hopes you'll be sensible, dear Heart, of her good Meaning by it: These were her very Words, I neither add nor diminish, for plain dealing is my Mistress's Friend.

Beau.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 333

Beau. Then all the Curses I shall think on this Twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives Credit to the Sex.

Sir Dav. Well, certainly I am the happiest Toad; how melancholly the Munkie stands now? Poor Pug, hast thou lost her?

Beau. To be so sordid a Jilt, to betray me to such a Beast as that! can she have any good Thoughts of such a Swine? Dam her, had she abus'd me handsomely it had never vex't me.

Sir Dav. Now Sir, with your Permission I'll take my leave.

Beau. Sir, if you were gone to the Devil, I should think you very well dispos'd of.

Sir Dav. If you have any Letter, or other Commendation to the Lady that was so charm'd with your Resemblance there, it shall be very faithfully convey'd by—

Beau. Fool.

Sir Dav. Your humble Servant, Sir, I'm gone, I shall disturb you no further, your most humble Servant Sir. [Ex.]

Beau. Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Prison fall thick upon the Head of thee, *Fourbin.*

Four. Sir!—

Beau. Thou hast been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

Four. I hope I have lost nothing in your Honour's Service, Sir.

Beau. Find out some way to revenge me on this old Rascal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman—

Four. That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am sure you have not left me One Shilling in my Pocket these two Months.

Beau. Here, here's for thee to Revel withal.

Four. Will your Honour please to have his Throat cut?

Beau. With all my Heart.

Four. Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own Door, and then give out to the World he did it himself?

Beau. That would do very well.

Four. Or I think (to proceed with more Safety) a good stale Jakes were a very pretty Expedient.

Beau.

334 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Beau. Excellent, excellent, *Fourbin.*

Four. Leave matters to my Discretion, and if I do not— [Exit.]

Beau. I know thou wilt; go, go about it, prosper and be famous: now ere I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again, will I go by my self, rail for an Hour or two, and then be good Company. [Exit.]

Enter Courtine and Sylvia.

Sylv. Take my word, Sir, you had better give this Business over. I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomach so much as the Man, that Man that makes love to me. I never saw one of your Sex in my Life make love, but he look'd so like an Ass all the while, that I blush'd for him.

Court. I am afraid your Ladyship then is one of those dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always so mightily taken with admiring themselves, that nothing else is worth their notice.

Sylv. Oh! who can be so dull not to be ravish'd with that roysterous Mein of yours? that ruffling Air in your Gate, that seems to cry where-e'er you go, make room, here comes the Captain: That Face, the which bids defiance to the Weather. Bless us! if I were a poor Farmer's Wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never saw before, how lovingly it looks upon me!

Court. Who can forbear to sigh, look pale and languish, where Beauty and Wit unite both their Forces to enslave a Heart so tractable as mine is? First, for the modish swim of your Body, the victorious Motion of your Arms and Head, the toss of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes; bless us! If I were a dainty fine drest Coxcomb, with a great Estate, and a little or no Wit, Vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and soften me? but as I am a scandalous honest Rascal, not Fool enough to be your Sport, nor rich enough to be your Prey, how glotingly they look upon me!

Sylv. Alas, alas! what pity 'tis your Honesty should ever do you hurt, or your Wit spoil your Preferment.

‡

Court.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 335

Cour. Just as much, fair Lady, as that your Beauty should make you be envied at, or your Virtue provoke Scandal.

Sylv. The more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

Cour. The more I look, the more I am out of love with you.

Silv. How my Heart swells when I see you!

Cour. How my Stomach rises when I am near you!

Sylv. Nay, then let's bargain.

Cour. With all my Heart; what?

Sylv. Not to fall in love with each other, I assure you, Monsieur Captain.

Cour. But to hate one another constantly and cordially.

Sylv. Always when you are drunk, I desire you to talk scandalously of me.

Cour. Ay, and when I am sober too; in return whereof, whenever you see a Coquet of your Acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be sure you spit at the filthy Remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

Sylv. In the next place, whenever we meet in the Mall, I desire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly Mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

Cour. Which if I chance to do, be sure at next Turning to pick up some taudry fluttering Fop or another.

Sylv. That I made Acquaintance withal at the Musick-meeting.

Cour. Right, Just such another Spark to saunter by your side, with his Hat under his Arm.

Silv. Harkning to all the bitter things I can say to be revenged.

Cour. Whilst the dull Rogue dare not so much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

Sylv. Counterfeit your Letters from me.

Cour. And you to be even with me for the Scandal, publish to all the World I offer'd to marry you.

Sylv. Oh hideous Marriage!

Cour. Horrid, horrid Marriage!

Sylv. Name, name no more of it.

Cour. At that sad Word let's part.

Sylv. Let's wish all Men decrepid, dull and silly.

Comp.

336 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Cour. And every Woman old and ugly.

Sylv. Adieu! —

Cour. Farewell! —

Enter a young fellow, affectedly drest, several others with him.

Sylv. Ah me, Mr. Frisk!

Frisk. Mademoiselle, Sylvia! sincerely as I hope to be fav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

Sylv. Ha, ha, ha, hea.

[Exit with Frisk.

Cour. True to thy Failings always, Woman; how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monster was that for a Woman to delight in! now must I love her still, tho' I know I am a Blockhead for't, and she'll use me like a Blockhead too, if I don't prevent her: What's to be done? I'll have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my Head.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaugard. well met again, how go matters? Handsomly!

Beau. Oh very handsomely! had you but seen how handsomely I was us'd just now, you would swear so. I have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wou'dst exercise thy Talent a little at present.

Cour. At what?

Beau. Why canst thou ever want a Subject? rail at thy self, rail at me, I deserve to be rail'd at; see there, what thinkest thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthiness, miscall'd a Man?

A Clumsie Fellow marches over the Stage drest like an Officer.

Cour. Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him,

Beau. So.

Cour. The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty fight in a Morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Legs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows; some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had Mony to bribe some corrupt Colonel withal.

Enter another gravely drest.

Beau. There, there's another of my Acquaintance, he was my Father's Footman not long since, and has pimt for me oftner than he pray'd for himself; that good Quality recommended him to a Nobleman's Service, which, together

gether with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of Trust and Reputation, though the Rogue can't write his Name, nor read his neck Verse, if he had occasion.

Cour. 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a Man of Sense should be preferr'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chaste, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.

Beau. That's seasonably thought on; look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'll tell thee his History.

Cour. I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

Beau. He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him; his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick; every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

Cour. He comes of a very good Family, heav'n be prais'd.

Beau. The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion; so a Rebel he grew, and flourish'd a Rebel, fought against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block.

Cour. And was he not Religious too?

Beau. Most devoutly! He could Pray till he cry'd, and Preach till he foam'd; which excellent Talent made him popular, and at last preferr'd him to be a worthy Member of that never-to-be-forgotten Rump Parliament.

Cour. Pray Sir be uncover'd at that, and remember it with Reverence.

Beau. In short, he was a Committee-man, Sequester and Persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the King's Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

Cour. Nauseous Vermin: That such a Swine with the Mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, should wallow in his Luxury, whilst honest Men are forgotten!

Beau. Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave disowns the Hand that heal'd him, cherishes Factions to affront his Master, and once more would rebel against the Head, which so lately sav'd his from a Foie.

Q

Cour.

338 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cour. What a dreadful Beard and swinging Sword he wears!

Beau. 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance; the Rascal will endure kicking most temperately for all that: I know five or six more of the same stamp, that never come abroad without terrible long Spits by their sides, with which they will let you bore their own Noses if you please; but let the Villain be forgotten.

Cour. His Co-Rogue I have some knowledge of; he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Case-putter, some call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judge.

Beau. Yes, and is always repining that Men of Parts are not regarded.

Cour. He has been a great Noise-maker in factious Clubs these seven Years, and now I suppose he is courting that worshipful Rascal to make him Recorder of some factious Town.

Beau. To teach Tallow-Chandlers and Cheese-mongers how far they may rebel against their King by virtue of *Magna Charta*.

Cour. But Friend *Beaugard*, methinks thou art very splenatick of a sudden: how goes the Affair of Love forward, prosperously, hah!

Beau. Oh I assure you most triumphantly, just now you must know I am parted with the sweet civil enchanted Lady's Husband.

Cour. Well, and what says the Cuckold, is he very kind and good-natur'd as Cuckolds use to be?

Beau. Why he says, *Courtine*, in short, that I am a very silly Fellow, (and truly I am very apt to believe him) and that I have been jilted in this Affair most unconscionably; a Plague on all Pimps, I say, a Man's business never thrives so well, as when he is his own Solicitor.

Enter Sir Jolly and a Boy.

Sir Jol. Hift, hift, Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

Boy. Sir.

Sir Jol. Run and get two Chairs presently, be sure you get two Chairs Sirrah, do you hear? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Captain, never if not now Captain, here's luck.

Beau.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 339

Beau. Sir *Folly*, no more Adventures sweet Sir *Folly*, I am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

Sir Fol. The best in the World dear Dog, the very best in the World: 'sbud she's here hard by Man, stays on purpose for thee finely disguis'd. The Cuckold has lost her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but I, no body but I, and I you must know, I am I, hah! and I you little Toad, hah!

Beau. You are a very fine Gentleman.

Sir Fol. The best-natur'd Fellow I believe in the World of my years! now does my Heart so thump for fear this business should miscarry; why I'll warrant thee, the Lady is here Man, she's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not in *terra incognita* within this half hour: Come along, prithee come along, fie for shame. What, make a Lady lose her longing! come along I say, you — out upon't.

Beau. Sir your humble. I shan't stir.

Sir Fol. What? not go!

Beau. No Sir, no Lady for me.

Sir Fol. Not go! I should laugh at that Faith.

Beau. No, I will assure you, not go, Sir.

Sir Fol. Away you Wag, you jest, you jest you Wag; not go, quotha?

Beau. No Sir, not go I tell you, what the Devil would you have more?

Sir Fol. Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

Beau. With all my Heart.

Sir Fol. And do you think then that I'll be us'd thus?

Beau. Sir!

Sir Fol. Take away my Reputation, and take away my Life, I shall be disgrac'd for ever.

Beau. I have not wrong'd you, Sir *Folly*.

Sir Fol. Not wrong'd me! But you shall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a sweet Lady, and a fine Lady: — I shall never be trusted again! never have Employment more! I shall dye of the Spleen, — prithee now be good-natur'd, prithee be perswaded, odd I'll give thee this Ring, I'll give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold. I'll give thee any thing in the World, go.

VOL. I.

Q 2

Beau.

340 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Beau. Not one Foot, Sir.

Sir Fol. Now that I durst but murder him— Well, shall I fetch her to thee? What shall I do for thee?

Enter Lady Dunce.

'Odds fish here she comes her self; now you ill-natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what shall I say to her?

Beau. E'en what you please, Sir *Folly.*

Sir Fol. 'Tis a very strange Monster this— Madam, this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may say) he's something bashful, but I'll tell him who you are. [*Goes to Beaugard.*] If thou art not more cruel than Leopards, Lyons, Tigers, Wolves, or Tartars, don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this Unkindness of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*Goes to the Lady.*] Madam, he says, he's so amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the Excellence that shines from you.

L. Dunce. What can be the Meaning of all this?

Sir Fol. Art thou then resolv'd to be remorseless? canst thou be insensible? hast thou Eyes? hast thou a Heart? hast thou any thing thou shouldst have? Odd I'll tickle thee, get you to her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

L. Dunce. Have you forgot me, *Beaugard*?

Sir Fol. So now, to her again. I say, to her, to her and be hang'd. Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, there it goes, Eey—Boys! —

L. Dunce. Methinks his Face should not so much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once I thought it, the Object of your Pleasure, and Subject of your Praises.

Sir Fol. Cunning Toad! Wheedling Jade! you shall see now how by degrees she'll draw him into the Whirl-Pool of Love; now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her. Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I must pinch him by the Calf of the Leg.

Beau. Madam, I must confess I do remember, that I had once Acquaintance with a Face, whose Air and Beauty much resembled yours, and if I may trust my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda.*

L. Dunce.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 341

L. Dunce. *Clarinda* I was call'd, till my ill Fortune Wedded me: Now you may have heard of me by another Title: Your Friend there, I suppose, has made nothing a Secret to you.

Beau. And are you then that kind enchanted fair one who was so passionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beast your Husband, and wrong the Passion of a Gentleman that languish'd for you, only to make your Monster merry? Hark you Madam, had your Fool been worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exercising my Parts that way upon your Go-between, your Male-Bawd there.

Sir Fol. Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's spoil'd again, all's ruin'd, I shall be undone for ever! why what the Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what Sins have I committed?

L. Dunce. And are you the passionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot live a Week in *London*, without loving? are you the Spark that sends your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a Pattern of your Person?

Beau. Yes Madam, when I receive so good Hostages as these are, *[Shows the Gold.]* That it shall be well us'd. Could you find no body but me to play the Fool withal?

Sir Fol. Alack a day!

L. Dunce. Could you pitch upon no body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well, to abuse thus?

Sir Fol. That ever I was born!

Beau. Here, here Madam, I'll return you your Dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

L. Dunce. P'ye for shame, what refund? That is not like a Soldier to refund; keep, keep it to pay your Sempstresses withal.

Sir Fol. His Sempstress, who the Devil is his Sempstress? Odd what wou'd I give to know that now!

L. Dunce. There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon; if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'll do well.

Beau. A Ring, Madam!

342 *The* SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

L. Duncce. A small Trifle; I suppose Sir *David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

Beau. I beseech you Madam!

L. Duncce. Farewel you Traitor.

Beau. As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the Word of a Gentleman.

L. Duncce. Go, you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more. [Exit.]

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

Sir Jol. Ah thou Rebel!

Beau. Some advice, some advice, dear Friend, ere I'm ruin'd.

Sir Jol. Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honour's Supper, that's all the Remedy that I know.

Beau. But prithee hear a little Reason.

Sir Jol. No Sir, I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'll have no more to say to you, I'll never see your Face again, good b'w'y.

[Exit Sir Jolly.]

Beau. Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day? a Ring! deliver'd by Sir *David* — what can that mean? — Pox on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer. Hift, here comes her Beast once more: I'll use him civilly, and try what Discovery I can make.

Enter Sir David Duncce.

Sir Dav. Ha, ha, ha! Here's the Captain's Jewel; very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha! — how damnable Mad he'll be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha, ha! — Poor Dog, he'll hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha! — Faith 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: Humph! if I should keep it now! — I'll say I have lost it; no I'll give it him again, o' purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha!

Beau. Sir *David*, I am heartily sorry.

Sir Dav. Oh Sir, 'tis you I was seeking for, ha, ha, ha! what shall I say to him now to terrifie him?

Beau. Me, Sir! —

Sir Dav. Ay, you Sir, if your Name be Captain *Beau-gard*: How like a Fool he looks already? —

Beau.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 343

Beau. What you please, Sir.

Sir Dav. Sir, I would speak a word with you, if you think fit; what shall I do now to keep my Countenance?

Beau. Can I be so happy, Sir, as to be able to serve you in any thing?

Sir Dav. No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have Commands of service to you, Sir, oh Lord, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Me, Sir!

Sir Dav. Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your Hat, Friend, put on your Hat, be cover'd.

Beau. Sir, will you please to sit down on this Bank?

Sir Dav. No, no, there's no need, no need; for all I have a young Wife, I can stand upon my Legs, Sweetheart.

Beau. Sir, I beseech you!

Sir Dav. By no means; I think Friend, we had some hard words just now, 'twas about a paultry Baggage, but she's a pretty Baggage, and a witty Baggage, and a Baggage that —

Beau. Sir, I am heartily asham'd of all Misdemeanor on my Side.

Sir Dav. You do well; though are not you a damn'd Whore-Master, a devilish Cuckold-making Fellow? here, here, do you see this? here's the Ring you sent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her to? — Why I'll warrant you this Ring cost Fifty Pounds; What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw away so much Mony; or didst thou steal it, old Boy? I believe thou may'st be poor, I'll lend thee Mony upon't, if thou think'st fit, at thirty in the hundred, because I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Sir, your humble Servant, I am sorry 'twas not worth your Lady's Acceptance. Now what a Dog am I!

Sir Dav. I should have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wife's Fault in the least; for she says as thou likest this Usage, she hopes to have thy Custom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

344 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Beau. Then Sir, I beseech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am so sensible of my insolent Behaviour towards her——

Sir Dav. Very well, I shall do it.

Beau. That 'tis impossible I shall ever be at peace with my self, 'till I find some way how to make her Reparation.

Sir Dav. Very good, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. And that if ever she find me guilty of the like Offence again——

Sir Dav. No Sir, you had not best; but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

Beau. Let her banish all good Opinion of me for ever.

Sir Dav. No more to be said, your Servant, good b'w'y.

Beau. One word more, I beseech you, *Sir Davy.*

Sir Dav. What's that?

Beau. I beg you tell her, that the generous Reproof she has given me has so wrought upon me——

Sir Dav. Well, I will.

Beau. That I esteem this Jewel, not only as a Wreck redeem'd from my Folly, but that for her sake I will preserve it to the utmost Moment of my Life.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart, I vow and swear.

Beau. And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute she might mistake me for.

Sir Dav. Right; well, this will make the purest sport [*Aside.*] Let me see; first you acknowledge your self to be a very impudent Fellow.

Beau. I do so, Sir.

Sir Dav. And that you shall never be at rest, 'till you have satisfy'd my Lady.

Beau. Right, Sir.

Sir Dav. Satisfy'd her, very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the Fool any more. Be sure you keep your word, Friend.

Beau. Never, Sir.

Sir Dav. And that you will keep that Ring for her sake, as long as you live, hah!——

Beau. To the Day of my Death, I'll assure you.

Sir Dav.

Sir Dav. I protest that will be very kindly done — and that you long mightily, long to let her understand that you are another-guess Fellow than she may take you for.

Beau. Exactly Sir, that is the Sum and End of my Desires.

Sir Dav. Well, I'll take care of your Business, I'll do your Business, I'll warrant you; this will be the purest sport when I come home! [*Aside.*] Well your Servant, remember, be sure you remember. Your Servant. [*Ex.*]

Beau. So, now I find a Husband is a delicate Instrument rightly made use of; — To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himself, I think 'tis as worthy an Employment as such a noble Comfort can be put to.

*Al were ye all such Husbands and such Wives,
We younger Brothers should lead better Lives.*

[*Ex.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Enter Sylvia and Courtine.

Sylv. **T**O fall in love, and to fall in love with a Soldier! nay a disbanded Soldier too, a Fellow with the Mark of *Cain* upon him, which every Body knows him by, and is ready to throw Stones at him for.

Cour. Dam her, I shall never enjoy her without Ravishing; if she were but very rich and very ugly, I would marry her; Ay, 'tis she, I know her malicious Look too well to be mistaken in it — Madam!

Sylv. Sir.

Cour. 'Tis a very hard Case, that you have resolv'd not to let me be quiet.

Sylv. 'Tis very unreasonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this scandalous Rate, the World will think we are acquainted, shortly.

346 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Cour. But, Madam, I shall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward shun and avoid you most watchfully.

Sylv. Have you not haunted this Place these two Hours!

Cour. 'Twas because I knew it to be your Ladyship's Home then, and therefore might reasonably be the Place you least of all frequented; one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to some place of publick Appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the Hour, 'twill be Twilight presently, and then the Owls come all abroad.

Sylv. What need I take the Trouble to go so far a Fowling, when there's Game enough at our own Doors?

Cour. What, Game for your Net, fair Lady?

Sylv. Yes, or any Woman's Net else, that will spread it.

Cour. To shew you how despicably I think of the Business, I will here leave you presently, though I lose the Pleasure of railing at you.

Sylv. Do so, I would advise you; your Raillery betrays your Wit, as bad as your clumsy Civility does your Breeding.

Cour. Adieu! —

Sylv. Farewel! —

Cour. Why do not you go about your Business?

Sylv. Because I would be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

Cour. Were it but possible that you could answer me one Question truly, and then I should be satisfy'd.

Sylv. Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomely.

Cour. Are you really very honest? Look in my Face and tell me that.

Sylv. Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper?

Cour. No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart; I would if possible be better acquainted with thee, because thou art very ill-natur'd.

Sylv. Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome; and if you think it worth

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 347

worth your while to be abus'd substantially, you may make your personal Appearance this Night.

Cour. How? where? and when? and what Hour, I beseech thee?

Sylv. Under the Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly.

Cour. Where shall those lovely Eyes and Ears hear my Complaints, and see my Tears.

Sylv. At that kind hour thy Grievs shall end, if thou canst know thy Foe from thy Friend. [Exit.]

Cour. Here's another trick of the Devil now; under that Window, between the Hours of Eleven and Twelve exactly. I am a damn'd Fool, and must go; let me see; suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's nothing for a Man that's in love; or suppose she contrive some way to make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the Scorn of the World, for an Example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why if she do, I'll swear I have lain with her; beat her Relations, if they pretend to vindicate her, and so there's one love Intrigue pretty well over. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Davy Dunce and Vermin.

Sir Dav. Go, get you in to your Lady now, and tell her, I am coming.

Verm. Her Ladyship, Right-worshipful, is pleas'd not to be at home.

Sir Dav. How's that? my Lady not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, whither she is gone, and who is with her; run and ask, *Vermin.*

Verm. She went out in her Chair presently after you, this Afternoon.

Sir Dav. Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know: what will become of me? I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more; she promis'd me strictly to stay at home 'till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three Pair of Stairs in the Temple now.

Verm. Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir?

Sir Dav. Or it may be taking the Air as far as Knights-Bridge with some smooth-fac'd Rogue or another: 'Tis a damn'd House, that Swan, that Swan at Knights-bridge is a confounded House, *Vermin.* *Verm.*

348 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Ferm. Do you think she is there then? —

Sir Dav. No, I do not think she is there neither; but such a thing may be, you know; wou'd that *Barn-Elms* was under Water too, there's a thousand Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Rosamond's Ponds*; the Devil if she shou'd be there this Evening, my Heart's broke.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. That must be *Sir Davy*; ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of: was ever any thing so pleasant?

Sir Dav. I'll lock her up three Days, and three Nights, without Meat, Drink, or Light; I'll humble her in the De-
l's Name.

Sir Jol. Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend *Sir Davy*, it wou'd be the joyfulest News for him —

Sir Dav. Who's there that has any thing to say to me?

Sir Jol. Ah my Friend of Friends, such News, such Tidings!

Sir Dav. I have lost my Wife, Man.

Sir Jol. Lost her! she's not dead, I hope?

Sir Dav. Yes. Alas, she's dead, irrecoverably lost.

Sir Jol. Why, I parted with her within this half Hour.

Sir Dav. Did you so, are you sure it was she? where was it? I'll have my Lord Chief-Justice's Warrant and a Constable presently.

Sir Jol. And she made the purest Sport now, with a young Fellow, Man, that she met withal accidentally.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! that's worse and worse! a young Fellow! — my Wife making Sport with a young Fel-
low! oh Lord! here are doings, here are Vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb *Bow-Steeple* presently, bestride the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

Sir Jol. The best of all was too, that it happen'd to be an idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in love with her, Neighbour.

Sir Dav. Indeed, in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body, — I'll in-
dite him in the Crown-Office; no, I'll issue Warrants to apprehend him for Treason upon the Statute of *Edw. 19.*

won't

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 349

won't you tell me what young Fellow it was; was it a very handsome young Fellow, hah——

Sir *Fol.* Handsome, yes hang him, the Fellow's handsome enough; he is not very handsome neither, but he has a devilish leering black Eye.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord!

Sir *Fol.* His Face too is a good riding Face, 'tis no soft effeminate Complexion indeed, but his Countenance is ruddy, sanguine, and chearful; a devilish Fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

Sir *Dav.* Bless us! what will become of me! why the Devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well shap'd too, tall, straight, and proportionable, hah!——

Sir *Fol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly *Flanders* jades, but more of the true *English* Breed, well knit, able and fit for Service, old Boy; the Fellow is well shap'd truly, very well proportion'd, strong and active, I have seen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

Sir *Dav.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm sensible she's a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I signify little or nothing now; but do you think he has prevail'd? am I a Cuckold, Neighbour?

Sir *Fol.* Cuckold! what, a Cuckold in *Convent Garden*? No, I'll assure you, I believe her to be the most virtuous Woman in the World; but if you had but seen——

Sir *Dav.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

Sir *Fol.* How like a Rogue she us'd him: First of all comes she up the Spark to her, Madam, says he——and then he bows down, thus——How now, says she, what would the impertinent Fellow have?

Sir *Dav.* Humph! hah well, and what then?

Sir *Fol.* Madam, says he again (bowing as he did before) my Heart is so entirely yours, that except you take Pity of my Sufferings I must here die at your Feet.

Sir *Dav.* So, and what said she again, Neighbour? hah!

Sir *Fol.* Go, you are a Fop.

350 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha, did she indeed? Did she say so indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And how, and well, and what: ha! —

Sir *Fol.* Madam, says he, this won't do, I am your humble Servant for all this; you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you please, but I shall make bold.

Sir *Dav.* Was there ever such an impudent Fellow?

Sir *Fol.* With that, Sirrah, says she, you are a saucy Jak-napes, and I'll have you kickt.

Sir *Dav.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, I wou'd not be unmarry'd again to be an Angel.

Sir *Fol.* But the best Jest of all was who this should be at last.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, who indeed? I'll warrant you some silly Fellow or other, poor Fool!

Sir *Fol.* E'en a scandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*; but he has been a bloody Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

Sir *Dav.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet Finger; Man; to my Knowledge she hates him, she scorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfy'd in the Point; besides I have seen him since that, and have out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own Mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

Sir *Fol.* Indeed!

Sir *Dav.* Ay, ay —

Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Chairman.

Chairman. God bless you, Madam, thank your Honour.

Sir *Fol.* Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

Sir *Dav.* No Faith, Sir *Folly*, e'en go into my House now, and stay Supper with me, we han't sup'd together a great while.

Sir *Fol.* Ha! say you so: I don't care if I do, Faith withal my Heart; this may give me an Opportunity to set all things right again.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear

‡

L. Dunce.

L. Duncce. Sir!

Sir Dav. You have been abroad, my Dear, I see!

L. Duncce. Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within Doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir David, will you?

Sir Dav. Angry Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for?

L. Duncce. I wonder, Sir David, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to Beaugard, and correct him according to my Instructions for his Insolence?

Sir Dav. So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweetheart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

L. Duncce. Did you purpose, Sir Sodom, to render me ridiculous to the Man I abominate? what scandalous Interpretation, think you, must he make of my retaining any Trifle of his, sent me on so dishonourable terms?

Sir Dav. Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right; yes I went back afterwards, dear Heart, and did the business to some purpose.

L. Duncce. I am glad that you did, with all my Heart.

Sir Dav. I gave him his Lesson, I'll warrant him.

L. Duncce. Lesson! what Lesson had you to give him?

Sir Dav. Why, I told him as he lik'd that Usage he might come again; ha, ha, ha.

L. Duncce. Ay, and so let him.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart, I'll give him free leave, or hang me; though thou wou'dst not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I stand here, that Man is troubled that he swears he shall not rest Day nor Night till he has satisfied thee; prithee be satisfied with him if it is possible, my Dear, prithee do; I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much: for the poor Wretch looks so simply, I cou'd not chuse but pity him, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Jol. Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chits-face; odd I cou'd find in my Heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

L. Duncce.

252 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

L. Dunc. Sir *David*. I must tell you, that I cannot but resent your so soon Reconcilement with a Man that I hate worse than Death, and that if you lov'd me with half that Tenderness which you profess, you wou'd not forget an Affront so palpably and so basely offer'd me.

Sir Dav. Why Chicken, where's the Remedy? what's to be done? how wou'dst thou have me deal with him?

L. Dunc. Cut his Throat.

Sir Dav. Bless us for ever? cut his Throat? what, do Murder?

L. Dunc. Murder, yes, any thing to such an incorrigible Enemy of your Honour, one that has resolv'd to persist in abusing of you; see here this Letter, this I receiv'd since I last parted with you; just now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpose for such Employments.

Sir Dav. Let me see: A Letter indeed! — for the Lady *Dunce* — damn'd Rogue, treacherous Dog, what can he say in the Inside now? here's a Villain.

L. Dunc. Yes you had best break it open, you had so, 'tis like the rest of your Discretion.

Sir Dav. Lady, if I have an Enemy, it is best for me to know what Mischief he intends me; therefore, with your leave, I will break it open.

L. Dunc. Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my self; if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, carry it back, and dash it, as it is, in the Face of that audacious Fellow.

Sir Fol. What can be the Meaning of this now?

Sir Dav. A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the World shall find that I am a Gentleman, — I have certainly the best Woman in the World.

L. Dunc. What do you think must be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the World, but your Kindness; had I a jealous Husband now, how miserable must my Life be!

Sir Fol. Ah Rogues Nose! ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

Sir Dav. Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not jealous, nor never will be jealous of thee: Do what thou wilt thou shalt

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 353

shalt not make me jealous: I love thee too well to suspect thee.

L. Dunc. Ah but how long will you do so?

Sir Dav. How long! as long as I live: I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold; if thou dost, my Eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Birdsnest, poor Lambkin!

L. Dunc. But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires, will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor sensible that I have too just an Esteem of you, not to value his Addresses as they deserve?

Sir Dav. Ay, ay, I will.

L. Dunc. But don't stay away too long, Dear, make what haste you can, I shall be in Pain till I see you again.

Sir Dav. My Dear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment: How happy am I above the rest of Men! Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her Company, till I return again. Child don't be troubled, prethee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well, da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithce don't be troubled, prithce don't be troubled, da, da. [Ex.

L. Dunc. Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Don't be troubled, prithce don't be troubled, da, da.

L. Dunc. But Sir Jolly, can you guess whereabouts my wandering Officer may be probably found now?

Sir Jol. Found, Lady? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my House presently Lady, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

L. Dunc. You speak like a Friend, Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. His Friend, Lady; no Madam his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his Ruin, I shall undo him.

L. Dunc. You may, if you please; then come both and play at Cards this Evening with me for an hour or two; for I have contriv'd it so, that Sir David is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it; I long to win some of the Captain's Mony strangely.

Sir Jol. Do you so, my Gamester? Well, I'll be sure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

L. Dunc.

354 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

L. Dunc. And what is that I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Fol. Only too loving, too good-natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the best-natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

L. Dunc. Hift, hift, I think I see Company coming; if you please, *Sir Folly*, we'll go in.

Enter Beaugard, followed by Sir David, and Vermin.

Sir Fol. Mum, mum, 'tis he himself, the very same; odds so, *Sir Davy* after him too, hush, hush, hush, let us be gone, let us retire; do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a Shape, there's an Air, there's a Motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I say there's a Shape for you. [Exit *L. Dunc.*

Beau. What the Devil shall I do to recover this days loss again? my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forsaken me; methinks I am quandary'd like one going with a Party to discover the Enemies Camp; but had lost his Guide upon the Mountains: Curse on him; old *Argos* is here again: there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my Heels.

Sir Dav. Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you, Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word I beseech you.

Beau. With me, Friend?

Sir Dav. Yes with you, my no Friend.

Beau. Sir *David*, my Intimate, my Bosom Physician—

Sir Dav. Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

Beau. My Confessor, my dearest Friend I ever had—

Sir Dav. Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

Beau. One that has taught me to be in love with Virtue, and shewn me the ugly Inside of my Follies.

Sir Dav. Your humble Servant.

Beau. Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendship, *Sir David*, your Lady has the worst time on't of any one in Christendom.

Sir Dav. So she has, Sir, when she cannot be free from the insolent Sollicitations of such Fellows as you are, Sir.

Beau. As me, Sir? why who am I, good Sir *Domine* Doddle-pate?

Sir Dav. So, take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the Peace instantly; will you never have remorse of Conscience, Friend? have you banish'd all Shame from

your

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 355

your Soul? Do you consider my Name is Sir David Duncce? that I have the most virtuous Wife living? Do you consider that? Now how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog Leer was that?

Beau. Your virtuous Wife, Sir! you are always harping upon that String, Sir David.

Sir Dav. No, 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that String, Sir; see you this? cast your Eyes upon this, this Letter Sir; did not you promise this very day, to abandon all manner of Proceedings of this Nature, tending to the Dishonour of me and my Family?

Beau. Letter, Sir? what the Devil does he mean now? Let me see, For the Lady Duncce, this is no Scrawl of mine, I'll be sworn; by *Jove*, her own Hand! What a Dog was I! forty to one but I had play'd the Fool, and spoil'd all again; was there ever so charming a Creature breathing, — Did your Lady deliver this to your hands, Sir?

Sir Dav. Ev'n her own self in Person, Sir, and bad me tell you, Sir, that she has too just an Esteem of me, Sir, not to value such a Fellow as you are, as you deserve.

Beau. Very good: [*Reads the Letter*] I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you — (in troth, and so it does Extreemly) but reflect upon the manner of conveying it to your Hand as kindly as you can.

Sir Dav. Ay a damn'd Thief, to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

Beau. [*Reads*] Would Sir David were but half so kind to you as I am.

Sir Dav. Say you so, you insinuating Knave.

Beau. But he, I am satisfy'd, is so severely jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this Evening: I fear all will be hopeless.

Sir Dav. Impudent Traytor, I might have been a Monster yet before I had got my Supper in my Belly.

Beau. In order to which either appear your self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the Piazza, when more may be considered of. Adieu.

Sir Dav.

356 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. Thanks to you, noble Sir, withall my Heart; you are come I see accordingly, but as a Friend I am bound in Conscience to tell the business won't do, the Trick won't pass, Friend; you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh, he make *Sir David Dunce* a Cuckold, poor Wretch, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Fol. Hift, hift, hift.

Enter Lady Dunce, and Fourbin disguis'd.

L. Dunce. That's he, there he is! succeed, and be rewarded.

Four. Other People may think what they please; but in my own Opinion, I am a very pretty Fellow now; if my design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Sir Dav. Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me, Friend?

Four. Sir, my Commands were to attend your Worship.

Sir Fol. Beangard, Beangard, hift, hift, here, here, quickly, hift.

Sir Dav. Where do you live Sweet-heart, and who do you belong to?

Four. Sir, I am a small Instrument of the City, I serve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

Sir Dav. How, the Lord Mayor!

Four. Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your Company at Supper this Evening.

Sir Dav. It will be the greatest Honour I ever receiv'd in my Life; what, my Lord Mayor invite me to Supper? I am his Lordship's most humble Servant.

Four. Yes, Sir, if your Name be *Sir David Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of Importance to communicate to your Honour, which may take up some time.

L. Dunce. I hope it will succeed.

Sir Dav. Communicate with me! he does me too noble a Favour; I'll flye upon the Wings of Ambition to lay my self at his Footstool: My Lord Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I shall certainly be a great Man.

Four

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 357

Four. What Answer will your Worship charge me back withal?

Sir Dav. Let his Lordship know, that I am amazed and confounded at his Generosity; and that I am so transported with the Honour he does me, and that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg.

Four. I am your Worship's lowly Slave.

Sir Dav. Vermin, go get the Coach ready; get me the Gold Medal too and Chain, which I took from the Roman Catholick Officer for a Popish Relick: I'll be fine; I'll shine, and drink Wine that's divine; my Lord Mayor invite me to Supper!

L. Dunc. My dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in Safety, from the bottom of my Heart: Hast thou seen the Traitor?

Sir Dav. Seen him? hang him, I have seen him; Pox on him, seen him!

L. Dunc. Well, and what is become of him? Where is he?

Sir Dav. Why dost thou ask me where he is? What a Pox care I what becomes of him; prithee don't trouble me with thy Impertinence, I am busie.

L. Dunc. You are not angry, my Dear, are you?

Sir Dav. No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one; very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to sup with my Lord Mayor, that's all; nothing else in the World, only the Business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all; therefore once more, I say, don't be troublesome, but stand off.

L. Dunc. You always think my Company troublesome; you never stay at home to comfort me; what think you I shall do alone by my self all this Evening? Moping in my Chamber; Pray, my Joy, stay with me for once. I hope he won't take me at my Word. *[Aside.]*

Sir Dav. I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will not lose my Preferment for my Pleasure; Honour is towards me, and Flesh and Blood are my Aversion.

L. Dunc. But how long will you stay then?

Sir

358 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. I don't know, may be not an Hour, may be all Night, as his Lordship and I think fit; what's that to any Body?

L. Dunce. You are very cruel to me.

Sir Dav. I can't help it; go, get you in, and pass away the time with your Neighbour, I'll be back again before I die; in the mean time be humble and conformable, go. Is the Coach ready?

Verm. Yes, Sir.

Sir Dav. Well, your Servant; what, nothing to my Lady Mayorefs! you have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal; nothing to my Lady Mayorefs?

L. Dunce. My Service to her, if you please.

Sir Dav. Well, Da, Da, the poor Fool cries, o' my Conscience! Adieu, do you hear, Farewel. [Exit.]

L. Dunce. As well as what I love can make me.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Madam, is he gone?

L. Dunce. In Post haste, I assure.

Sir Jol. In troth, and Joy go with him.

L. Dunce. Do you then, *Sir Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilst I go and dispose of the Family, that we may be private. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Davy.

Sir Dav. Troth, I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean forgot my Relique; I was forc'd to come up these Back-Stairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again; it is the troublesom'st loving Fool; I must into my Closet, and write a short Letter too; 'tis Post Night, I had forgot that; Well, I wou'd not have my Wife catch me for a Guinea. [Exit.]

Enter Beaugard and Lady Dunce.

Beau. Are you certain, Madam, no Body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd, I saw the glimpse of something more than ordinary.

L. Dunce. Is it your Care of me? or your personal Fears, that make you so suspicious? Whereabouts was the Apparition?

Beau. There, there, just at the very Door.

L. Dunce.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 359

L. Duncce. Fie for shame, that's Sir Davy's Closet; and he, I'm satisfy'd, is far enough off by this time. I'm sure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you shall see now: Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy, [knocking at the Closet Door.] Look you there; you a Captain, and afraid of a Shadow! Come, Sir, shall we call for the Cards?

Beau. And what shall we play for, pretty One?

L. Duncce. E'en what you think best, Sir.

Beau. Silver Kisses, or Golden Joys! Come, let us make Stakes a little.

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? Have I caught you in Faith, now, now, now!

L. Duncce. And who shall keep them?

Beau. You, till Sir Davy returns from Supper.

L. Duncce. That may be long enough; for our Engine Fourbin has Orders not to give him over suddenly, I assure you.

Beau. And is't to your self then I'm oblig'd for this blest Opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's best Advantage.

Sir Jol. Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h, h!

Beau. Let's vow Eternal, and raise our Thoughts to Expectation of immortal Pleasures: in one anothers Eyes let's read our Joys, till we've no longer Power o'er our Desires, drunk with this dissolving, oh!

Enter Sir Davy from his Closet.

L. Duncce. Ah?

Beau. By this Light, the Cuckold: Presto; nay, then Halloo. [Squeaks. Gets up, and runs away.]

Sir Dav. O Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber! Murder, Murder! Thieves, Thieves, shut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

Enter Sir Jolly.

Sir Jol. Ay, ay, Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

L. Duncce. Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart, hard to the Hils, dye this in the deepest Crimson of my Blood; spare not a miserable Woman's Life, whom Heav'n design'd

366 The SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.

figur'd to be the unhappy Object of the most horrid Usage Man e'er acted.

[Catches up Beaugard's Sword; which he had left behind him in the hurry, and presents it to Sir Davy.]

Sir Dav. What, in the Name of Satan, does she mean now?

L. Dunc. Curse on my fatal Beauty! blasted ever be these two baneful Eyes that could inspire a barbarous Villain to attempt such Crimes as all my Blood's too little to atone for: Nay, you shall hear me —

Sir Dav. Hear you, Madam! No, I have seen too much, I thank you heartily; hear you, Quotha! —

L. Dunc. Yes, and before I die too, I'll be justify'd.

Sir Fol. Justify'd, oh Lord, Justify'd! —

L. Dunc. Notice being given me of your Return, I came with speed to this unhappy Place, where I have oft been blest with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras our starts Beaugard; how he came there Heaven knows.

Sir Dav. I'll have him hang'd for Burglary; he has broken my House, and broke the Peace upon my Wife: Very good!

L. Dunc. Streight in his Arms he grasp'd me fast; with much a-do I plung'd and got my Freedom, ran to your Closet-door, knock'd and implor'd your Aid, call'd on your Name; but all in vain —

Sir Dav. Hah!

L. Dunc. Soon again he seiz'd me, stopp'd my Mouth; and, with a Conqueror's Fury —

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beseech thee, I shall grow mad, and very mad; I'll plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron-bars; I'll crack the Frame of Nature, sally out like Tamberlain upon the Trojan Horse, and drive the Pigmies all like Geese before me. Oh Lord, stop her Mouth! Well, and how? and what then! stop'd thy Mouth! Well! Hah!

L. Dunc. No, though unfortunate, I still am innocent; his cursed Purpose could not be accomplish'd; but who will live so injur'd? No, I'll die to be reveng'd on my self.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 361

Self: I ne'er can hope that I may see his streaming Gore;
and thus I let out my own——

[Offers to run upon the Sword.]

Sir Dav. Ha! what would'st thou do, my Love? prithee don't break my Heart: If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I see thou art; though I had rather be a Cuckold a thousand times, than lose thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

Sir Jol. Alack-a-day——

[Weeps.]

L. Dunc. Ah me!——

Sir Dav. Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do; why, I'll love thee the better for this, for all this, Mun: Why should'st be troubled for another's ill Doings! I know it was no fault of thine.

Sir Jol. No, no more it was not, I dare swear.

Sir Dav. See, see, my Neighbour weeps too; he is troubled to see thee thus.

L. Dunc. Oh, but Revenge!

Sir Dav. Why, thou shalt have Revenge; I'll have him murder'd; I'll have his Throat cut before to-morrow-morning, Child: Rise now, prithee rise.

Sir Jol. Ay, do, Madam, and smile upon Sir Davy.

L. Dunc. But will you love me then as well as e'er you did?

Sir Dav. Ay, and the longest Day I live too.

L. Dunc. And shall I have Justice done me on that prodigious Monster?

Sir Dav. Why, he shall be Crows-meat by to-morrow night; I tell thee he shall be Crows meat by midnight, Chicken.

L. Dunc. Then I will live; since so, 'tis something pleasant:

Whence I in Peace may lead a happy Life
With such a Husband——

Sir Dav. I with such a Wife.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Tavern.*

Enter Captain Beaugard, Courtine and Drawer.

Draw. **W**elcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will you please to walk up one pair of Stairs?

Beau. Get the great Room ready presently; carry up too a good Stock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refresh our Glasses.

Draw. It shall be done, Sir. Coming, coming there, coming: Speak up in the *Dolphin*, some Body.

Beau. Ah, *Courtine*, must we be always idle! Must we never see our glorious Days again! When shall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, encampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines cluster about our Tents, drink the rich Juice, just prest from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant Golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earliest vigour of the Sun?

Cour. Ah, *Beaugard*! those Days have been, but now we must resolve to content our selves at an humble Rate: Methinks it is not unpleasant to consider how I have seen thee in a large Pavillion; drowning the Heat of the Day in *Champaine* Wines, sparkling sweet as those charming Beauties, whose dear Remembrance every Glas recorded, with half a dozen honest Fellows more, Friends, *Beaugard*; faithful hearty Friends; things as hard to meet with, as Preferment, here: Fellows that would speak Truth boldly, and were proud on't; that scorn'd Flattery, lov'd Honesty, for 'twas their Portion; and never yet learn'd the Trade of Ease and Lying; but now —

Beau. Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and sleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other side the Water, that may make work for us all one Day.

Cour

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 363

Cour. But in the mean while —

Beau. In the mean while Patience, *Courtine*; that is the *English* Man's Virtue: Go to the Man that owes you Money, and tell him you are necessitated, his Answer shall be, A little Patience, I beseech you, Sir: Ask a cowardly Rascal Satisfaction for a sordid Injury done you; he shall cry, Alas-a-day, Sir, you are the strangest Man living, you won't have Patience to hear one speak: Complain to a Great Man that you want Preferment, that you have forsaken considerable Advantages abroad, in Obedience to publick Edicts; all you shall get of him, is this, You must have Patience, Sir.

Cour. But will Patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

Beau. Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'Tis scandalous; 'sdeath, I would as soon chuse to hear a Soldier brag, as complain: Dost thou want any Money?

Cour. True indeed, I want no Necessaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy my self with that freedom I would do; there is no more Pleasure in living at stint, than there is in living alone. I would have it in my Power (when he needed me) to serve and assist my Friend; I would to my Ability deal handsomely too, by the Woman that pleas'd me.

Beau. Oh fie for shame! you would be a Whoremaster, Friend; go, go, I'll have no more to do with you.

Cour. I would not be forc'd neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had oblig'd me, for want of Money to pay him a Debt contracted in our old Acquaintance; it turns my Stomach to wheadle with the Rogue I scorn, when he uses me scurvily, because he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

Beau. As for Example, to endure the Familiarities of a Rogue, that shall cock his greasie Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the same time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the Ward, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

Cour. To be forced to concur with his Non-sense too, and laugh at his Parish-jests.

364 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Beau. To use Respects and Ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praise her pretty Children, though they stink of their Mother, and are uglier than the Issue of a Baboon,; yet all this must be endured.

Cour. Must it, *Beaugard*?

Beau. And since 'tis so, let's think of a Bottle.

Cour. With all my Heart, for railing and drinking do much better together than by themselves; a private Room, a trusty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my Happiness; but where's our dear Friend and Intimate, Sir *Jolly*, this Evening?

Beau. To deal like a Friend, *Courtine*, I parted with him but just now; he's gone to contrive me a Meeting, if possible, this Night, with the Woman my Soul is most fond of: I was this Evening just entering upon the Palace of all Joy, when I met with so damnable a Disappointment — in short, that Plague to all well-meaning Women, the Husband, came unseasonably, and forc'd a poor Lover to his Heels, that was fairly making his Progress another way, *Courtine*; the Story thou shalt hear more at large hereafter.

Cour. A Plague on him, why didst thou not murder the presumptuous Cuckold? Sawcy intruding Clown! To dare to disturb a Gentleman's Privacies! I would have beaten him into Sense of his Transgression, enjoy'd his Wife before his Face, and taught the Dog his Duty.

Beau. Look you, *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter-Quarters in *Alsatia* now? Friend, Friend, there is a Difference between a Free-born *English* Cuckold, and a sneaking Wittal of a Conquer'd Province.

Cour. Oh, by all means! there ought to be a Difference observ'd between your Arbitrary Whoring, and your Limited Fornication.

Beau. And but reason: For though we may make bold with another Man's Wife in a Friendly way; yet nothing upon Compulsion, dear Heart.

Cour. And now, Sir *Jolly*, I hope, is to be the Instrument of some immortal Plot; some Contrivance for the good of the Body, and the old Fellow's Soul, *Beau-*
gard;

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 365

gard; for all Cuckolds go to Heav'n, that's most certain.

Beau. Sir *Folly*! Why, on my Conscience, he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp-Master General to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is: By my consent his Worship should e'en have a Patent for it.

Cour. He is certainly the fittest for the Employment in Christendom; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bell-men within and without the Walls.

Beau. Nay, he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular Account of their Age, Shape, Proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gun-powder Spots and Moles.

Cour. I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my Experience; what Marks of good Nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble.

Sir Fol. My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus*! well encounter'd; what, shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard*, you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you; get you gone, go.

Beau. But Sir *Folly*, what News from *Paradise*, Sir *Folly*? Is there any hopes I shall come there to Night?

Sir Fol. May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle: After a Glass or two my Heart may open.

Cour. Why then we will have a Bottle, Sir *Folly*.

Sir Fol. Will? we'll have dozens, and drink 'till we are wise, and speak well of no body, 'till we are lewder than Midnight Whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

Beau. Only one thing more, my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

Sir Fol. Well, and what's that? What's the Business?

Beau. This Friend of mine here stands in need of thy Assistance, he's damnably in Love, Sir *Folly*.

366 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Fol. In Love! is he so! In Love! Ods my Life! Is she! What's her Name? Where does she live? I warrant you I know her; she's in my Table-Book I'll warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widow! [*Pulls out a Table-book.*]

Cour. In troth, *Sir Folly*, that's something a difficult Question; but as Virgins go now, she may pass for one of them.

Sir Fol. Virgin, very good: let me see; Virgin, Virgin, Virgin; oh, here are the Virgins; truly, I meet with the fewest of this sort of any: Well, and the first Letter of her Name now! For a Wager I guess her.

Cour. Then you must know, *Sir Folly*, that I love my Love with an S.

Sir Fol. S. S. S. O here are the Esses; let me consider now—*Sapho.*

Cour. No, Sir.

Sir Fol. *Selinda.*

Cour. Neither.

Sir Fol. *Sophronia.*

Cour. You must guess again, I assure you.

Sir Fol. *Sylvia.*

Cour. Ay, ay, *Sir Folly*, that's the fatal Name; *Sylvia*, the Fair, the Witty, the Ill-natur'd; do you know her, my Friend?

Sir Fol. Know her! Why she is my Daughter, and I have adopted her these seven Years: *Sylvia*! let me look; light brown Hair, her Face oval and roman, quick sparkling Eyes, plump pregnant ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breast, and the perfect likeness of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee: Ah Villain! Ah fly Cap! have I caught you? Are you there, i'faith? Well, and what says she? Is she coming? Do her Eyes betray her? Does her Heart beat, and her Bubbles rise, when you talk to her, hah?—

Beau. Look you, *Sir Folly*, all things consider'd, it may make a shift to come to a Marriage in time—

Sir Fol. I'll have nothing to do in it; I won't be seen in the business of Matrimony; Make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage-Broker! Sir I scorn, I know better things: look you, Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or so, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church, I'll deliver it;

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 367

it; or when the business is come to an issue, if I may bring you handsomely together, and so forth, I'll serve thee with all my Soul, and thank thee into the bargain; thank thee heartily, dear Rogue; I will you little Cock Sparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony, Friend, I'll have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd Invention, worse than a Monopoly, and a Destroyer of Civil Correspondence.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, your Room is ready, your Wine and Ice upon the Table, will your Honours please to walk in?

Sir Fol. Ay, Wine, Wine, give us Wine: a Pox on Matrimony; Matrimony in the Devil's Name.

Cour. But if an honest Harlot or two chance to enquire for us, Friend.

Sir Fol. Right. Sirrah, if Whores come never so many, give 'em Reverence, and Reception, but nothing else; let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[They go within the Scene, where is discover'd Table and Bottles.]

Beau. Why, there's, there's the Land of Canaan now in little; hark you Drawer, Dog, shut, shut the Door, Sirrah, do you hear? Shut it so close that neither Cares nor Necessities may peep in upon us.

Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin, Bloody-Bones, and Drawer.

Four. Bloody-Bones, be sure to behave your self handsomely, and like your Profession; shew your self a Cut-Throat of Parts, and we'll fleece him.

Blood. My Lady says, we must be expeditious; *Sir Folly* has given notice to the Captain by this time, so that nothing is wanting but the Management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

Draw. Welcome, Gentlemen, very welcome, Sir; will't please you to walk into a Room? Or shall I wait upon your Honours Pleasure here?

Sir Dav. Sweet-heart let us be quiet, and bring us Wine hither: So —

[Sits down.]

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon against

368 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

gainst that Enemy of my Honour, and Thief of my good Name, called *Beaugard*. You can cut a Throat upon occasion, you said, Friend?

Four. Sir, cutting of Throats is my Hereditary Vocation; my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purfes.

Sir Dav. No more to be said; my Courage is mounted like a little *French* Man upon a great Horse, and I'll have him murder'd.

Four. Murder'd you say, Sir?

Sir Dav. Ay, Murder'd I say, Sir; his Face ffay'd off, and nail'd to a Post in my great Hall in the Country, amongst all the other Trophies of wild Beasts slain by our Family since the Conquest: There's never a Whore-Master's Head there yet.

Four. Sir, for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service; he's an industrious Gentleman, and one that will deserve your Favour.

Sir Dav. He looks but something ruggedly though methinks.

Four. But, Sir, his Parts will atone for his Person; Forms and Fashions are the least of his study: He affects a sort of Philosophical Negligence indeed; but, Sir, make trial of him, and you'll find him a Person fit for the work of this World.

Sir Dav. What Trade are you, Friend?

Blood. No Trade at all, Friend; I profess Murder: Rascally Butchers make a Trade on't; 'tis a Gentleman's Divertisement.

Sir Dav. Do you profess Murder?

Blood. Yes, Sir, 'tis my Livelihood: I keep a Wife and six Children by it.

Sir Dav. Then, Sir, here's to you with all my Heart: Wou'd I had done with these Fellows.

Four. Well, Sir, if you have any Service for us, I desire we may receive your Gold and your Instructions so soon as is possible.

Sir Dav. Soft and fair, Sweet-heart, I love to see a little how I lay out my Mony: Have you very good trading now-a-days in your way, Friend?

Blood.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 369

Blood. In peaceable times a Man may eat and drink comfortably upon't: A private Murder done handsomely is worth Mony; but now that the Nation's unsettled, there are so many general Undertakers, that 'tis grown almost a Monopoly; you may have a Man murder'd almost for little or nothing, and no body e'er know who did it neither.

Sir *Dav.* 'Pray, what Countryman are you? Where were you born, most Noble Sir?

Blood. Indeed my Country is Foreign, I was born in *Argier*; my Mother was an *Apostate-Greek*, my Father a *Renegado Englishman*, who by oppressing of Christian Slaves grew rich; for which when he lay sick, I murder'd him one Day in his Bed; made my Escape to *Maltha*; where, imbracing the Faith, I had the Honour given me to command a thousand Horse aboard the Gallies of that State.

Sir *Dav.* Oh Lord, Sir! my humble Service to you again.

Four. He tells you, Sir, but the naked Truth.

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the least, most worthy Sir. These are devilish Fellows I'll warrant 'em. [*Aside.*

Four. War, Friend, and shining Honour has been our Province, 'till rusty Peace reduc'd us to this base Obscurity; Ah, *Bloody-Benes*! Ah, when thou and I commanded that Party at the Siege of *Philipsbourgh*! where in the Face of the Army we took the impenetrable Half-Moon.

Blood. Half-Moon, Sir! by your Favour 'twas a Whole Moon.

Four. Brother thou art in the right; 'twas a Full Moon, and such a Moon, Sir! —

Sir *Dav.* I doubt it not in the least, Gentlemen; but, in the mean while, to our Business.

Four. With all my Heart, so soon as you please.

Sir *Dav.* Do you know this *Beaugard*; he's a devilish Fellow I can tell you that: He's a Captain.

Four. Has he a Heart, think you, Sir?

Sir *Dav.* Oh, like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

370 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Blood. I'll bring it you for your Breakfast to-Morrow: Did you never eat a Man's Heart, Sir?

Sir Dav. Eat a Man's Heart, Friend!

Four. Ay, ay, a Man's Heart, Sir; it makes absolutely the best Ragoust in the World: I have eaten forty of them in my time without Bread.

Sir Dav. O Lord! a Man's Heart! my humble Service to you both, Gentlemen.

Blood. Why, your *Algerine* Pirates eat nothing else at Sea; they have them always potted up like Venison; your well grown *Dutchman's* Heart makes an excellent Dish with Oil and Pepper.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: How much must you and your Companion have to do this Business?

Four. What, and bring you the Heart home to your House?

Sir Dav. No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating. I'll be rid of 'em as soon as possible I can.

Four. You say, Sir, he's a Gentleman? —

Sir Dav. Ay, such a sort of Gentlemen as are about this Town: The Fellow has a pretty handsome Outside; but I believe little or no Money in his Pockets.

Four. Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worship's Bounty.

Blood. For my part I care for no Man's Bounty: I expect to have my Bargain perform'd, and I'll make as good a one as I can.

Sir Dav. Look you, Friend, don't you be angry, Friend, don't be angry, Friend, before you have Occasion: You say you'll have — let's see how much will you have now — I warrant the Devil and all by your good Will.

Four. Truly, *Sir David*, if as you say, the Man must be well murder'd without any remorse for Mercy, betwixt *Turk* and *Jew*, it is honestly worth two hundred Pounds.

Sir Dav. Two hundred Pounds! Why, I'll have a Physician shall kill a whole Family for half the Money.

Blood. Damme, Sir, how do ye mean?

Sir Dav. Damme, Sir, how do I mean? Damme, Sir, not to part with my Money.

Blood.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 371

Blood. Not part, Brother!

Four. Brother, the Wight is improvable, and this must be born withal.

Blood. Have I for this dissolv'd *Circean* Charms? broke Iron Durance, whilst from these firm Legs the well-fil'd usefess Fetters dropp'd away, and left me Master of my native Freedom?

Sir Dav. What does he mean now?

Four. Truly, Sir, I am sorry to see it, with all my Heart; 'tis a Distraction that frequently seizes him, tho' I am sorry it should happen so unluckily at this time.

Sir Dav. Distracted, say you! is he so apt to be distracted?

Four. Oh, Sir, raging mad: We that live by Murder are all so; Guilt will never let us sleep. I beseech you, Sir, stand clear of him, he's apt to be very mischievous at these unfortunate Hours.

Blood. Have I been drunk with tender Infants Blood, and ripp'd up teeming Wombs? Have these bold Hands ransack'd the Temples of the Gods, and stabb'd the Priests before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

Sir Dav. No, Sir, not that I know, Sir, I would not say any such thing for all the World, Sir: Worthy Gentleman, I beseech you, Sir, you seem to be a civil Person, I beseech you, Sir, to mitigate his Passion, I'll do any thing in the World; you shall command my whole Estate.

Four. Nay, after all, Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a swinging Drubbing to bed-rid him, or so, will serve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper Rate a great deal.

Sir Dav. Truly, Sir, with all my Heart; for methinks, now I consider Matters better, I wou'd not by any means be guilty of another Man's Blood.

Four. Why, then let me consider, — to have him beaten substantially, a beating that will stick by him, will cost you — half the Mony.

Sir Dav. What, one hundred Pounds! Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be so unconscionable.

Blood.

372 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Blood. The Devil! where? where is the Devil? Shew me; I'll tell thee, *Beelzebub*, thou hast broke thy Covenant; didst thou not promise me eternal Plenty, when I resign'd my Soul to thy Allurements?

Sir Dav. Ah, Lord!

Blood. Touch me not yet; I've yet ten thousand Murders to act before I'm thine: With all those Sins I'll come with full Damnation to thy Caverns of endless Pain, and howl with thee for ever.

Sir Dav. Bless us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? is this a House? do I live? am I Flesh and Blood?

Blood. There, there's the Fiend again! don't chatter so, and grin at me; if thou must needs have Prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that wou'd bribe me with shining Gold, to stain my Hands with new Iniquity.

Sir Dav. Stand off, I charge thee, Satan, whosoe'er thou art, thou hast no Right nor Claim to me; I'll have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hark you, Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

Four. Only pawn'd it a little; that's all.

Sir Dav. Let me beseech you, Sir, to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you, Sir, but I hate the Devil's Company mortally: As for the hundred Pound, here, it is ready; no more words, I'll submit to your good Nature and Discretion.

Four. Then, Wretch, take this, and make thy Peace with the infernal King; he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

Blood. 'Tis done, I'll follow thee, lead on; nay, if thou smile, I more desire thee; Fee, Fa, Fum. [Exit.

Four. 'Tis very odd this.

Sir Dav. Very odd, indeed; I'm glad he's gone though.

Four. Now, Sir, if you please, we'll refresh our selves with a chearful Glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui* — I wou'd fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little Mettle into him.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart, Sir; but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

Four.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 373

Four. The Devil's an Ass, Sir, and here's a Health to all those that despise the Devil.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart, and all his Works too.

Four. Nay, Sir, you must do me right, I assure you.

Sir Dav. Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience: In troth, Friend, these are sad times, very sad times; but here's to you.

Four. 'Pox o' the Times, the Times are well enough, so long as a Man has Money in his Pocket.

Sir Dav. 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation. Pray what Religion are you of, Friend?

Four. What Religion am I of, Sir? Sir, your humble Servant.

Sir Dav. Truly a good Conscience is a great Happiness; and so I'll pledge you, hemph, hemph; but shan't the Dog be murder'd this Night?

Four. My Brother Rogue is gone by this time to Sett him, and the Business shall be done effectually, I'll warrant you. Here's rest his Soul.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart, Faith; I hate to be uncharitable.

Enter Courtine and Drawer.

Cour. Look you, 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time; shall Rogues stay in Taverns to sip Pints, and be sober, when honest Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons? I'll have none on't.

Sir Dav. O Lord, who's there? [*Sits up in his Chair.*]

Draw. I beseech your Honour, our House will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

Cour. Damn your House, your Wife, and Children, and all your Family, you Dog! — Sir, who are you.

[*To Sir David.*]

Sir Dav. Who am I, Sir, what's that to you Sir? Will you tickle my Foot, you Rogue?

Cour. I'll tickle your Guts, you Paultroon, presently.

Sir Dav. Tickle my Guts, you Mad-cap! I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

Cour

374 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cour. What, with that circumcis'd Band? That grave hypocritical Beard, of the Reformation-cut? Old Fellow, I believe you are a Rogue.

Sir Dav. Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll use you like a Whore, I'll kiss you, you Jade, I'll ravish you, you Buttock, I am a Justice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worse.

Cour. Damn you, Sir, I care not if you were a Constable and all his Watch; what, such a Rogue as you send honest Fellows to Prison, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for Bribery, you Mongrel! I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf.

[Throws the Chairs after him.]

Sir Dav. Sir, Sir, Sir, Constable, Watch, stokes, stokes, stokes, Murder----- *[Exit.]*

Cour. Huzza, Beaugard!

Enter Beaugard, and Sir Jolly.

Four. Well, Sir, the Business is done, we have bargain'd to murder you.

Beau. Murder'd! who's to be murder'd, ha, *Fourbin?*

Sir Jol. You are to be murder'd, Friend, you shall be murder'd, Friend.

Beau. But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beseech you?

Four. Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*; I am the Man, with your Worship's leave. *Sir David* has given me this Gold to do it handfomly.

Beau. *Sir David*! uncharitable Cur, what murder an honest Fellow for being civil to his Family: What can this mean, Gentlemen?

Sir Jol. No, 'tis for not being civil to his Family, that it means Gentlemen, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and bury'd a-bed with my Lady, you *Jack Straw* you.

Beau. I understand you, Friends; the old Gentleman has design'd to have me butcher'd, and you have kindly contriv'd it to turn it to my Advantage in the Affair of Love. I am to be murder'd but as it were, Gentlemen, hah!

Four. Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtine's* gone.

Beau.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE 375

Beau. No matter, let him go: he has a Design to put in Practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours; but when, Sir *Jolly*, is this Business to be brought about?

Sir *Fol.* Presently, 'tis more than time 'twere done already; go, get you gone, I say; hold, hold, let's see your left Ear first, hum-----ha-----you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Covent-Garden Piazza.*

Enter Sylvia and her Maid in the Balcony.

Maid. But why, Madam, will you use him so inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

Sylv. Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint, by the trial of his Patience: have you the Cords ready?

Maid. Here they are, Madam.

Sylv. Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial, to pull lustily; is *Will* the Footman ready?

Will. At your Ladyship's Command, Madam.

Sylv. I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck Twelve.

Enter Courtine.

Cour. sings.

*And was she not frank and free,
And was she not kind to me,
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me, to me:
To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,
And give her Key to me.*

Sylv. This must be he: Ay, 'tis he, and, as I am a Virgin, roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober —

Cour. Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door: and my Damnation's in the Inside: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia,* Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

Sylv. Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of Night, when Rest is wanting to her longing Eyes?

Cour.

376 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cour. 'Tis a poor Wretch can hardly stand upright, drunk with thy Loves, and if he falls he lies.

Sylv. *Courtine*, is it you?

Cour. Yes, Sweet-Heart, 'tis I; art thou ready for me?

Sylv. Fasten your self to that Cord there; there it is.

Cour. Cord! Where? Oh; oh, here, here, so now to Heav'n in a String.

Sylv. Have you done?

Cour. Yes, I have done Child, and would fain be doing too, Huffle.

Sylv. Then pull away, ho! up, ho! up, ho! up, so, a-vast there, Sir.

Cour. Madam.

Sylv. Are you very much in Love, Sir?

Cour. Oh damnably Child, damnably.

Sylv. I'm sorry for't with all my Heart: Good-night Captain.

Cour. Ha, gone! what, left in *Erasmus's* Paradise, between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a stragling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his Cry of Watch-men! Ah! Woman, Woman, Woman; well, a merry Life, and a short, that's all.

Sings. *God prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all.*

I am mighty Loyal to Night.

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones, as from Sir Davy Dunces's House.

Four. Murder, Murder, Murder! Help, help, Murder!

Cour. Nay, if there be Murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for my self. *[Climbs up to the Balcony.]*

Sylv. *[Squeaking.]* A h, h, h, h!

Blood. Yonder, yonder he comes; Murder, Murder, Murder! *[Ex. Blood. and Fourbin.]*

Enter

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 377

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir Dav. 'Tis very late; but Murder is a melancholy business, and Night is fit for't. I'll go home. [Knocks]

Verm. Who's there?

Sir Dav. Who's there? Open the Door you Whelp of Babylon.

Verm. Oh Sir! Y'are welcome home; but here is the saddest News! Here has been Murder committed, Sir.

Sir Dav. Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep; get you in, do you hear; you talk of Murder you Rogue? You meddle with State Affairs? Get you in.

The Scene opens the middle of the House, and discovers Sir Jolly Jumble and the Lady putting Captain Beaugard in order as if he were dead.

Sir Jol. Lye still, lye still you Knave, close, close when I bid you, you had best quest, and spoil the Sport, you had!

Beau. But 'pray how long must I lye thus?

L. Dunce. I'll warrant you'll think the time mighty tedious.

Beau. Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

Sir Jol. You shall, Sirrah, if a body desires you a little, so you shall; we shall spoil all else, all will be spoil'd else, Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can; so, so, hold your Breath, hold your Breath; very well.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, here comes Sir David.

Sir Jol. Odds so, now close again as I told you, close you Devil, now stir if you dare; stir but any Part about you if you dare now; odd I'll hit you such a Rap if you do; lye still, lye you still.

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir Dav. My Dear, how dost thou do, my Dear? I am come.

L. Dunce. Ah, Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd; where shall we go, or whether shall we flye?

Sir Dav

378 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. Where shall we go! why, we'll go to Bed, you little Jackadandy; why, you are not a Wench, you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't: Sirrah, hey!—

L. Dunce. Ah, Sir, see there.

Sir Dav. Bless us! a Man! and bloody! what, upon my Hall-Table!

L. Dunce. Two Ruffians brought him in just now, pronouncing the inhuman Deed was done by your Command: *Sir Folly* came in the distracting Minute, or sure I had dy'd with my distracting Fears; how could you think on a Revenge so horrid?

Sir Dav. As I hope to be sav'd, Neighbour, I only bargain'd with 'em to bastinado him in a way, or so, as one Friend might do to another; but do you say that he is dead?

Sir Fol. Dead, dead as Clay; stark stiff and useless all, nothing about him stirring, but all's cold and still; I knew him a lusty Fellow once, very mettled Fellow, 'tis a thousand Pities.

Sir Dav. What shall I do? I'll throw my self upon him, kiss his wide Wounds, and weep 'till blind as Buz-zard.

L. Dunce. Oh, come not near him, there's such horrid Antipathy follows all Murders, his Wounds would stream afresh should you but touch him.

Sir Dav. Dear Neighbour, dearest Neighbour, Friend, *Sir Folly*, as you love Charity, pity my wretched Case, and give me Counsel; I'll give my Wife and all my Estate to have him live again; or shall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden?

Sir Fol. Alas-a-day, Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't; the Dogs will find him there, as they scrape Holes to bury Bones in; there is but one way that I know of.

Sir Dav. What is it, dear Neighbour, what is it? You see I am upon my Knees to you, take all I have and ease me of my Fears.

Sir Fol. Truly the best thing that I can think of, is putting of him to Bed, putting him into a warm Bed,
and

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 379

and try to fetch him to Life again, a warm Bed is the best thing in the World; my Lady may do much too, she's a good Woman, and I've been told, understands a green Wound well.

Sir *Dav.* My Dear, my Dear, my Dear!

L. *Dunce.* Bear me away, oh send me hence afar off! where my unhappy Name may be a Stranger; and this sad Accident no more remember'd to my Dishonour.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, but my Love! my Joy! are there no Bowels in thee?

L. *Dunce.* What would you have me do?

Sir *Dav.* Prithee do so much as try thy Skill, there may be one drachm of Life left in him yet; take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own Bed, and try what thou canst do with him; prithee do; if thou canst but find Motion in him, all may be well yet; I'll go up to my Closet in the Garret, and say my Prayers in the mean while.

L. *Dunce.* Will ye then leave this Ruin on my Hands?

Sir *Dav.* Pray, Pray, my Dear; I beseech you Neighbour, help to persuade her if it be possible.

Sir *Fol.* Faith, Madam, do, try what you can do, I have a great fancy you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of stroaking; pray Madam, be persuaded.

L. *Dunce.* I'll do whate'er's your Pleasure.

Sir *Dav.* That's my best Dear: I'll go to my Closet and pray for thee heartily. Alas, alas, that ever this should happen——

[*Exit.*]

Bean. So, is he gone, Madam, my Angel!

Sir *Fol.* What no Thanks, no Reward for old *Folly* now? Come hither Huffle, you little Canary Bird, you little Hop-o'-my-thumb, come hither: make me a Curt'sie, and give me a Kiss now, hah! give me a Kiss I say, odd I will have a Kiss, so I will, I will have a Kiss if I set on't; shoogh, shoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, shoogh, shoogh, shoogh, what there already?

[*She goes to Beaugard.*]

Well, I ha' done; this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

Bean. And will you save the Life of him y'ave wounded?

L. *Dunce.*

380 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

L. *Dunce.* Dare you trust your self to my Skill for a Cure?

[*Sir David appears at a Window above.*]

Sir *Fol.* Hift! Hift! Close, close, I say again, yonder's Sir *Davy*, odds so!

Sir *Dav.* My Dear! my Dear! my Dear!—

L. *Dunce.* Who's that calls? my Love, is't you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, some comfort, or my Heart's broke! is there any hopes yet? I've try'd to say my Prayers, and cannot: if he be quite dead, I shall never Pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

Sir *Fol.* Truly, little or none, some small Pulse I think there is left, very little: there's nothing to be done if you don't Pray, get you to Prayers whatever you do, get you gone; nay, don't stay now, shut, the Window I tell you.

Sir *Dav.* Well, this is a great trouble to me; but good night.

Sir *Fol.* Good night to you, dear Neighbour. Get ye up, get ye up, and be gone into the next Room, presently, make haste:

[*To Beaugard and Lady Dunce.* but don't steal away 'till I come to you, be sure you remember, don't ye stir 'till I come; pish, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loses time; I'll only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *David's* Lodgings, that he may be safe, and be with you in a twinkle: Ah, h, h, h! So, now for the Door, very well, Friend, you are fast. [*Bolts the Door.*]

Sings.

*Bonney Lafs gan thoo wert mine,
And twenty thoosand poonds about thee, &c.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Courtine bound on a Couch in Sylvia's Chamber.

Cour. **H**Eigho! heigho! ha! Where am I? Was I drunk; or no, last night? Something leaning that way. But, where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-house: Fogh! What a smell of Sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the Room, I am sure I have guess'd right. What's the matter now? Ty'd fast! bound too! What tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of some merrily-dispos'd Chamber-Maid or other; and she in a witty fit, forsooth, hath truss'd me up thus: has she pinn'd no Rags to my Tail, or chalk'd me upon the Back trow? Would I had her Mistress here at a venture.

Sylv. What would you do with her, my enchanted Knight, if you had her? You are too sober for her by this time; next time you get drunk, you may perhaps venture to scale her Balcony like a valiant Captain as you are.

Cour. Hast thou done this, my dear Destruction? And am I in thy *Limbo*? I must confess, when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose, and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable Cur to the Frame of a Table! let, let thy poor Dog loose, that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

Sylv. What, with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moor-fields* withal, and are very dirty still; after you have been daggling your self abroad for Prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a Crust, do you?

Maid. Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam, and slash him for his Roguery soundly?

Cour.

382 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Cour. Indeed, indeed! Do you long to be ferking of Man's Flesh, Madam Flea-trap? Does the Chaplain of the Family use you to the Exercise, that you are so ready for it?

Sylv. If you should be let loose, and taken into Favour now, you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your Liberty.

Cour. Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a Dog in good earnest.

Sylv. Promise to grant me but one Request, and it shall be done.

Cour. Hear me but swear.

Sylv. That any body may do ten thousand times a-day.

Cour. Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay, as I hope to get Money in my Pocket.

Sylv. There I believe him, *Lelye*; you'll keep your Word you say?

Cour. If I don't, hang me up in that Wenche's old Garter.

Sylv. See, Sir, you have your freedom.

Cour. Well, now name the Price; what must I pay for't?

Syl. You know, Sir, considering our small Acquaintance, you have been pleas'd to talk to me very freely of Love-matters.

Cour. I must confess I have been something to blame that way; but if ever thou hearest more of it from my Mouth after this Night's Adventure——would I were well out of this House.

Sylv. Have a care of swearing, I beseech you; for you must understand, that spite of my Teeth, I am at last fallen in Love most unmercifully.

Cour. And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compassion of thee?

Sylv. No, no, for I hope he's a Man you can have no Exceptions against.

Cour. Yes, yes, the Man is a Man, I'll assure you, that's one comfort.

Sylv. Who do you think it may be now, try if you can guess him?

Cour.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 383

Cour. Whoever he is, he's an honest Fellow I'll warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

Sylv. If a Fortune of 5000 Pounds, pleasant Nights, and quiet Days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so; but try once to guess at him.

Cour. But if I should be mistaken.

Sylv. Why, who is it you would wish me to?

Cour. You have 5000 Pound you say.

Sylv. Yes.

Cour. Faith, Child, to deal honestly, I know well enough who 'tis I wish for; but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my Inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

Sylv. Well, Sir, because I am confident you will stand my Friend in the business, I'll make a discovery; and to hold you in suspense no longer, you must know I have a Months-mind for an Arm-full of your dearly beloved Friend and Brother Captain; what say you to't?

Cour. Madam, your humble Servant, good b'w'y, that's all.

Sylv. What thus, cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly took you in, in your last Night's pickle, into her Lodging; whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

Cour. Faith, Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your Passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an Acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any Friend of mine.

Sylv. Not with my Waiting-Woman, I hope, Sir.

Cour. No, but it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine, Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her House too; they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore prithee be charitable, and shew the way to her Chamber a little.

Sylv. What commit Adultery, Captain, fie upon't! What, hazard your Soul?

Cour. No, no, only venture my Body a little, that's all; look you, you know the Secret, and may imagine my Desires, therefore as you would have me assist your Inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine; look you, no demurring

384 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

demurring upon the Matter, no qualm, but shew me the way, or you, Huffle, you shall do't; any Bawd will serve at present, for I will go.

Sylv. But you shan't go, Sir.

Cour. Shan't go, Lady?

Sylv. No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you, when once you had got your Liberty, that you would be rambling again?

Cour. Why, Child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go else-where, and get Provender enough?

Sylv. Any musty Provender, I find, will serve your Turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another Man's Charges.

Cour. No, Child; I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the Hazard of being Pounded every Day for Trespasses.

Sylv. Truly, all things consider'd, 'tis a great Pity so good a Husband-man as you should want a Farm to cultivate.

Cour. Wouldst thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

Sylv. And would you be contented to take a Lease for your Life?

Cour. A pretty Lady of the Manor, and a moderate Rent.

Sylv. Which you'll be sure to pay very punctually?

Cour. If thou doubtest my Honesty, faith e'en take a little Earnest before-hand.

Sylv. Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige your self to a constant Residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to Repairs.

Cour. Agreed.

Sylv. Item, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well fenc'd and inclos'd, lest some time or
other

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 385

other your Neighbours Cattle break in and spoil the Crop on the Ground, Friend.

Cour. Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lye too much too Common already.

Sylv. Item, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your Hands, without my Consent and Approbation; or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

Cour. Faith, that's something hard though, let me tell you but that, Landlady.

Sylv. Upon these terms, we'll draw Articles.

Cour. And when shall we sign 'em?

Sylv. Why, this Morning, as soon as the Ten-a-Clock Office in *Covent-Garden* is open.

Cour. A Bargain; but how will you answer your Entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these unseasonable Hours?

Sylv. That's a Secret you will be hereafter oblig'd to keep for your own sake, and for the Family; your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

Cour. Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had Mischief in his Head, he behav'd himself so soberly last Night; has he taken a Farm lately too?

Sylv. A Trespasser, I believe, if the Truth were known, upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Madam, have a Care of your self; I see Lights in the great Hall; whatever is the Matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

Cour. I hope they'll come, and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this Condition, what will you do with me, hah!

Sylv. You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

Cour. Faith, e'en take me, and put thy Mark upon me quickly, that if I light in strange Hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

VOL. I.

S

Sylv.

386 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Sylv. What, by your wanting a Fleece, do you mean? If it must be so, come follow your Shepherd, Baaa. [*Ex.*]

Enter Sir Davy Duncannon and Vermin.

Sir Dav. I cannot sleep, I shall never sleep again; I have pray'd too so long, that were I to be hang'd presently, I have never a Prayer left to help my self; I was no sooner laid upon the Bed just now, and fall'n into a Slumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, six puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me head-long in *Fleet-ditch*, which seem'd to be turn'd into a Lake of Fire and Brimstone: would it were Morning.

Verm. Truly, Sir, it has been a very dismal Night.

Sir Dav. But didst thou meet never a white thing upon the Stairs?

Verm. No, Sir, not I; but methoughts I saw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his great Collar on, stand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

Sir Dav. It could never be; *Touzer* has a Chain; had this thing a Chain on?

Verm. No, Sir, no Chain; but it had *Touzer's* Eyes for all the World.

Sir Dav. What, ugly great frightful Eyes?

Verm. Ay, ay, huge saucer Eyes, but mightily like *Touzer's*.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Heark! Heark!

Verm. What! what I beseech you, Sir?

Sir Dav. What's that upon the Stairs? Didst thou hear nothing? Hift, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heh!

Verm. Hear nothing! Where, Sir?

Sir Dav. Look! Look! What's that! What's that! In the Corner there?

Verm. Where?

Sir Dav. There.

Verm. What, upon the Iron Chest?

Sir Dav. No, the long black thing up by the old Clock Case, See! See! Now it stirs, and is coming this way.

Verm.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 387

Verm. Alas, Sir, speak to it, you are a Justice o' Peace; I beseech you, I dare not stay in the House: I'll call the Watch, and tell 'em Hell's broke loose; what shall I do? Oh!

Sir Dav. Oh *Verm.*, if thou art a true Servant, have pity on thy Master, and do not forsake me in this distressed Condition: *Satan* be gone, I denie thee, I'll repent and be sav'd, I'll say my Prayers, I'll go to Church; Help! help! help! Was there any thing, or no? In what hole shall I hide my self?

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble, Fourbin and Bloody-Bones.

Sir Jol. That should be *Sir Davy's* Voice; the Waiting-woman indeed told me, he was afraid and could not sleep; pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, you've done your Business handily; what, I'll warrant you have been a Whoring together now; ha! You do well, you do well, I like you the better for't: What's a Clock?

Four. Near four, Sir; 'twill not be Day yet these two Hours.

Sir Jol. Very well, but how got you into the House?

Four. A ragged Retainer of the Family, *Verm.* I think they call him, let us in as Physicians sent for by your Order.

Sir Jol. Excellent Rogues! And then I hope all things are ready, as I gave Directions?

Four. To a tittle, Sir; there shall not be a more critical Observer of your Worship's Pleasure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin*.

Sir Jol. Get you gone you Rogue, you have a sharp Nose, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to say to you, stand aside, and be ready when I call: here he comes; hift, hem, hem, hem.

Enter Sir Davy Dunc.

Sir Dav. Hah! what art thou? Approach thou like the rugged *Bankside Bear*, the *East-Cheap-Bull*, or Monster shewn in Fair, take any Shape but that, and I'll confront thee.

Sir Jol. Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

388 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. Thou can'st not be my Friend, for I defie thee. *Sir Jolly!* Neighbour! Hah! Is it you? Are you sure it is you? Are you your self? If you be, give me your Hand. Alas-a-day, I ha' seen the Devil.

Sir Jol. The Devil, Neighbour!

Sir Dav. Ay, ay, there's no help for't; at first I fancy'd it was a young white Bear's Cub dancing in the Shadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a Pair of blue Breeches with Wooden-legs on, stamp't about the Room, as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvous there; when all of a sudden it appear'd like a Leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

Sir Jol. Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

Sir Dav. That may be too; what, were you asleep?

Sir Jol. Asleep, quotha, no, no; no sleeping this Night for me I assure you.

Sir Dav. Well, what is the best News then? How does the Man?

Sir Jol. E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all; he's dead.

Sir Dav. Dead! What quite dead!

Sir Jol. As good as dead, if not quite dead; 'twas a horrid Murder! and then the Terror of Conscience, Neighbour.

Sir Dav. And truly I have a very terrify'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conscience at all 'till now. Pray where-about was his Death's Wound?

Sir Jol. Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful Gash.

Sir Dav. So very wide?

Sir Jol. Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly as if you had been in his Belly.

Sir Dav. Is there no way to have him privately bury'd, and conceal this Murder? Must I needs be hang'd by the Neck like a Dog, Neighbour? Do I look as if I would be hang'd?

Sir Jol.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 389

Sir *Fol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspiciously at present; but have you seen the Devil, say you?

Sir *Dav.* Ay, surely it was the Devil, nothing else could have frightened me so.

Sir *Fol.* Bless us, and guard us all the Angels! what's that?

Sir *Dav.* *Potestati sempiterna cujus benevolentia servantur gentes, & cujus misericordia.*

[Kneels holding up his Hands, and muttering as if he pray'd.

Sir *Fol.* Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy*?

Sir *Dav.* Ah, whatever you do, be sure to stand close to me; where, where is it?

Sir *Fol.* Just, just there, in the Shape of a Coach and six Horses against the Wall.

Sir *Dav.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and six, will he?

Sir *Fol.* Do you see it?

Sir *Dav.* See it! Plain, plain! dear Friend advise me what I shall do: Sir *Folly*, Sir *Folly*, do you hear nothing?

Sir *Folly.* Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin*.

Verm. Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Am I alive? Dost thou know me again? Am I thy *Quondam* Master, Sir *Davy* Dunc?

Verm. I hope I shall never forget you, Sir.

Sir *Dav.* Didst thou see nothing?

Verm. Yes, Sir, methought the House was all o'fire, Fire as it were.

Sir *Dav.* Didst thou not see how the Devils grin'd and gnash'd their Teeth at me, *Vermin*?

Verm. Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Nose, as he vanish'd out of the Door.

Sir *Dav.* Lead me away, I'll go to my Wife, I'll die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple, and call Counsellor my Lawyer, I'll make over my Estate presently, I shan't live 'till Noon; I'll give all I have to my Wife, Hah, *Vermin*!

300 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Verm. Truly, Sir, she's a very good Lady.

Sir Dav. Ah, much, much too good for me, *Verm.*; thou canst not imagine what she has done for me, *Man*; she would break her Heart if I should give any thing away from her, she loves me so dearly. Yet if I do die, thou shalt have all my old Shoes.

Verm. I hope to see you live many a fair Day yet though.

Sir Dav. Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *draws and discovers Sir Jolly Jumble, Captain Beaugard, and Lady in her Chamber.*

L. Dunc. What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, your Men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at Night a dirty watry Plain to encamp upon, and nothing to shelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? Is not this much better now, than lying wet, and getting the Sciattica?

Beau. The Hopes of this made all Fatigue easie to me; the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thousand times refresh'd me in my Solitude; whene'er I march'd, I fancy'd still it was to my *Clarinda*; when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*; but when I came Home, and found *Clarinda* lost! — How could you think of wasting but a Night in the rank sunfeiting Arms of this foul feeding Monster; this rotten Trunk of a Man, that lays Claim to you?

L. Dunc. The Persuasion of Friends, and the Authority of Parents!

Beau. And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

L. Dunc. When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

Beau. Methinks, then, you might have found out some cleaner shift to have thrown away your self upon, than mauscular old Age, and unwholesome Deformity.

L. Dunc. What, upon some over-grown full-fed Country Fool, with a Horle Face, a great ugly Head, and a great

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 391

great fine Estate? one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hacknies with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent Home at three o' Clock every Morning, like a drolling Booby, stinking, with a Belly full of stumm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

Beau. You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for training.

L. Dunce. Is Youth then so gentle, if Age be stubborn? Young Men like Springs wrought by a subtle Work-man, easily ply to what their Wishes press 'em; but the Desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start strain again, and no sign's left which way they bent before.

[*Sir Jolly at the Door peeping.*]

Sir Jol. So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing, not I; I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look, not I. [Enter.]

Enter Sir Davy Dunce.

Sir Dav. I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife! —

L. Dunce. Alas! alas! we are ruin'd! shift for your self; counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

Sir Dav. Hah! whoso'er thou art, thou canst not eat me; speak to me, who has done this? Thou canst not say I did it.

Sir Jol. Did it? did what? Here's no Body says you did any thing that I know Neighbour; what's the matter with you? what ails you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no Body says a word to you.

Sir Dav. Did you not see the Ghost just now?

Sir Jol. Ghost! prithee now, here's no Ghost; whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little Flesh and Blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! pish, here's no Ghost.

392 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Dav. But, Sir, if I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost; and you go to that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadst but seen the Devil half so often as I have seen him.

L. Dunc. Alas, *Sir Davy!* if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

Sir Dav. Alas, my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghost indeed?

Sir Jol. Ghost! Alas-a-day, what should a Ghost do here?

Sir Dav. And is the Man dead?

Sir Jol. Dead, ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

L. Dunc. Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle, the sad effects of my too rigid Virtue, and your too fierce Resentment—

Sir Jol. Do you see there?

Sir Dav. Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him; would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charing-Cross* and *Aldgate*, so this had never happen'd.

Sir Jol. In troth, and would he had; but we are all mortal, Neighbour, all mortal; to Day we are here, to Morrow gone, like the Shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth; or indeed, like any thing, or rather like nothing: But we are all mortal.

Sir Dav. Heigh!—

L. Dunc. Down, down that Trap-door, it goes into a Bathing-Room; for the rest, leave it to my Conduct.

Sir Jol. 'Tis very unfortunate, that you should run your self into this Premunire, *Sir David*.

Sir Dav. Indeed, and so it is.

Sir Jol. For a Gentleman, a Man in Authority, a Person in Years, one that us'd to go to Church with his Neighbours.

Sir Dav. Every Sunday, truly, *Sir Jolly*.

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 393

Sir Fol. Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

Sir Dav. Six Pounds a Year to the very Poor, without Abatement or Deduction; 'tis very hard, if so good a Commonwealths-Man should be brought to ride in a Cart at last, and be hang'd in a Sun-shiny Morning, to make Butchers and Suburb-Apprentices a Holiday; I'll e'en run away.

Sir Fol. Run away! why then your Estate will be forfeited; you'll lose your Estate, Man!

Sir Dav. Truly, you say right, Friend; and a Man had better be half hang'd, than lose his Estate, you know.

Sir Fol. Hang'd! No, no, I think there's no great fear of hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow, as I heard you say.

Sir Dav. Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Soldierly sort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his Sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this Mischief sav'd.

[Beaugard rises up like a Ghost at a Trap-door, just before Sir Davy.]

Sir Dav. Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil!

[Falls upon his Face.]

Sir Fol. Why, *Sir Davy*, *Sir Davy*, what ails you? What's the matter with you?

Sir Dav. Let me alone, let me lie still; I will not look up to see an Angel: Oh, h, h.

L. Dunc. My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

Sir Dav. I dare not stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

L. Dunc. Ghost again! What Ghost, Where?

Sir Dav. Why, there! there!

Sir Fol. Here has been no Ghost.

Sir Dav. Why, did you see nothing then?

L. Dunc. See nothing! No, nothing but one another.

Sir Dav. Then I am Enchanted, or my End near at hand, Neighbour; for Heav'n's sake, Neighbour, advise me what I shall do to be at Rest?

394 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

Sir *Fol.* Do! why, what think you if the Body were remov'd?

Sir *Dav.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred Pound the Body were out of my House; may be then the Devil wou'd not be so impudent.

Sir *Fol.* I have discover'd a Door-place in the Wall betwixt my Lady's Chamber, and one that belongs to me; if you think fit, we'll beat it down, and remove this troublesome lump of Earth to my House.

Sir *Dav.* But will ye be so kind?

Sir *Fol.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

Sir *Dav.* Truly, if the Body were remov'd, and dispos'd of privately, that no more might be heard of the matter—I hope he'll be as good as his word.

Sir *Fol.* Fear nothing, I'll warrant you; but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

Sir *Dav.* What's that?

Sir *Fol.* Why, it will be absolutely necessary, that my Lady staid with me at my House for one Day; 'till things were better settled.

Sir *Dav.* Ah, Sir *Folly*! Whatever you think fit; any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you shall be very welcome; hear you, my dearest, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward Business, and Sir *Folly* has found it out; therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him; and whatever Sir *Folly* would have thee do, e'en do it; so Heav'n prosper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y, 'till I see you again. [Exit.]

Sir *Fol.* This is certainly the civillest Cuckold in City, Town, or Country.

Beau. Is he gone?

[Steps out.]

L. Dunc. Yes, and has left poor me here.

Beau. In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarously done of him, to commit a horrid Murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to stem the danger of it.

Sir

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 395

Sir *Jol.* Odd, an I were as thee, Sweet-heart, I'd be reveng'd on him for it, so I would: Go get you together, steal out of the House as softly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* presently; go, be sure you steal out of the House, and don't let Sir *Davy* see you.

[The Scene shuts.]

Sir *Jolly* comes forward. Enter *Bloody-Bones*.
Bloody-Bones.

Blood. I am here, Sir.

Sir *Jol.* Go you and *Fourbin* to my House presently, bid Monsieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be order'd according to my Directions; tell my Maids too, I am coming; Home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I spoke for, ready presently, and d'ye hear carry the Minstrels with you too, for I'm resolv'd to rejoyce this Morning; let me see — Sir *Davy*.

Enter Sir *Davy* Dunce.

Sir *Dav.* Ay, Neighbour, 'tis I; is the Business done? I cannot be satisfy'd till I am sure; have you remov'd the Body? Is it gone?

Sir *Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the House just now; well, Sir *Davy*, a good Morning to you: I wish you your Health with all my Heart, Sir *Davy*; the first thing you do though, I'd have you say your Prayers by all means, if you can.

Sir *Dav.* If I can possibly, I will.

Sir *Jol.* Well, God b'w'y.

[Exit Sir *Jolly*.]

Sir *Dav.* God b'w'y heartily, good Neighbour —
Vermin, Vermin.

Enter *Vermin*.

Verm. Did your Honour call?

Sir *Dav.* Go run, run presently over the Square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's Murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly — I'll e'en carry him to my Neighbour's, that he may find the dead Body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead; hah! a very good Jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha! hey, what's that?

[Watchmen]

396 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Watchmen at the Door. Almost Four-a-Clock, and a dark cloudy Morning, good-morrow my Masters all, good-morrow.

Enter Constable and Watch.

Const. How's this! a Door open, come in Gentlemen,—Ah, Sir *Davy*, your Honour's humble Servant! I and my Watch going my Morning Rounds, and finding your Door open, made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our Care; a good Morning to you, Sir.

Sir Dav. Oh, Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my Man just now to call you; I have sad News to tell you, Mr. Constable.

Const. I am sorry for that, Sir; sad News!

Sir Dav. Oh, ay, sad News, very sad News, truly: Here has been Murder committed.

Const. Murder! if that's all, we are your humble Servants, Sir, we'll bid you good-morrow; Murder's nothing at this time o'night in *Covent-Garden*.

Sir Dav. Oh, but this is a horrid bloody Murder, done under my Nose, I cannot but take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

Const. Was it committed here near hand?

Sir Dav. Oh, at the very next Door, a sad Murder indeed; after they had done they carry'd the Body privately into my Neighbour *Folly's* House here; I am sorry to tell it you, Mr. Constable, for I am afraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a Justice o'Peace, Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it; I can't help it,

Watch. I never lik'd that Sir *Folly*.

Const. He threatned me t'other Day, for carrying a little dirty drabble-tail'd Whore to *Bridewell*, and said she was his Cousin, Sir; if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his House.

Sir Dav. Oh, by all means, Gentlemen, it must be so, Justice must have its course, the King's liege Subjects must not be destroy'd; *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 397

his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink; I'll but step into my Study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

All Watchmen. We thank your Honour.

SCENE *changes to Sir Jolly's. A Banquet.*

Enter Sir Jolly Jumble, Captain Beaugard, and Lady Duncce.

Sir Jol. So, are ye come? I am glad on't; odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are; here's a small Banquet, but I hope 'twill please you; sit ye down, sit ye down both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I say.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, this might be an Entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir Jol. Pish! a-Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago; come, come, time's but short, time's but short, and must be made the best use of; for

*Youth's a Flower that soon does fade,
And Life is but a Span;
Man was for the Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and frisk, and be brisk, rejoice, and make a Neise, and——odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

L. Duncce. Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philosopher than I thought you were.

Sir Jol. Philosopher, Madam! yes, Madam, I have read Books in my time; odd, *Aristotle*, in some things, had very pretty Notions, he was an understanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat——here Child, here's some Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little; odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

Beau. Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

Sir Jol. With all my Heart, old Boy.

L. Duncce. Dear Sir *Jolly* what are these? I never tasted of these before.

Sir

398 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Sir Jol. That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd, 'tis the Root Satyrion, a very precious Plant, I gather 'em every *May* my self; odd, they'll make an odd Fellow of sixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing-Master; give me some Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health, Madam, here's a health to honest Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [Dance.]

Enter Bloody-bones.

Blood. Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? Yonder's the Constable and all his Watch at the door, and threatens demolishment, if not admitted presently.

Sir Jol. Odds fo! Odds fo! The Constable and his Watch! What's to be done now? Get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly; no noise, no noise; d'ye hear, the Constable and his Watch! A Pox on the Constable and his Watch; what the Devil have the Constable and his Watch to do here?

Enter Constable, Watch and Sir David. Scene shuts.

Sir Jolly Jumble comes forward.

Const. This way, this way, Gentlemen; stay one of ye at the Door, and let no body pass, do you hear? *Sir Jolly*, your Servant.

Sir Jol. What, this Outrage, this Disturbance committed upon my House and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by these doings, sweet Sir? Hoh! —

Const. Sir, having receiv'd Information, that the Body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your House, I am come, according to my Duty, to make search, and discover the truth. — Stand to my assistance, Gentlemen.

Sir Jol. A murder'd Man, Sir!

Sir Dav. Yes, a murder'd Man, Sir; *Sir Jolly*, *Sir Jolly*, I am sorry to see a Person of your Character and Figure in the Parish, concern'd in Murder, I say.

Sir Jol. Here's a Dog! Here's a Rogue for you! Here's a Villain! Here's a Cuckoldly Son of his Mother! I never knew a Cuckold in my Life, that was not a false Rogue in his Heart; there are no honest Fellows living, but Whore-Masters: Hark you, Sir; what a Pox do you mean?

You

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 399

You had best play the Fool, and spoil all, you had; what's all this for?

Sir Dav. When your Worship comes to be hang'd, you'll find the meaning on't Sir. I say once more, search the House.

Const. It shall be done, Sir; come along, Friends.

[Ex. Constable and Watch.

Sir Jol. Search my House! O Lord! Search my House! What will become of me? I shall lose my Reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever trust me again: O Lord! Search my House! All will be discover'd do what I can; I'll sing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,

Go from the Window, my Dear;

The Wind and the Rain

Has brought 'em back again,

And thou canst have no Lodging here.

O Lord! Search my House!

Sir Dav. Break down that Door, I'll have that Door broke open; break down that Door, I say.

[Knocking within.

Sir. Jol. Very well done, break down my Doors! break down my Walls, Gentlemen! plunder my House! ravish my Maids! Ah, curst be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Constables and Cuckolds.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* Beaugard and Lady Duncce.

Beau. Stand off, by Heav'n the first that comes here comes upon his Death.

Sir Dav. Sir, your humble Servant, I am glad to see you are alive again with all my Heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done, Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd, Gentlemen, the Man's alive again, Gentlemen; but here's my Wife, Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentle

400 *The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.*

Gentlemen; and Mr. Constable, I hope you'll bear me witness, Mr. Constable.

Sir Fol. That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Constable. [*Aside.*

Beau. Hark ye, ye Curs, keep off from snapping at my Heels, or I shall so feage ye.

Sir Fol. Get ye gone, ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye Night-Toads of the Parish-Dungeon: disturb my House at these unseasonable hours, get ye out of my Doors, get ye gone, or I'll brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

[*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*

Beau. And next for you, Sir Coxcomb, you see I am not murder'd though you paid well for the Performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to butcher me?

Enter Fourbin and Bloody-bones.

Look ye, Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occasion; and here's another dresses a Man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Christendom.

Four. Will your Worship please to have one for your Breakfast this Morning?

Sir Dav. With all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha! this is the purest sport, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Vermin.

Verm. Oh, Sir, the most unhappy and most unfortunate News! There has been a Gentleman in Madam Sylvia's Chamber all this Night, who just as you went out of doors carry'd her away, and whither they are gone no body knows.

Sir Dav. With all my heart, I am glad on't, Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my House and all, Man; unhappy News quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha! I am so pleas'd, ha, ha, ha, I think I was never so pleas'd in all my Life before, ha, ha, ha!

Beau. Nay, Sir, I have a hank upon you; there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir; and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and use her handsomly,

The SOLDIERS FORTUNE. 401

handsomly, use her like my Mistress, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you; this must be done Friend.

Sir *Fol.* In troth, and it is but reasonable, very reasonable in troth.

L. *Dunce.* Can you, my Dear, forgive me one Misfortune?

Sir *Dav.* Madam, in one Word, I am thy Ladyship's most humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *David Dunce* Kt. Living in *Covent-Garden*; ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sylvia followed by Courtine.

Syl. Sir *Folly*, ah Sir *Folly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

Sir *Fol.* My little Minikin, is it thy squeek?

Beau. My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

Sir *Fol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

Syl. Oh, Sir, he has most inhumanely seduc'd me out of my Uncle's House, and threatens to marry me.

Cour. Nay, Sir, and she having no more grace before her Eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

Sir *Fol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like these Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my House, and there's an end on't.

Sir *Dav.* And do you intend to marry my Neice, Friend?

Cour. Yes, Sir, and never ask your Consent neither.

Sir *Dav.* In troth and that's very well said; I am glad on't with all my Heart, Man, because she has five thousand pound to her Portion, and my Estate's bound to pay it; well, this it the happiest Day, ha, ha, ha.

*Here take thy Bride; like Man and Wife agree,
And may she prove as true—as mine to me. Ha, ha, ha.*

Beau. *Courtine*, I wish thee Joy: thou art come opportunely to be a Witness of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight Sir *Davy Dunce*; which to preserve

402 The SOLDIERS FORTUNE.

preserve inviolate, you must, Sir, before we part enter into such Covenants for Performance as I shall think fit.

Sir Dav. No more to be said, it shall be done Sweet-heart: but don't be too hard upon me, use me gently as thou didst my Wife; gently, ha, ha, ha! a very good Jest, I'faith, ha, ha, ha! or if he should be cruel to me Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Prison, or throw me in a Dungeon, at least,

*I hope amongst all you, Sirs, I shan't fail
To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.*



MYSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

EPI.

EPILOGUE

WITH the discharge of Passions much oppress'd,
Disturb'd in Brain, and pensive in his Breast,
Full of those Thoughts which make th' Unhappy sad,
And by Imagination half grown mad,
The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muse,
And let her range, to see what Sport she'd choose.
Straight like a Bird got loose, and on the Wing,
Pleas'd with her Freedom, she began to Sing;
Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,
And this was what she utter'd in her Song:
Wretch, write no more for an uncertain Fame,
Nor call thy Muse, when thou art dull, to blame:
Consider with thy self how th' art wise
To make that Monster of Mankind, a Wit:
A Wit's a Toad, who swell'd with silly Pride,
Full of himself, scorns all the World beside;
Civil would seem, though he good Manners lack,
Smiles on all Faces, rails behind all Backs:
If e'er good-natur'd, nought so Ridiculous,
Good-Nature melts a Wit into a Fool:
Plac'd high, like some Jack-pudding in a Hall,
At Christmas Revels he makes Sport for all.
So much in little Praises he delights,
But when he's angry draws his Pen and writes:
A Wit to no Man will his Dues allow;
Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:

EPILOGUE.

So who e'er ventures on the Ragged Coast
Of starving Poets, certainly is lost,
They rail, like Porters at the Penny-Post.
As a new Author's Play see one but sit,
Making his snarling froward Face of Wit,
The Merit he allows, and Praise he grants,
Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.
O Poets, have a care of one another,
There's hardly one amongst ye true to t'other:
Like Trincalo's and Stephano's ye play
The lewdest Tricks, each other to betray.
Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friend-like smile,
And all is one another to beguile
Of Praise, the Monster of your Barren Isle.
Enjoy the Prostitute ye so admire,
Enjoy her to the full of your Desire,
Whilst this poor Scribler wishes to retire,
Where he may ne'er repeat his Follies more,
But curse the Fate that wrack'd him on your Shore.
Now you, who this Day as his Judges sit,
After you've heard what he has said of Wit;
Ought for your own sakes not to be severe,
But shew so much to think he meant none here.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

The End of the First Volume.

2

3

4

5

6

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8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15